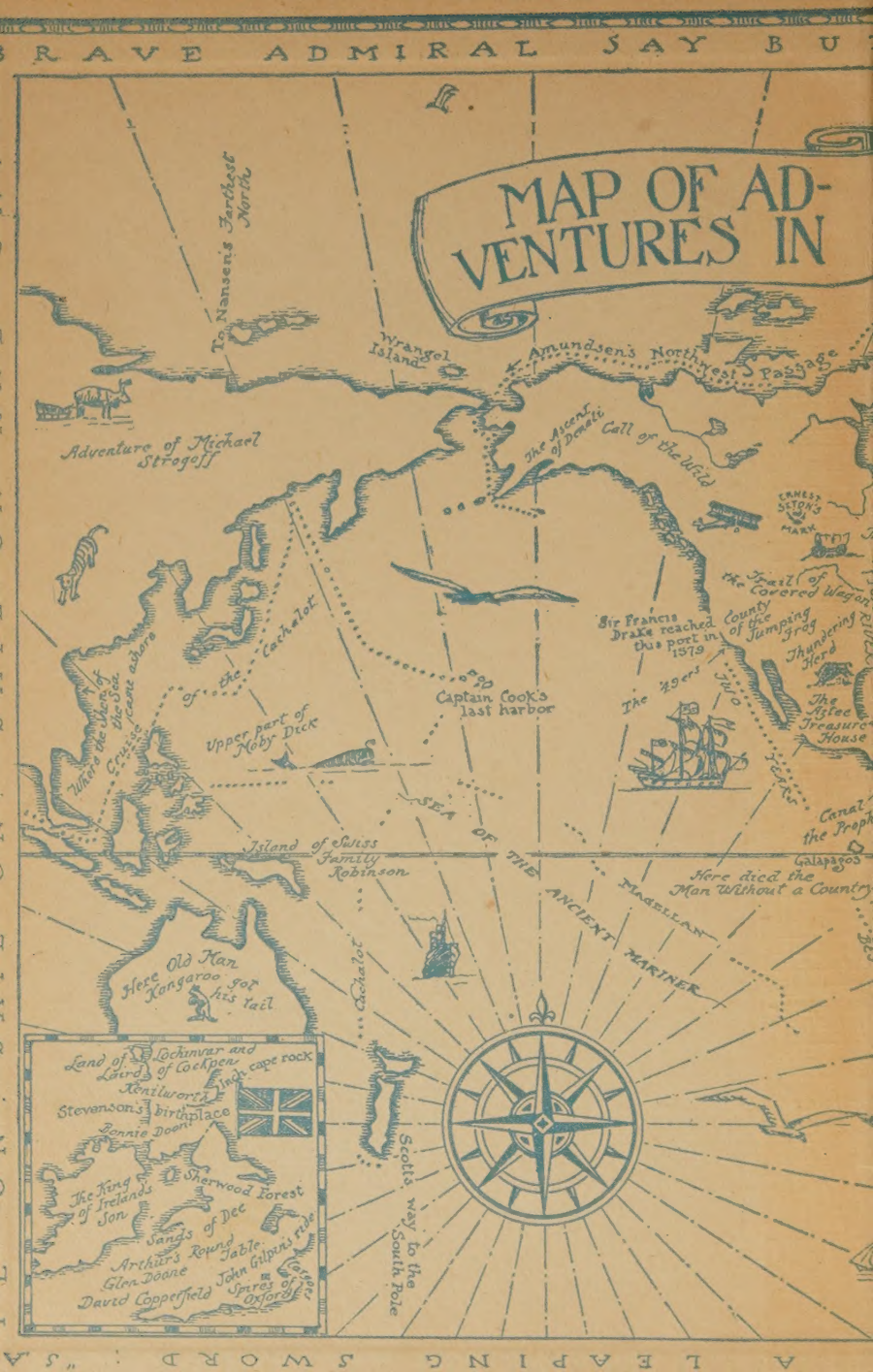
Adventures in Literature



RAVE ADMIRAL SAY BU
MAP OF ADVENTURES IN
To Nansen's Farthest North
Wrangel Island
Amundsen's Northwest Passage
Adventure of Michael Strogoff
The Ascent of Denali
Call of the Wild
ERNEST SETON'S MARK
Trail of the Covered Wagon
Sir Francis Drake reached this port in 1579
County of the Jumping Frog
Thundering Herd
The Aztec Treasure House
The 49ers
Two Years
Captain Cook's last harbor
Upper part of Moby Dick
Cruise of the Cachalot
Where the Shen of the Sea came ashore
SEA OF THE ANCIENT MARINER
Island of Swiss Family Robinson
Here died the Man Without a Country
Galapagos
MAGELLAN
Here Old Man Kangaroo got his tail
Cachalot
Scotts way to the South Pole
Land of Lochinvar and Laird of Cockpen
Kenilworth
Inch cape rock
Stevenson's birthplace
Bonnie Doon
The King of Ireland's Son
Sherwood Forest
Sands of Dee
Arthur's Round Table
Glen Doone
John Gilpin's ride
David Copperfield
Spires of Oxford
Cargoes
A LEAPING SWORD

ONE GOOD WORD: WHAT SHALL WE DO WHEN HOPE IS GONE
BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
Amundsens flight May 1925
Discovered by Eric the Red
Peary's Way to the North Pole
Story of Rolf
Land of the Long Night
Leif Ericson's boat
Death of Sir Patrick Spens
HANS ANDERSON
In Flanders Fields
Home of Hans Brinker
From Ghent to Aix
Country of Louis Pasteur
Heidi
HORATIUS' bridge
The charge of the Light Brigade
Domain of Attila
The Kindred of the Wild
Lure of the Labrador
Fishing ground of Captains Courageous
Acadia
Plymouth Rock
Don Quixote Land
Behind them lay the gray Azores
Sea of Ulysses and Jason
Where St Paul started
Marco Polo 1271
City of Arabian Nights
The Holy Land
Land of AESOP
Crossing of the Red Sea
The Alhambra
Cleopatra's River
Where the Rhinoceros got his Skin
Home of Kim and Nowgli
COLUMBUS 1492
Westward Ho
Message to Garcia
Toussaint l'Ouverture
Supposed position of Treasure Island
Vasco Da Gama
Cruise of the Cachalot
African Game Trails
St. Helena
Vasco Da Gama
Elephant's Child
Silver Lands
Far Away and Long Ago
Voyage of the Beagle
Crusoe's Island
Here MAGELLAN sailed through
Meeting Place of Montcalm and Wolfe
Pipes of Pan
Sunnybreak Farm
House of 7 Gables
Miles Standish
Sleepy Hollow
David Harum Land
Concord Hymn
Home Sweet Home
Leatherstocking Country
Legend of the Bronx
Gettysburg
City of D. Knickerbocker
Star Spangled Banner
Jamestown
Copyright 1927 Paul M. Paine
THE WORDS LEAPED LIK

Adventures in Literature

Edited by

JACOB M. ROSS, PH.D.

Frederick Douglass Junior High School
New York

Book Eight

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
New York *Chicago*

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, INC.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

To

MY WIFE

FOR HER INVALUABLE AID
IN PREPARATION OF
THIS BOOK

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editor of this collection of literature for the second year of the Junior High School is indebted to the following authors, periodicals, and publishers for permission to use the selections indicated, all rights in which are in each case reserved by the owner of the copyright. For their coöperation grateful acknowledgments are tendered and recorded:

D. Appleton and Company: "A letter from Robert E. Lee to his sons" from *Personal Reminiscences of General Robert E. Lee* by J. W. Jones.

American Defense Society: "A letter of Theodore Roosevelt to the American Defense Society."

Barse and Hopkins: "Young Fellow My Lad" from *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* by Robert W. Service.

Katharine Lee Bates: "America the Beautiful."

Morris Abel Beer: "Manhattan" from *Songs of Manhattan.*

Bobbs-Merrill Company: "The Name of Old Glory" from *Home-Folks* by James Whitcomb Riley (copyright, 1900).

Boni and Liveright: "A letter of Hendrik Van Loon to Hansje and Willem" from *The Story of Mankind* by Hendrik Van Loon.

Boy Scouts of America: "A letter to the Boy Scout Movement" by Theodore Roosevelt, used with the permission of the Roosevelt Family.

The Century Company: "The American Boy" from *The Strenuous Life* by Theodore Roosevelt.

Dodd, Mead and Company: "A letter of Thomas Carlyle to his mother" from *Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle* by Charles Eliot Norton; "The Soldier" from *Collected Poems* by Rupert Brooke; "Song of Summer" from *Lyrics of Lowly Life* by Paul Laurence Dunbar.

George H. Doran Company: "The Thinker" from *Songs of a Workaday World* by Berton Braley; "The Apple That No One Ate" from *Mince Pie* by Christopher Morley.

Doubleday, Page and Company: "The Ballad of East and West" from *Departmental Ditties and Ballads,* copyright 1899 by Rudyard Kipling, and "If" from *Rewards and Fairies,* copyright 1910 by Rudyard Kipling; "A letter of Helen Keller to John G. Whittier," and one chapter from *The Story of My Life,* by Helen Keller; "The Gift of the Magi" and "After Twenty Years" from *The Four Million* by O. Henry; "Ingo"

from *Shandygaff,* and " To a Postoffice Inkwell " from *The Rocking Horse* by Christopher Morley; " I hear America Singing " and " O Captain! My Captain! " from *Complete Leaves of Grass* by Walt Whitman.

E. P. Dutton and Company: " Spires of Oxford " from *The Spires of Oxford and Other Poems* by Winifred Letts; " Daniel Boone " from *I Sing a Pioneer* by Arthur Guiterman.

The Four Seas Company: " The Red Cross Nurse " from *The White Messenger* by Edith M. Thomas.

Harcourt, Brace and Company: " The Ould Apple Woman " from *Carmina* by Thomas Daly; " How I Learned to Hunt Seals " from *Hunters of the Great North* by Vilhjalmur Stefansson; " Louis Pasteur " from *Masters of Science and Invention* by Floyd L. Darrow; " The Jester's Purse " from *The Jester's Purse and Other Plays* by Nydia Minchin; some poems and limericks and " The Young Mystic " from *This Singing World* by Louis Untermeyer; " Buffalo Dusk," " Manual System " and " Work Gangs " from *Smoke and Steel* by Carl Sandburg. " Work Gangs " is abridged by special permission of Carl Sandburg.

Harper and Brothers: " Strictly Germ Proof " from *The Laughing Muse,* " The Rattle-Watch of New Amsterdam " from *Ballads of Old New York,* and " The Flounder " from *The Mirthful Lyre,* all by Arthur Guiterman; " The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County " from *The Celebrated Jumping Frog and Other Sketches,* and " Boyhood on a Missouri Farm " from *The Autobiography of Mark Twain,* by Mark Twain; " Woolworth Building " from *Poems* by Dana Burnet; " In the Wilderness " from *Story of a Pioneer* by Anna H. Shaw; " The Red-Headed League " from *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (copyright 1892, by Harper and Brothers; copyright 1920, by Sir A. C. Doyle).

Henry Holt and Company: " Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening " from *New Hampshire* by Robert Frost.

Houghton, Mifflin Company: " Opportunity " from *Poems* by Edward R. Sill; " The Lure of the Labrador " from *A Labrador Doctor* by Wilfred T. Grenfell; " In the Telegraph Office " from *Andrew Carnegie's Own Story for Boys and Girls* by Andrew Carnegie; selections from the *Complete Prose or Poetical Works* of Nathaniel Hawthorne, John Greenleaf Whittier, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, used with the permission of and by special arrangement with the publishers.

Wallace Irwin: " A Nautical Extravagance."

Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., and Gerald A. Duckworth of London: " Jim " from *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts* by Hilaire Belloc.

Elias Lieberman: " I Am An American " from *Paved Streets.*

Little, Brown and Company: " A letter of Edward Everett Hale to his sons, Phil and Berty " from *Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale* by Edward Everett Hale, Jr.; " A letter of Louisa May Alcott to F. P. True," " A letter of Louisa May Alcott to her father," " A letter of Louisa May Alcott to her sister " from *Louisa May Alcott, Her Life, Letters and*

Journal by Ednah H. Cheney; " Banner of America " from *Poems* by Denis A. McCarthy; " The Pobble Who Had No Toes," from *Nonsense Rhymes* by Edward Lear; " Asking for a Raise," a special article from *The Atlantic Monthly,* unsigned, in *Essays and Essay-Writing,* edited by Tanner.

Edwin Markham: " Lincoln, The Man of the People " from *Collected Poems* by Edwin Markham, 1926.

Macmillan Company: " For the Love of a Man " from *The Call of the Wild* by Jack London; " The Ballad of Father Gilligan " from *Poems* by William B. Yeats; " Goethals, The Prophet Engineer " from *The Present Hour* by Percy Mackaye; " Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight " from *The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems* by Vachel Lindsay; " The Fir Tree " from *Old Lamps for New* by E. V. Lucas; " Cargoes " from *Salt Water Poems and Ballads* by John Masefield; " Barter " from *Love Songs* by Sara Teasdale; " Bill Peters " from *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads* edited by John A. Lomax.

G. P. Putnam's Sons: " A letter of Washington Irving to his brother " from *Life and Letters of Washington Irving, Vol. I.* by P. M. Irving; " Ode to a Norther " from *Ranch Verses* by William L. Chittenden.

The Roycrofters: " A Message to Garcia " by Elbert Hubbard from *The Roycrofter's Magazine.*

Fleming H. Revell Company: " A Boy's Manner " from *If I Were a Boy* by Lucy E. Keeler.

Carl Sandburg: for permission to use an abridged form of " Work Gangs " from *Smoke and Steel.*

Charles Scribner's Sons: " A letter of Robert Louis Stevenson to his mother," " A letter of Robert Louis Stevenson to Alison Cunningham," from *Letters of Stevenson* edited by Sidney Colvin; " Requiem " from *Poems and Ballads* by Robert Louis Stevenson; " Song of the Chattahoochee " from *Poems* by Sidney Lanier (copyright 1884, 1891, 1916 by Mary D. Lanier); " Hudson's Last Voyage " from *Collected Poems* by Henry van Dyke; " Gradatim " from *Poems* by Josiah G. Holland; " The Lady or the Tiger? " from *The Lady or the Tiger and Other Stories* by Frank R. Stockton; Roosevelt's Message to the Boy Scouts of America.

Frederick Stokes and Company: " Kilmeny " and " Forty Singing Seamen " from *Collected Poems* by Alfred Noyes.

Louis Untermeyer: " The Young Mystic " and " Some Limericks " from *This Singing World.* The selections of modern poetry have been greatly facilitated by reference to Mr. Untermeyer's *Yesterday and Today* and *This Singing World.*

Henry van Dyke: " A letter of Henry van Dyke to a Schoolboy " by special permission of the author.

Harr Wagner Publishing Company: " Columbus " from *Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller.*

A. P. Watt and Son, England, and Doubleday, Page and Company: " If " from *Rewards and Fairies,* copyright 1910 by Rudyard Kipling, and " The Ballad of East and West " from *Departmental Ditties and Ballads,*

copyright 1899 by Rudyard Kipling, which are reprinted with their and Mr. Kipling's personal permission.

John S. Wise, Jr.: "A letter of Jack Morris Wright to his mother" from *A Poet in the Air* by Jack Morris Wright.

A. Wessels Company: "Letter of Thomas Jefferson to Thomas Jefferson Smith" from *Letters and Addresses of Thomas Jefferson,* edited by Parker and Viles.

For assistance and suggestions in criticising the manuscript the author wishes to thank:

Miss Eleanor Tourison, Department of English, Holmes Junior High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. John J. Loftus, Principal, Public School 80, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Ida Golden, teacher of English, Elijah Clark Junior High School, New York.

Miss Dora Deis, English Department, New York Training School for Teachers.

Miss Emma Lutzius, teacher of English, Public School 101, New York.

Dr. Paul Klapper, Dean of the School of Education, College of the City of New York.

Elias Lieberman, Principal, Thomas Jefferson High School, New York.

For assistance in the choice of selections and in the preparation of supplementary reading lists for library and home use, the editor is indebted to the members of the Committee on the Revision of the Course of Study in Literature for the City of New York:

Miss Ida Golden, teacher of English, Junior High School 37, The Bronx, New York.

Miss Dora Deis, English Department, New York Training School for Teachers, New York.

Miss Emma Lutzius, teacher of English, Public School 101, New York.

Miss Martha Hollywood, Principal, Jamaica Model School for Teachers, Brooklyn, New York.

Miss Amy Esty, teacher, Public School 69, Queens, New York.

Miss Helen T. Dillon, teacher, Junior High School 55, The Bronx, New York.

For help in the preparation of the manuscript the editor is indebted to:

Mrs. Florence Glick, teacher, Junior High School 139, New York.

Mr. Herman Feldman, teacher of English, Junior High School 139, New York.

Miss Sadye Kessler, teacher clerk, Frederick Douglass Junior High School, New York.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE TO THE TEACHER	xiv
FOREWORD TO THE TEACHER	xix
SCHEDULE OF READINGS	xxix
FOREWORD TO BOYS AND GIRLS	xxxiii

PROSE

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG

THE SHORT STORY		4
THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW	*Washington Irving*	4
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (A Tale from Shakespeare)	*Charles and Mary Lamb*	35
THE GREAT CARBUNCLE	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	48
THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY	*Mark Twain*	63
THE GIFT OF THE MAGI	*O. Henry*	70
AFTER TWENTY YEARS	*O. Henry*	76
MOTI GUJ — MUTINEER	*Rudyard Kipling*	81
THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE	*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*	88
THE LADY OR THE TIGER?	*Frank R. Stockton*	112
STORIES FROM BOOKS		121
FOR THE LOVE OF A MAN	*Jack London*	121
HOW I LEARNED TO HUNT SEALS	*Vilhjalmur Stefansson*	131
LIVES OF THE GREAT		149
IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE	*Andrew Carnegie*	149
BOYHOOD ON A MISSOURI FARM	*Mark Twain*	157
IN THE WILDERNESS	*Anna H. Shaw*	171
LOUIS PASTEUR	*Floyd L. Darrow*	189
THE LURE OF THE LABRADOR	*Wilfred T. Grenfell*	197
THE STORY OF MY LIFE	*Helen Keller*	210

FROM THE PENS OF FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS	220
THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO THE AMERICAN DEFENSE SOCIETY	221
THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO THE LEADER OF THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT	222
HENDRIK VAN LOON TO HANSJE AND WILLEM	225
LOUISA MAY ALCOTT TO F. P. TRUE	229
LOUISA MAY ALCOTT TO HER FATHER	230

PAGE

Louisa May Alcott to Her Sister 231
Robert Louis Stevenson to His Mother 232
Robert Louis Stevenson to Alison Cunningham 234
Robert E. Lee to His Sons 235
Edward Everett Hale to His Sons, Phil and Berty . . . 237
Thomas Jefferson to Thomas Jefferson Smith on the Rules of Conduct 239
Washington Irving to His Brother, Peter 239
Helen Keller to John Greenleaf Whittier 241
Thomas Carlyle to His Mother 242
Jack Morris Wright to His Mother 243
Henry Van Dyke to a Schoolboy 245

A SHEAF OF ESSAYS 247

A Message to Garcia . . . *Elbert Hubbard* . . . 248
Ingo . . . . . *Christopher Morley* . . 253
The Apple that No One Ate . *Christopher Morley* . . 258
A Dissertation on Roast Pig . *Charles Lamb* . . . 262
The Fir Tree . . . . *E. V. Lucas* 266
A Boy's Manner . . . . *Lucy Elliot Keeler* . . 270
Asking for a Raise . . . *Atlantic Monthly Sketch* . 274
The American Boy . . . *Theodore Roosevelt* . . 276

SPEECHES OF THE GREAT 283

Eulogy of Henry Clay (Extract) *Abraham Lincoln* . . . 284
Gettysburg Address . . . *Abraham Lincoln* . . . 286
Eulogy of Adams and Jefferson (Extract) *Daniel Webster* . . . 287
Reply to Hayne (Extract) . . *Daniel Webster* . . . 289
Second Inaugural Address . . (Abridged) *Abraham Lincoln* . . . 290
Meaning of the Flag (Extract) . *Woodrow Wilson* . . . 291

PROSE GEMS 293

Preamble to the Constitution 293
Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag 293
The American's Creed . . *William Tyler Page* . . 293
The Athenian Boys' Oath 294

SAYINGS OF THE WISE 295

POETRY OLD AND NEW

Story Poems

STORY POEMS 302

Sir Patrick Spens 303
Robin Hood's Death and Burial 305

		PAGE
MODERN BALLADS AND TALES		308
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO	*Robert Burns*	308
LOCHINVAR	*Sir Walter Scott*	309
LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER	*Thomas Campbell*	311
THE FORSAKEN MERMAN	*Matthew Arnold*	313
SIR GALAHAD	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	318
THE LEGEND OF BREGENZ	*Adelaide A. Proctor*	322
THE INCHCAPE ROCK	*Robert Southey*	325
THE PATRIOT — AN OLD STORY	*Robert Browning*	328
HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX	*Robert Browning*	329
THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST	*Rudyard Kipling*	332
THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN	*William Butler Yeats*	337
FORTY SINGING SEAMEN	*Alfred Noyes*	339
BILL PETERS (American Cowboy Ballad)	*John A. Lomax*	343
KILMENY	*Alfred Noyes*	345
HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE	*Henry Van Dyke*	347
DANIEL BOONE	*Arthur Guiterman*	352
LONG NARRATIVE POEMS		355
TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN	*Henry W. Longfellow*	355
PAUL REVERE'S RIDE		356
THE BELL OF ATRI		361
KING ROBERT OF SICILY		365
EVANGELINE	*Henry W. Longfellow*	372

LYRICS: POEMS THAT SING

FROM THE OLD MASTERS		427
PSALM I		428
PSALM XIX		428
PSALM XXIV		429
THE QUALITY OF MERCY	*William Shakespeare*	429
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE	*William Shakespeare*	430
BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND	*William Shakespeare*	431
TO A MOUSE	*Robert Burns*	432
ODE TO AUTUMN	*John Keats*	434
APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN	*Lord Byron*	435
CROSSING THE BAR	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	436
A DAY IN JUNE	*James Russell Lowell*	437
HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD	*Robert Browning*	438
FROM THE MASTERS OF OUR TIME		439
REQUIEM	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	439
SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE	*Sidney Lanier*	440
RECESSIONAL	*Rudyard Kipling*	442
IF	*Rudyard Kipling*	443

		PAGE
GOETHALS: THE PROPHET ENGINEER	*Percy Mackaye*	445
TO A POST-OFFICE INKWELL	*Christopher Morley*	447
CARGOES	*John Masefield*	448
STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING	*Robert Frost*	449
BUFFALO DUSK	*Carl Sandburg*	450
MANUAL SYSTEM	*Carl Sandburg*	451
WORK GANGS (Abridged)	*Carl Sandburg*	451
THE THINKER	*Berton Braley*	452
COLUMBUS	*Joaquin Miller*	454
THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING	*Dana Burnet*	455
MANHATTAN	*Morris Abel Beer*	457
SONG OF SUMMER	*Paul Laurence Dunbar*	457
I AM AN AMERICAN	*Elias Lieberman*	459
OPPORTUNITY	*Edward Rowland Sill*	461
GRADATIM	*Josiah G. Holland*	462
ODE TO THE NORTHER	*William L. Chittenden*	463
BARTER	*Sara Teasdale*	464
LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE	*Edwin Markham*	465
O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!	*Walt Whitman*	467
ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT	*Vachel Lindsay*	469
THE RED CROSS NURSE	*Edith M. Thomas*	470
SPIRES OF OXFORD	*Winifred M. Letts*	472
I HEAR AMERICA SINGING	*Walt Whitman*	473
THE YOUNG MYSTIC	*Louis Untermeyer*	474
POEMS OF LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM		475
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER	*Francis Scott Key*	475
AMERICA	*Samuel F. Smith*	476
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL	*Katharine Lee Bates*	477
BARBARA FRIETCHIE	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	478
BANNER OF AMERICA	*Denis A. McCarthy*	481
THE NAME OF OLD GLORY	*James Whitcomb Riley*	483
THE SOLDIER	*Rupert Brooke*	484
THE AMERICAN FLAG	*Joseph Rodman Drake*	485
YOUNG FELLOW MY LAD	*Robert W. Service*	488
HUMOROUS POETRY		490
THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	490
DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE	*John T. Trowbridge*	494
THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES	*Edward Lear*	502
JIM	*Hilaire Belloc*	504
THE FLOUNDER	*Arthur Guiterman*	506
STRICTLY GERM-PROOF	*Arthur Guiterman*	507
THE RATTLE-WATCH OF NEW AMSTERDAM	*Arthur Guiterman*	508
THE OULD APPLE WOMAN	*Thomas A. Daly*	510

PAGE

A Nautical Extravaganza . . *Wallace Irwin* . . . 511
Some Limericks 515

DRAMA

The Jester's Purse . . . . *Nydia Minchin* . . . 522
Julius Caesar . . . . . *William Shakespeare* . . 547

Bibliography 630
Biographies 641
Index of Authors 665
Index of Titles 667

PREFACE TO THE TEACHER

It is the belief of the editor of this series that the teacher of English in the intermediate or the junior high school may choose as his objective the establishment of liberal, judicious, and enthusiastic reading habits in his students. The essential exploratory opportunity that a true junior high school must offer will result, then, in leading the student by varied and liberal reading to some areas of special interest, to some enthusiasms for friends among books that will give a healthy general direction to his later reading. The editor outlines below the principles upon which the selections were chosen, the material organized, and the study suggestions prepared.

1. Literature should give a view of life, not departmentalized and didactic, but clarified and made significant by the insight and expression of a great writer. It should give the enjoyment and form the taste which will mold reading habits in later life. The editor has taken special pains to include only what, in his opinion, has literary excellence. At the same time he has tried to choose material which will make a direct appeal to the attention and interest of the pupil. These motives have determined the balance between classic selections and fresh, modern material and have caused the inclusion of much humorous matter. The editor has tried to avoid in the organization, study material, and selections anything with a tinge of preaching or civic propaganda, loosely constructed anecdotes whose only virtue is a moral, and stories and poems so elementary as to be careless of all form and style.

2. The series is based on the fundamental assumption that reading in the junior high school or in the seventh and eighth grades of the intermediate school should be extensive and not analytical. This accords with recent recommendations for courses of study such as those proposed by *The Twenty-Fourth Yearbook* of the National Society for the Study of Education and the *Fifth Yearbook* of the Department of Superintendence. This explains why

so much material has been included, its varied nature, and the many suggestions for extended reading. The organization of the selections around types of literature is primarily for the convenience of the teacher and not for the study of their artistic values as representatives of literary types. It is also based, however, on the belief that various forms of literary experience should be consciously presented to the junior high school pupil. If he is left unguided in his reading, the junior high school pupil usually prefers one type of literature, the tale of adventure. It is the aim of this series so to arrange and select the material that he will acquire broader interests.

3. With few exceptions, pieces which could not be included in their entirety have not been included at all. Those exceptions are the unit selections, complete in themselves, from longer stories, the chapters from recent biographies, and excerpts from famous speeches.

4. The editor is heartily in accord with the recommendations of the *Twenty-Fourth Yearbook,* which suggests that " teachers of literature are peculiarly responsible for stimulating keen interest in recreational reading, for refining reading interests and tastes, for training pupils in the sources and values of different types of reading material, and for developing appropriate standards for use in selecting materials to read " (page 72). Teachers will find that this recommendation is fully carried out not only by the selections themselves but also by the reading lists, study material, and other editorial matter.

5. The editor is convinced that there is no one and only " best " approach to literature. How the content of the course is organized must depend primarily on the type of children, the locality, the training and temperament of the teacher, and, to some extent, the local course of study. It is not within the scope of a text-book to lay down a rigid procedure. What the editor has tried to do is to present material of high literary excellence, organized so that it may be easily adapted to any method of presentation. It seemed that an organization by types of literature was best for that purpose.

6. The best classroom work is that which arises spontaneously

in the give and take between teacher and pupils. Therefore, study material in ADVENTURES IN LITERATURE is aimed to motivate the reading and to prepare the students for a lively discussion in class. For instance, appearing here for the first time in any literature text are the "mastery tests" intended *not* as formal class exercises, but for the profit and amusement of the pupil — as a check by which he may discover for himself how well he has comprehended the selection *before coming to class*. They will also prove effective in saving the teacher's time in the classroom by securing better preparation on the pupil's part.

7. Since a special effort has been made to have ADVENTURES IN LITERATURE interest the pupil, it consists mainly of literature, with as little fine print in the form of study suggestions and teaching devices as possible. Too much of this material right along with a selection often tempts the teacher to rely on it to a harmful extent, or it may lead him to teach a selection too analytically. Both procedures will defeat the whole idea of wide and extended reading. The editor is firm in his belief that the literature period and literature books must be devoted, in the main, to literature and not to stunts about literature.

HOW TO USE THE BOOK

In its careful selection of content and in its suggestions for further reading in school, at home, and in the library, this book furnishes sufficient content for a year's course in literature. A wide range of content is supplied in order to meet the varying abilities of different classes and individual types of children.

Before starting the use of this volume the teacher should notice the following distinctive features:

1. A carefully graded selection of content suited to the tastes, interests, and abilities of junior high school pupils.
2. A variety and range of content in keeping with the exploratory nature of the reading suggested for junior high schools, covering modern as well as classic literature.
3. Provision for varying abilities and individual differences.
   (a) The full and rich content makes possible a choice of selec-

tion that is easy, or one that is more difficult, to present to a class.

(b) The study topics and questions furnish suggestions for pupils of varying abilities.

4. Pupil guides to appreciation of the selections.
   (a) The introduction to each selection motivates the reading.
   (b) Suggestions at the end of the selection lead pupils to interpret what they have read.
5. Guidance in the reading of good books and magazines outside the class room. The most interesting and suitable books for boys and girls based on the latest investigations of children's interests are listed at the end of each section of this volume in order to stimulate and develop the habit of reading good literature.

Other aids to the teacher in this series are equally definite and distinctive. The editor has aimed to avoid the over-annotation which results from regarding literature as a subject for the dissecting-room.

To use the book properly, the teacher, as well as the pupil, must think of it not as a text containing tasks to be assigned, but rather as a storehouse of interesting literature, an incentive to joyous reading and to the development of good taste.

FOREWORD TO THE TEACHER

LITERATURE IN THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Today's interpretation of the aims of literature study in the Junior High School demands not only a reorganization of subject matter but a change in the method of teaching. The past placed the emphasis on information and rhetorical analysis. The teacher of today considers literature as the reader's opportunity for an enrichment of experience and the enjoyment of leisure. Literary works are to be approached as human documents rather than as materials for dissection.

The literature period has acquired something of the character of a literary club meeting at which members refine and correct the impressions gained from their own reading. The pupils now do more reading and thinking, and less analyzing and explaining. In short, the newer methods of teaching literature aim primarily to introduce the child to the joy of reading good books.

A definite conception of what the teaching of literature should accomplish and a summary of the best current methods of teaching the subject, together with the definite organization and selection of material, will provide a basis for the better teaching of literature in the Junior High School.

METHODS OF TEACHING

The New York City Syllabus contains the following suggestions:

1. The successful teaching of literature depends largely upon the atmosphere and spirit of the classroom. The situation should be pleasant, comfortable, and informal, with the entire class a unit in interest and desire to contribute to the class discussion.

2. In the presentation of a selected text, discussion should be guided so that emphasis is placed on essential ideas rather than on details. A few skilful questions will guide the pupil so that he will get the greatest good

from his reading. These questions should be given when the assignment of home study is made.

3. Many teachers are tempted to teach a literary selection too thoroughly, and thereby defeat the whole purpose of the study: comprehension of the essential idea and enjoyment of the reading. No study of a classic should drag on tediously until the pupils' interest is dulled.

In the *Twenty-fourth Year Book* of the National Society for Study of Education we note:

1. Real literature is most appreciated when it is approached in a recreational mood of curiosity and not in the way of study and work.

2. Provision should be made for the wide reading of wholesome books, rather than for the intensive study of the limited amount of material.

Since "appreciation is caught not taught," it is essential that the teacher have a true appreciation of the nature and spirit of each selection presented to children.

The analytical treatment of all literary masterpieces, with an exhaustive study of notes, allusions, figures of speech, meanings of words, must give way to a more intelligent handling, based primarily on comprehension and enjoyment.

The teacher of literature should avoid vagueness both in the assignment of the lessons and in the conduct of the recitation. As a remedy for this evil it has been suggested that the teacher, before presenting each piece of literature, ask himself such questions as these:

1. What is the value of this selection for the class and how must I try to bring this out?

2. What knowledge or experience of life has the author assumed on the part of his readers which these pupils lack and which is a necessary condition of intelligent appreciation?

3. What was the intent of the author? What emotion did he wish to arouse in the reader's mind?

4. How much of the intent of the author shall I try to communicate to the class?

In the interests of better pedagogy, the teacher should distinguish between the various types of literature and the different methods to be followed in their presentation. The following suggestions indicate some of the methods to be pursued:

I. TEACHING POETRY

Poetry is primarily intended to be read aloud, just as music is intended to be played or sung. This is the only way in which the full beauty of the rhythm can impress children. Teachers should read aloud so that the reading will be an effective interpretation of the author's meaning. Professor Corson was right when he said that only through the human voice can the spiritual truths of poetry be communicated to others.

In presenting a poem teachers should not explain too much. Many a beautiful poem has been destroyed by detailed interpretation and superfluous explanation.

A. *Narrative Poetry.* In teaching narrative poetry, especially the ballad, the setting should be suggested, the characters should be clearly traced, and the story should be brought out. Many of our ballads are so dramatic that they readily thrill young readers. The sound of the words and the swing of the rhythm add much to the appeal of the poem.

In the teaching of a long poem like " Evangeline " an accurate knowledge of setting and characters is necessary. The teacher must exert all his skill to make the poem drive home its lessons of bravery, kindness, devotion. The teacher should read aloud much of the poem in order that the vocal interpretation may help the pupil to enjoy the text.

B. *Lyric Poetry.* With very little technical discussion the teacher can show the many devices whereby the lyric poet produces his effects. Since figures of speech make for beauty of language, the simple figures used should be discussed. Rhythm and rhyme should be stressed. In interpreting the lyric the child must understand what the poet means; he must be stirred by expressive reading so that he feels the emotion of the poet. Lastly, the child's mind must be stored with imagery and many beautiful lines from the lyrics of our language. The aim is to awaken appreciation, and the teacher can infect the pupils with the contagion of his own pleasure and the inspiration resulting from his own sympathetic reading

II. TEACHING PROSE

A. *Fiction.*

1. The Short Story. — Stories are written primarily to entertain. The first thing to do with a story is to read it through. If a pupil finds a story interesting, the rest of the teaching process is easy. Several stories should be discussed in class in order that their types may be understood and appreciated. The pupil should keep in mind the chief characteristics of a good short story: a definite plot; character portrayal; and appropriateness of language.

2. Novel and Story of Adventure. — Discrimination should be made between the rapidly moving tale of adventure, like *The Call of the Wild,* that keeps one up half the night, and the novel of plot, character, and atmosphere meant for slower reading. In the first and second years of the Junior High School the full fledged novel is not discussed. Not until the third year does the novel demand the attention of teacher and pupil.

Pupils should be taught to read tales and novels in the way adults read them; that is, chiefly for the interest of the plot and the outcome.

After reading a novel or tale of adventure a student should have a distinct impression regarding the chief qualities of good fiction: a knowledge of the time and place in which the story is set; an understanding of the plot; familiarity with the outstanding characters.

B. *Biography and Autobiography and Letters.* The teacher who follows literature must be impressed with the increasing importance of biography in American letters. Biographies are often listed among our "best sellers." The teacher should aim to cultivate in the average student a taste for reading other matter besides fiction.

Let the teacher consider why any boy or girl should read biography. In the first place biography gives us a sense of reality. Secondly, there is nothing so interesting to people as other people. Moreover, biography is an easy approach to history. Biography aims to explain a personage, to let the reader know how he impressed those who knew him. A good biography presents the influence of an inspiring personality and can be made a valuable ally

in the building of character. Biography or autobiography is an attempt to lead the reader into the company of " the intrinsically rich and powerful " and to let him dwell for a while with them.

In late years the letter has come to be looked upon as an important literary form. It often happens that great men and women express themselves so attractively in the letters they write that readers enjoy them as much as novels.

The letter is personal in its nature and is in every way one of the truest expressions of the writer's personality. The letter is a distinct literary form with virtues of its own. A pupil should know that the characteristics of good letters are simplicity, sincerity, wit, cheerfulness, and grace of expression.

C. *The Essay.* To most Junior High School boys and girls, the essay is unfamiliar. Since in the essay the story element is usually lacking, the teacher should see that the introduction is made interesting. The pupil's interest and his enjoyment are of prime importance at first. In acquainting the pupil with this form of literature, it is well to begin with the simplest essays.

The style of the informal essay is easy, conversational, rambling, and follows the whim of the writer. The informal essay must not be analyzed minutely; it must be enjoyed in the reading. An essay should be read first, rapidly, to get the thought and the author's purpose; and again, to get the manner of treatment and to dwell on the beauties of language. The best parts of an essay will bear reading aloud.

Since much of essay writing centers around common, everyday experiences, pupils will recognize that they have much in common with the men whose essays they are enjoying. They should read contemporary essays as suggested in this book.

D. *Oratory.* A treatment similar to that recommended for the essay should be given the public speeches chosen for the reading of pupils in the Junior High School. The pupils should be led to see that an effective speech is simple in structure, earnest and sincere in spirit, true in its statements, forceful, yet often elegant in its language, and responsive to the significance of the occasion which called it forth. Boys and girls will readily note that the language of oratory is more emotional than ordinary prose; that all great orations are full of poetic prose. Teachers should make

their pupils realize that speeches were first spoken and afterwards published. As with the essay and the poem, parts of a speech should be read aloud by the teacher and pupils, and striking paragraphs may be memorized.

A study of oratory may be motivated effectively by proving it of practical value to the boys and girls. The practice of making short speeches and addresses will help them to acquire a poise which will prove a valuable social and business asset.

III. TEACHING PLAYS

The study of plays is included in the English course for Junior High Schools for the purpose of interesting young people in good plays, adding to their knowledge of literary varieties of reading, and giving them an added interest in the printed play and in the theatre. Pupils may well feel that they are reading a kind of literature which portrays the everyday life of their day.

The ultimate aim of the teacher is to increase the readers of good plays and the supporters of good dramatics.

In reading a play, the pupils must first have the narrative core clearly in mind. After that may come a study of the characters, a discussion of the plot and setting, an appreciation of fine lines and underlying philosophy. Through the play the teacher has a splendid opportunity for character building.

The play is the thing. The word " drama " comes from a Greek word meaning " to act." The reading of the play, classroom presentation of scenes, and the production of good parts in the school assembly will help vitalize the teaching. Young people need not study the technique of the drama, but they can understand a division into acts and the purpose of each act to carry on the plot.

HOME READING

There is too often a gulf between the literature read in school and the books read voluntarily at home. The teacher should try to bridge this gulf by introducing into the classroom such books as children will be tempted to continue reading by themselves. By a vivid introduction to these books and by a graphic presentation of portions of them the teacher can awaken in the children a desire

to continue reading by themselves. Such outside reading should be plentifully provided.

With this aim in view, this volume presents lists of books suited to the interests and varying capabilities of the pupils. The teacher should encourage and guide children in the use of these lists. This is an indispensable part of the teacher's work in literature and of the child's experience in school days.

The teacher should learn to build on the tastes and preferences of his pupils. The right method for encouraging outside reading is to start pupils with books which they themselves like to read and to lead them gradually to the consideration of more worthy writings. The work should not be too formal. The teacher can make provision in the literature period for questioning the pupils so that he may in a natural way ascertain their progress. He might ask for simple book reports, including the reading of excerpts likely to interest and encourage others to read the book. Pupils should realize that their outside reading is primarily for pleasure and profit, and not a preliminary to an examination. The ideal way of encouraging home reading is oral discussions between teacher and pupil, but since time does not permit of this, other devices for encouraging and testing home reading must be resorted to. Long written reports should never be required.

Teachers will find many suggestions in the following lists of books for home reading available for reference purposes:

American History in Fiction. New England School Library Association, 1921.
Books for Boys and Girls. Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston.
Books Girls Like. Brooklyn Public Library.
Books for Home Reading. High School and Junior High School National Council of Teachers of English, 1923.
Books for Summer Reading. Horace Mann School for Boys, 1920.
Books to Grow On. Buffalo Public Library, 1923.
Boston Reading Lists. School Document No. 11, 1924.
Children's Reading, by Terman and Lima. Appleton, 1926.
Drama. Brown University.
Hartford Reading Lists. Holt, 1922.
One Thousand of the Best Novels. Free Public Library, Newark, 1920.
Out-of-Door Books. Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston, 1918.

Poetry for Young People. New England School Library Association, 1921.
Stories of the Sea. New York Public Library, 1914.
Viewpoints in Biography. American Library Association, Chicago, 1921.
Viewpoints in Essays. American Library Association, 1923.
Viewpoints in Travel. American Library Association, 1919.
What Shall We Read Now? by H. W. Wilson. Pratt Institute, Free Library.
What to Read, by Lucy S. Curtiss and Frances H. Bickford. Holt, 1923.
Winnetka Graded Book List, by Washburne and Vogel. American Library Association, 1926.

TESTS

Various groups of pupils will betray to the sensitive teacher their own peculiar needs. To strengthen them where they are weak, he will use tests along such lines as these, in connection with the different divisions of this book:

1. *Completion Test.*

Write the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was ——.

2. *Multiple Choice Test.*

Select the word or expression which makes a true statement.

" The Man Without A Country " is a (humorous, sad, patriotic) story.

3. *True-False Test.*

Some of the following statements are true; some are false. Write " true " or " false " next to each statement.

Rip's long absence was due to a fear of his wife.

4. *Vocabulary Test.*

Choose a word which means the same as one already in the sentence:

The sun was setting upon a rich grassy dale (hill, valley, farm.)

5. *Recognition Test.*

Name the poem from which the lines are taken, and the author.

Into the jaws of death
Rode the Six Hundred!

6. *Recognition Test.*

Name the person described, or the speaker of the lines.

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

In conclusion, modern method requires a willingness on the part of the teacher to humanize literature, to raise the teaching of it above a study of mechanical details, and to make it a recreative as well as an educative force in the lives of all boys and girls. To do this, the teacher should have a rich background. He should know each selection well and should have an appreciative attitude towards its lines of distinctive quality. Only through careful and sympathetic study of a masterpiece can one prepare himself to teach it effectively.

SCHEDULE OF READINGS

This schedule presents two groups, each divided into first and second half-year readings. Group I suggests a reading course for the year with a normal progress class. Group II allows for more rapid reading with brighter classes. The teacher may substitute other selections from this volume whenever class needs demand a change.

FIRST HALF YEAR

STORIES

Group I

1. *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*
2. *The Gift of the Magi*
3. *How I Learned to Hunt Seals*

Group II

1. *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*
2. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
3. *The Great Carbuncle*
4. *The Celebrated Jumping Frog*
5. *The Gift of the Magi*

BIOGRAPHY

1. *Boyhood on a Missouri Farm*
2. *The Story of My Life*

1. *Boyhood on a Missouri Farm*
2. *The Story of My Life*
3. *Louis Pasteur*

LETTERS, ESSAYS, SPEECHES

1. *Roosevelt to American Defense Society*
2. *Louisa May Alcott to her sister*
3. *Robert Louis Stevenson to his mother*
4. *The Fir Tree*
5. *Asking for a Raise*
6. *Eulogy of Adams and Jefferson by Webster*
7. *Five Proverbs and short prose selections*

1. *Roosevelt to American Defense Society*
2. *Louisa May Alcott to her sister*
3. *Robert Louis Stevenson to his mother*
4. *Henry Van Dyke to a Schoolboy.*
5. *A Message to Garcia*
6. *A Dissertation on Roast Pig*
7. *The Apple that No One Ate*
8. *Eulogy of Henry Clay by Lincoln*
9. *Reply to Hayne by Webster*
10. *Five Proverbs and short prose selections*

STORY POEMS

1. *Sir Patrick Spens*
2. *Lord Ullin's Daughter*
3. *The Legend of Bregenz*
4. *How They Brought the Good News*
5. *Bill Peters*
6. *Paul Revere's Ride*

1. *Sir Patrick Spens*
2. *Lochinvar*
3. *Lord Ullin's Daughter*
4. *The Ballad of Father Gilligan*
5. *Hudson's Last Voyage*
6. *Tales of a Wayside Inn from this book*

LYRICS

1. Psalm I
2. *Crossing the Bar*
3. *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*
4. *Cargoes*
5. *Columbus*
6. *I Am an American*
7. *The Thinker*

1. Psalm I
2. *Under the Greenwood Tree*
3. *Apostrophe to the Ocean*
4. *A Day in June*
5. *Cargoes*
6. *I Am an American*
7. *The Thinker*
8. *The Woolworth Building*
9. *Opportunity*
10. *I Hear America Singing*

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM

1. *The Star-Spangled Banner*
2. *America the Beautiful*
3. *Barbara Frietchie*

1. *The Star-Spangled Banner*
2. *America the Beautiful*
3. *Banner of America*

POEMS TO MAKE YOU LAUGH

1. *The Deacon's Masterpiece*
2. *Jim*
3. *The Flounder*
4. *Limericks*

1. *The Deacon's Masterpiece*
2. *Jim*
3. *The Flounder*
4. *Strictly Germ Proof*

PLAYS

The Jester's Purse

The Jester's Purse

SECOND HALF YEAR

STORIES

Group I

1. *The Great Carbuncle*
2. *The Celebrated Jumping Frog*
3. *The Lady or the Tiger*
4. *For the Love of a Man*

Group II

1. *Moti Guj — Mutineer*
2. *The Red-Headed League*
3. *The Lady or the Tiger*
4. *How I Learned to Hunt Seals*
5. *For the Love of a Man*

BIOGRAPHY

1. *In the Wilderness*
2. *In the Telegraph Office*

1. *In the Wilderness*
2. *The Lure of the Labrador*
3. *In the Telegraph Office*

LETTERS, ESSAYS, SPEECHES

1. *Helen Keller to Whittier*
2. *Stevenson to Alison Cunningham*
3. *Robert E. Lee to his sons*
4. *Jack Morris Wright to his mother*
5. *The Apple that No One Ate*
6. *Dissertation on Roast Pig*
7. *Gettysburg Address*
8. *Meaning of the Flag*
9. *Five Proverbs and short prose selections*

1. *Helen Keller to Whittier*
2. *Stevenson to Alison Cunningham*
3. *Robert E. Lee to his sons*
4. *Jack Morris Wright to his mother*
5. *Thomas Carlyle to his mother*
6. *Edward E. Hale to his sons*
7. *Ingo*
8. *The American Boy*
9. *Gettysburg Address*
10. *Second Inaugural Address*
11. *Meaning of the Flag*
12. *Five Proverbs and short prose selections*

STORY POEMS

1. *Robin Hood's Death*
2. *The Inchcape Rock*
3. *The Ballad of East and West*
4. *Hudson's Last Voyage*
5. *The Bell of Atri*

or

Evangeline

1. *Robin Hood's Death*
2. *The Forsaken Merman*
3. *The Patriot*
4. *Sir Galahad*
5. *Forty Singing Seamen*
6. *Daniel Boone*

or

Evangeline

LYRICS

1. Psalm XXIV
2. *The Quality of Mercy*
3. *If*
4. *Chicago*
5. *Song of Summer*
6. *Barter*
7. *Lincoln, the Man of the People*
8. *O Captain! My Captain!*
9. *Spires of Oxford*

1. Psalm XXIV
2. *To a Mouse*
3. *Home Thoughts from Abroad*
4. *Song of the Chattahoochee*
5. *If*
6. *Goethals: The Prophet Engineer*
7. *Chicago*
8. *Song of Summer*
9. *Barter*
10. *Lincoln, the Man of the People*
11. *Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight*
12. *O Captain! My Captain!*
13. *Spires of Oxford*

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM

1. *The Name of Old Glory*
2. *The American Flag*

1. *The Name of Old Glory*
2. *The Soldier*
3. *The American Flag*

POEMS TO MAKE YOU LAUGH

Group I

1. *The Pobble Who Has no Toes*
2. *Strictly Germ Proof*
3. *The Ould Apple Woman*
4. *A Nautical Extravagance*

Group II

1. *Darius Green and His Flying Machine*
2. *The Rattle Watch of New Amsterdam*
3. *The Ould Apple Woman*
4. *A Nautical Extravagance*

PLAYS

Julius Caesar
(Main parts only)

Julius Caesar
(One reading)

SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZING

A choice may be made from the following selections if the teacher and pupils approve. They should feel free to replace this list with anything in this book which appeals to them and which proves a favorite.

1. *The Star-Spangled Banner*
2. *America the Beautiful*
3. *I Am an American*
4. *If* (Parts)
5. *Paul Revere's Ride* (Excerpt)
6. *O Captain! My Captain!*
7. *John Anderson, My Jo*
8. Psalm I.
9. *Apostrophe to the Ocean*
10. *A Day in June*
11. *Columbus*
12. *Spires of Oxford*
13. Excerpts from *Julius Caesar*

FOREWORD TO BOYS AND GIRLS

The chief purpose of *Adventures in Literature* is to increase your enjoyment in reading. Think of it as a welcome companion to whom you can turn for fun, for information, and for inspiration.

Not everything that is written or printed is to be regarded as literature. Only when these writings are expressed in effective language and appeal to our love of the beautiful, the true, and the good should they be called literature. Out of a great mass of writings from every age, a few novels, stories, poems, plays, essays, letters, biographies, autobiographies, and speeches please the educated people of the world so much that they read them with ever-increasing pleasure.

We divide literary productions into different classes. One group is made up of imaginative stories called fiction; another group, oratory, consists of thoughts spoken to an audience; in a third, are letters written in masterly fashion; a fourth, the essay, expresses personal thoughts and intimate impressions; still another, poetry, consists of thoughts, images, and feelings put into rhythmic form; and a sixth, in dialogue form, is called drama. All these are types of literature.

In this book you will find these types represented by selections which will give you pleasure and a broader understanding of life. I do not wish you to think that good literature was written only by authors of the past. Consequently, I have included in this book a large number of selections by living authors. There is value in setting them side by side with the old masters. This is the surest way to test them.

Though the primary aim of this book is to give boys and girls pleasure, it has the further aim of developing a discriminating taste, so that from reading it you may distinguish a good story from a poor one, a good play from a poor one, a good poem from a poor one.

The Questions and Topics have been prepared with great care; not to make your English lesson harder or unpleasant, but to help you enjoy each selection more keenly. Like salt and pepper on a juicy beefsteak, they will bring out the flavor of the stories and poems, if you will take them in the spirit in which they are meant.

The Mastery Tests will help you in a little different way. They will enable you to find out how carefully you have read the selection. When you finish reading your assignment run over the Mastery Test that follows. If you cannot answer each question or supply the information called for, and be sure in your own mind that you are right, you had better read the selection again.

HOME READING

Your interest in the authors in this volume, aroused by reading their poems, stories, or plays, will, I hope, make you wish to know more of their books. To make this easier, I am giving you a list of interesting books on the subjects treated in this volume. You should plan class reports on your home reading, to give all the boys and girls a share in your pleasure. Your classmates will enjoy hearing you review a favorite book or a selection from one and you can read to the class such passages as you think they will enjoy.

In the school library, the public library, and in your home library, you are sure to find most of the books which have been listed here. Make your teacher your friend and guide in the choice of your home reading. He has heard reports of many boys and girls on these books and is in a position to tell you which ones were liked and enjoyed most.

PROSE

Prose fiction includes all kinds of stories. The different kinds usually listed are: (a) the tale of adventure, (b) the novel, (c) the short story.

The tale of adventure relates, one after the other, thrilling incidents, any one of which could be omitted without harm to the story as a whole. Read as many good tales as you can now, for in the high-school grades you will find little time for such stories as *Robinson Crusoe, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Monsieur Beaucaire, Treasure Island, Kim,* and *The Call of the Wild.*

You all sit up when you hear, " Once upon a time — ". That is the spirit in which all short stories begin. No wonder that the short story is the most widely read and most popular of literary forms nowadays. The short story is a tale which can be read easily at one sitting.

Every good story has three elements known as setting, characters, and plot. Characters are the persons of the story. Setting is the background, including the place where, the time when, and the conditions in which the story takes place. The plot is a carefully chosen series of incidents leading up to the climax — the point of greatest interest — and then usually subsiding to a conclusion, though sometimes the end of the story comes at the climax. The theme is the idea which the author wishes to develop through the tale. For instance, in " For the Love of a Man " and in " Moti Guj — Mutineer," the theme is the affection which animals are capable of feeling for their human masters.

Stories are written to entertain, not to be studied. The first thing to do with a story is to read it through at a single sitting. Then, if you like the story, be able to tell why.

THE SHORT STORY

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

By Washington Irving (1783–1859)

Everybody likes a good ghost story and here is one by the author of "Rip Van Winkle." "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" is a popular story which was handed down from generation to generation among the Dutch inhabitants of old New York, heard by Irving as a boy, and later set down by him with all his skill and charm. Its interesting characters and steady current of humor, added to the mystery of the headless horseman, make it a real piece of literature as well as a story that will hold your interest to the end.

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee,[1] and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town.[2] This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a wood-pecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

[1] The widest part of the Hudson River near Tarrytown.
[2] A Dutch village on the Hudson. Near it is Sleepy Hollow.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper,[3] whose head had been carried away by a cannon ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War; and who is ever and anon

[3] During the war of the Revolution, the British hired some troops of the German princes to fight in America. These soldiers came from Hesse-Cassel, from which the word is derived.

seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this specter, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the specter is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative — to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great state of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature, there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy

wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, " tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, " Spare the rod and spoil the child." — Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however that he was one of

those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burden off the backs of the weak and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called " doing his duty by their parents," and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that " he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly

the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfac-

tion. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's history of New England witchcraft,[4] in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whippoorwill from the hillside; the boding cry of the tree toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, " in linkéd sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins,

[4] Cotton Mather was a scholar and an author.

and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no specter dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! — With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! — How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted specter, beset his very path! — How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! — And how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many specters in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was — a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina

Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches; and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam;[5] the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling and cooing and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the

[5] A little town in Holland.

roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart — sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cozily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy, relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household

trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low, projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock oranges and conch shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the center of the room; and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily-conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined, all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his

way to the center of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring roistering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cockfights; and, with the ascendency which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles around. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks;[6] and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had

[6] Belonging to the Cossack people on the River Don. They were noted for their skilful and daring horsemanship.

clattered by, and then exclaim, " Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang! " The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good will; and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero [7] had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, " sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack — yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away — jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently-insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumblingblock in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her

[7] A wild, harum-scarum fellow.

poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore — by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse"; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his dis-

position, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy; so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches of the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in the presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferrule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper gamecocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merrymaking, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering

away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy of their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only, suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciled, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow horse that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he

carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a scepter, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and Nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud, querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipped wings and yellow-tipped tail, and its little montero cap of feathers; and the bluejay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld

great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hands of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast, and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare, leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk withered little dames, in loose crimped caps, long-waisted gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times,

especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was a hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed, Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tenderer oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces, not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst — Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse,

snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to fall to and help themselves.

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly-favored places which abound with chronicle

and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cowboys,[8] and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White Plains, being an excellent master of defense, parried a musket ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz around the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in lengendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats, but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have traveled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew

[8] A gang of plunderers infesting the neutral ground lying between the British and American lines during the Revolution.

from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André[9] was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite specter of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw

[9] A brave British officer. He was hanged as a spy.

old Brouwer into a brook, and sprang away over the tree tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it, too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenance of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvelous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away — and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen. — Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? — Was her encouragement to the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? — Heaven only knows, not I! — Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had

been sacking a henroost rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills — but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree.

The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered — it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree — he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan — his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side and kicked lustily with the contrary foot; it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed

forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents — "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind — the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in

relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless! — but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle; his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip — but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind — for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under

"IN THE VERY ACT OF HURLING HIS HEAD AT HIM"

the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash — he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast — dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook, but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy smallclothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes, full of dogs' ears; and a broken pitchpipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton

Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptons of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York, on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court.[10] Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever

[10] A court having jurisdiction over cases involving not over ten pounds, or about fifty dollars.

the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin, which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill pond. The schoolhouse being deserted soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plowboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. Ichabod Crane desired to marry Katrina because of her (beauty, good heart, pleasant companionship, wealth).
   b. Ichabod Crane (was a believer in ghosts, did not believe in ghosts, scoffed at the stories told by the old women).
   c. Ichabod was (successful, not successful in his wooing).
2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not mark the book.
   a. Ichabod's rival for the hand of Katrina Van Tassel was —— who was famed for his skill as a ——.
   b. The headless horseman was not the —— —— but really —— ——.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What makes the setting at Sleepy Hollow near Tarrytown a fine background for the story which follows?
2. Have you a clear idea of Ichabod Crane's appearance? Could you describe him to your mother?
3. Contrast Ichabod Crane with Brom Bones. With which character do you sympathize?
4. Portray as vividly as possible Ichabod's ride home and his encounter with the Headless Horseman. Who do you think was the Headless Horseman?

5. Do you think the story is interesting? If so, what parts did you find most interesting?

6. Select three bits of action which seem to you especially suitable for acting out in class. What character would you like to act?

7. What impression do the names of the characters give you?

8. Select parts of the story that strike you as most humorous.

9. Did this story give you a picture of farm life in old New York? Compare this with country life in early New England as depicted in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

10. Would you like to meet any of the people in the story? If so, give reasons for your choice.

11. Compare the tale with "Rip Van Winkle" in its happenings and setting.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

A Tale from Shakespeare

By Charles and Mary Lamb

Mary Lamb (1765–1847) was the sister of Charles Lamb (1775–1834), a famous essayist and critic. In 1808 they brought out a book, *Tales from the Plays of Shakespeare,* in which Charles told the stories of Shakespeare's tragedies, and Mary, the stories of his comedies. Through this book the first knowledge of Shakespeare has come to countless boys and girls, and its popularity has lasted to this day.

The following tale is based on Shakespeare's famous comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* It is a story of fairies and fairy doings and of romantic love, with amusing characters and incidents presented in a way that keeps up the interest through to the end.

The story is laid in Athens of old but the mortal characters are men and women like those of Shakespeare's own day, people whose lives are complicated by the mischievous pranks of the fairies.

There was a law in the city of Athens which gave to its citizens the power of compelling their daughters to marry whomsoever they pleased; for upon a daughter's refusing to marry the man her father had chosen to be her husband, the father was empowered by this law to cause her to be put to death; but as fathers do not often desire the death of their own daughters, even though they do happen to prove a little refractory, this law was seldom or never put in execution, though perhaps the young ladies

of that city were not infrequently threatened by their parents with the terrors of it.

There was one instance, however, of an old man, whose name was Egeus, who actually did come before Theseus (at that time the reigning Duke of Athens), to complain that his daughter Hermia, whom he had commanded to marry Demetrius, a young man of a noble Athenian family, refused to obey him, because she loved another young Athenian, named Lysander. Egeus demanded justice of Theseus, and desired that this cruel law might be put in force against his daughter.

Hermia pleaded, in excuse for her disobedience, that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend Helena, and that Helena loved Demetrius to distraction; but this honorable reason, which Hermia gave for not obeying her father's command, moved not the stern Egeus. Theseus, though a great and merciful prince, had no power to alter the laws of his country; therefore he could only give Hermia four days to consider of it; and at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius, she was to be put to death.

When Hermia was dismissed, she went to her lover Lysander and told him the peril she was in, and that she must either give him up and marry Demetrius or lose her life in four days.

Lysander was in great affliction at hearing these evil tidings; but recollecting that he had an aunt who lived at some distance from Athens, and that at the place where she lived the cruel law could not be put in force against Hermia (this law not extending beyond the boundaries of the city), he proposed to Hermia that she should steal out of her father's house that night, and go with him to his aunt's house, where he would marry her. "I will meet you," said Lysander, "in the wood a few miles without the city; in that delightful wood where we have so often walked with Helena in the pleasant month of May."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed; and she told no one of her intended flight but her friend Helena. Helena (as maidens will do foolish things for love) very ungenerously resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius, though she could hope no benefit from betraying her friend's secret, but the poor pleasure of following

her faithless lover to the wood; for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia.

The wood in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet was the favorite haunt of those little beings known by the name of *Fairies*. Oberon the king, and Titania the queen of the Fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, in this wood held their midnight revels.

Between this little king and queen of sprites there happened, at this time, a sad disagreement; they never met by moonlight in the shady walks of this pleasant wood but they were quarreling, till all their fairy elves would creep into acorn-cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was Titania's refusing to give Oberon a little changeling boy, whose mother had been Titania's friend; and upon her death the fairy queen stole the child from its nurse; and brought him up in the woods.

The night on which the lovers were to meet in this wood, as Titania was walking with some of her maids of honor, she met Oberon attended by his train of fairy courtiers.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the fairy king. The queen replied, "What, jealous Oberon, is it you? Fairies, skip hence; I have forsworn his company." "Tarry, rash fairy," said Oberon; "am not I thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."

"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen; "your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy of me." She then left her lord in great anger. "Well, go your way," said Oberon; "before the morning dawns I will torment you for this injury."

Oberon then sent for Puck, his chief favorite and counselor. Puck (or as he was sometimes called, Robin Goodfellow) was a shrewd and knavish sprite, that used to play comical pranks in the neighboring villages; sometimes getting into the dairies and skimming the milk, sometimes plunging his light and airy form into the butter-churn, and while he was dancing his fantastic shape in the churn, in vain the dairy-maid would labor to change her cream into butter. Nor had the village swains any better success; whenever Puck chose to play his freaks in the brewing copper, the ale was sure to be spoiled. When a few good

neighbors were met to drink some comfortable ale together, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab, and when some old goody was going to drink he would bob against her lips, and spill the ale over her withered chin; and presently after, when the same old dame was gravely seating herself to tell her neighbors a sad and melancholy story, Puck would slip her three-legged stool from under her, and down would topple the poor old woman, and then the old gossips would laugh at her, and swear they never wasted a merrier hour.

"Come hither, Puck," said Oberon to this little merry wanderer of the night; "fetch me the flower which maids call love-in-idleness; the juice of that little purple flower, laid on the eyelids of those who sleep, will make them, when they awake, dote on the first thing they see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep; and the first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will fall in love with, even though it be a lion or a bear, a meddling monkey, or a busy ape; and before I will take this charm from off her sight, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page."

Puck, who loved mischief to his heart, was highly diverted with this intended frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower; and while Oberon was awaiting the return of Puck, he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the wood. He overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him, and after many unkind words on his part, and gentle expostulations from Helena, reminding him of his former love and professions of true faith to her, he left her (as he said) to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king, who was always friendly to true lovers, felt great compassion for Helena; and perhaps, as Lysander said they used to walk by moonlight in this pleasant wood, Oberon might have seen Helena in those happy times when she was beloved by Demetrius. However that might be, when Puck returned with the little purple flower, Oberon said to his favorite, "Take a part of this flower; there has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a disdainful youth; if you find him sleeping, drop some of the love-juice into his eyes, but contrive to do it when she

is near him, that the first thing he sees when he awakes may be this despised lady. You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears." Puck promised to manage this matter very dexterously; and then Oberon went, unperceived by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to rest. Her fairy bower was a bank, where grew wild thyme, cowslips, and sweet violets, under a canopy of woodbine, musk-roses, and eglantine. There Titania always slept some part of the night; her coverlet the enameled skin of a snake, which, though a small mantle, was wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

He found Titania giving orders to her fairies, how they were to employ themselves while she slept. "Some of you," said her majesty, "must kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, and some wage war with the bats for their leathern wings, to make my small elves coats; and some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, come not near me; but first sing me to sleep." Then they began to sing this song :

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night with lullaby.

When the fairies had sung their queen asleep with this pretty lullaby, they left her to perform the important services she had enjoined them. Oberon then softly drew near his Titania, and dropped some of the love-juice on her eyelids, saying,

What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take.

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape out of her father's house that night, to avoid the death she was doomed to for refusing to marry Demetrius. When she entered the wood, she found her dear Lysander waiting for her, to conduct her

to his aunt's house; but before they had passed half through the wood, Hermia was so much fatigued that Lysander, who was very careful of this dear lady, who had proved her affection for him even by hazarding her life for his sake, persuaded her to rest till morning on a bank of soft moss, and lying down himself on the ground at some little distance, they soon fell fast asleep. Here they were found by Puck, who, seeing a handsome young man asleep, and perceiving that his clothes were made in the Athenian fashion, and that a pretty lady was sleeping near him, concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek; and he naturally enough conjectured that, as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he awoke; so, without more ado, he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eyes. But it so fell out that Helena came that way, and, instead of Hermia, was the first object Lysander beheld when he opened his eyes; and strange to relate, so powerful was the love-charm, all his love for Hermia vanished away, and Lysander fell in love with Helena.

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, the blunder Puck committed would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well; but for poor Lysander to be forced by a fairy love-charm to forget his own true Hermia, and to run after another lady, and leave Hermia asleep quite alone in a wood at midnight, was a sad chance indeed.

Thus this misfortune happened. Helena, as has been before related, endeavored to keep pace with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her; but she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius; and as she was wandering about, dejected and forlorn, she arrived at the place where Lysander was sleeping. "Ah!" said she, "this is Lysander lying on the ground; is he dead or asleep?" Then, gently touching him, she said, "Good sir, if you are alive, awake." Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and (the love-charm beginning to work) immediately addressed her in terms of extravagant love and admiration; telling her she as much excelled Hermia in beauty as a dove does a raven, and that he would run through

fire for her sweet sake; and many more such lover-like speeches. Helena, knowing Lysander was her friend Hermia's lover, and that he was solemnly engaged to marry her, was in the utmost rage when she heard herself addressed in this manner; for she thought, as well she might, that Lysander was making a jest of her. "Oh!" said she, "why was I born to be mocked and scorned by everyone? Is it not enough, is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius; but you, sir, must pretend in this disdainful manner to court me? I thought, Lysander, you were a lord of more true gentleness." Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia, who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke, she was in a sad fright at finding herself alone. She wandered about the wood, not knowing what was become of Lysander, or which way to go to seek for him. In the meantime, Demetrius, not being able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander, and fatigued with his fruitless search, was observed by Oberon fast asleep. Oberon had learned by some questions he had asked of Puck that he had applied the love-charm to the wrong person's eyes; and now having found the person first intended, he touched the eyelids of the sleeping Demetrius with the love-juice, and he instantly awoke; and the first thing he saw being Helena, he, as Lysander had done before, began to address love-speeches to her; and just at that moment Lysander, followed by Hermia (for through Puck's unlucky mistake it was now become Hermia's turn to run after her lover), made his appearance; and then Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking together, made love to Helena, they being each one under the influence of the same potent charm.

The astonished Helena thought that Demetrius, Lysander, and her once dear friend Hermia were all in a plot together to make a jest of her.

Hermia was as much surprised as Helena; she knew not why Lysander and Demetrius, who both before loved her, were now become the lovers of Helena. And to Hermia the matter seemed to be no jest. The ladies, who before had always been the dearest of friends, now fell to high words together.

" Unkind Hermia," said Helena, " it is you have set Lysander on to vex me with mock praises; and your other lover, Demetrius, who used almost to spurn me with his foot, have you not bid him call me goddess, nymph, rare, precious, and celestial? He would not speak thus to me, whom he hates, if you did not set him on to make a jest of me. Unkind Hermia, to join with men in scorning your poor friend. Have you forgotten our school-day friendship? How often, Hermia, have we two, sitting on one cushion, both singing one song, with our needles working the same flower, both on the same sampler wrought; growing up together in fashion of a double cherry, scarcely seeming parted! Hermia, it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly to join with men in scorning your poor friend."

" I am amazed at your passionate words," said Hermia. " I scorn you not; it seems you scorn me." " Aye, do," returned Helena, " persevere, counterfeit serious looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back; then wink at each other, and hold the sweet jest up. If you had any pity, grace, or manners, you would not use me thus."

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these angry words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander left them, to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena.

When they found the gentlemen had left them, they departed, and once more wandered weary in the wood in search of their lovers.

As soon as they were gone, the fairy king, who with little Puck had been listening to their quarrels, said to him, " This is your negligence, Puck; or did you do this willfully? " " Believe me, king of shadows," answered Puck, " it was a mistake; did not you tell me I should know the man by his Athenian garments? However, I am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling makes excellent sport." " You heard," said Oberon, " that Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to overhang the night with a thick fog, and lead these quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark that they shall not be able to find each other. Counterfeit each of their voices to the other, and with bitter taunts provoke them to follow you, while they think it is their rival's tongue they hear.

See you do this till they are so weary they can go no farther; and when you find they are asleep, drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander's eyes, and when he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena, and return to his old passion for Hermia; and then the two fair ladies may each one be happy with the man she loves, and they will think all that has passed a vexatious dream. About this quickly, Puck, and I will go and see what sweet love my Titania has found."

Titania was still sleeping, and Oberon seeing a clown near her, who had lost his way in the wood, and was likewise asleep, "This fellow," said he, "shall be my Titania's true love"; and clapping an ass's head over the clown's, it seemed to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders. Though Oberon fixed the ass's head on very gently, it awakened him, and rising up, unconscious of what Oberon had done to him, he went toward the bower where the fairy queen slept.

"Ah! what angel is that I see?" said Titania, opening her eyes, and the juice of the little purple flower beginning to take effect. "Are you as wise as you are beautiful?"

"Why, mistress," said the foolish clown, "if I have wit enough to find the way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn."

"Out of the wood do not desire to go," said the enamored queen. "I am a spirit of no common rate. I love you. Go with me, and I will give you fairies to attend upon you."

She then called four of her fairies; their names were Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

"Attend," said the queen, "upon this sweet gentleman; hop in his walks, and gambol in his sight; feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey-bags from the bees. Come, sit with me," said she to the clown, "and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, my beautiful ass! and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy!"

"Where is Pease-blossom?" said the ass-headed clown, not much regarding the fairy queen's courtship, but very proud of his new attendants.

"Here, sir," said little Pease-blossom.

"Scratch my head," said the clown. "Where is Cobweb?"

" Here, sir," said Cobweb.

" Good Mr. Cobweb," said the foolish clown, " kill me the red humble bee on the top of that thistle yonder; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey-bag break not; I should be sorry to have you overflown with a honey-bag. Where is Mustard-seed? "

" Here, sir," said Mustard-seed; " what is your will? "

" Nothing," said the clown, " good Mr. Mustard-seed, but to help Mr. Pease-blossom to scratch; I must go to a barber's, Mr. Mustard-seed, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face."

" My sweet love," said the queen, " what will you have to eat? I have a venturous fairy shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch you some new nuts."

" I had rather have a handful of dried peas," said the clown, who with his ass's head had got an ass's appetite. " But, I pray, let none of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep."

" Sleep, then," said the queen, " and I will wind you in my arms. O how I love you! how I dote upon you! "

When the fairy king saw the clown sleeping in the arms of his queen, he advanced within her sight, and reproached her with having lavished her favors upon an ass.

This she could not deny, as the clown was then sleeping within her arms, with his ass's head crowned by her with flowers.

When Oberon had teased her for some time, he again demanded the changeling boy; which she, ashamed of being discovered by her lord with her new favorite, did not dare to refuse him.

Oberon, having thus obtained the little boy he had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on the disgraceful situation into which, by his merry contrivance, he had brought his Titania, and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes; and the fairy queen immediately recovered her senses, and wondered at her late dotage, saying she now loathed the sight of the strange monster.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own fool's head upon his shoulders.

Oberon and his Titania being now perfectly reconciled, he re-

"PROCEEDED TO POUR THE JUICE INTO HIS EYES"

lated to her the history of the lovers, and their midnight quarrels; and she agreed to go with him and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their fair ladies, at no great distance from each other, sleeping on a grass-plot; for Puck, to make amends for his former mistake, had contrived with the utmost diligence to bring them all to the same spot, unknown to each other; and he had carefully removed the charm from off the eyes of Lysander with the antidote the fairy king gave to him.

Hermia first awoke, and finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander presently opening his eyes, and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason, which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason, his love for Hermia; and they began to talk over the adventures of the night, doubting if these things had really happened, or if they had both been dreaming the same bewildering dream.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake; and a sweet sleep having quieted Helena's disturbed and angry spirits, she listened with delight to the professions of love which Demetrius still made to her, and which, to her surprise as well as pleasure, she began to perceive were sincere.

These fair, night-wandering ladies, now no longer rivals, became once more true friends; all the unkind words which had passed were forgiven, and they calmly consulted together what was best to be done in their present situation. It was soon agreed that, as Demetrius had given up his pretensions to Hermia, he should endeavor to prevail upon her father to revoke the cruel sentence of death which had been passed against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for this friendly purpose, when they were surprised with the sight of Egeus, Hermia's father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander but gave his consent that they should be wedded on the fourth day from that time, being the same day on which Hermia had been condemned to lose her life; and on that same day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved and now faithful Demetrius.

The fairy king and queen, who were invisible spectators of this reconciliation, and now saw the happy ending of the lovers' history, brought about through the good offices of Oberon, received so much pleasure that these kind spirits resolved to celebrate the approaching nuptials with sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom.

And now, if any are offended with this story of fairies and their pranks, as judging it incredible and strange, they have only to think that they have been asleep and dreaming, and that all these adventures were visions which they saw in their sleep; and I hope none of my readers will be so unreasonable as to be offended with a pretty, harmless Midsummer Night's Dream.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. This is a (true, imaginary, false, ghost, fairy) story.
   b. Puck loved to (aid people in distress, play pranks on the villagers, disobey the commands of his king).
2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not mark the book.
   a. Hermia was in love with ——, while Helena loved ——.
   b. Puck's mistake caused both —— and —— to fall in love with ——.
   c. The lovers were indebted to —— for their final happiness.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Where is the setting of the story laid?
2. Who are the chief characters? Which one do you like best or find most interesting? Why?
3. What mistake is made by Puck? What are the final results of his efforts?
4. Pick out three humorous incidents that occur in this story? Why does the story as a whole appeal to you?
5. Read other plays from *Tales from Shakespeare.* You will find them very interesting.

THE GREAT CARBUNCLE

By Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864)

Nathaniel Hawthorne is considered one of the really great writers of America. He loved old legends and bits of early history and built many of his tales around them.

This story, from the collection *Twice Told Tales,* tells the adventures of eight people who went up into the desolate heights of the White Mountains looking for a precious stone of great size and brilliancy, called The Great Carbuncle.

See if you can tell what theme Hawthorne had in mind in writing this story of strange and interesting characters from all the corners of the world.

At nightfall, once, in the olden time, on the rugged side of one of the Crystal Hills, a party of adventurers were refreshing themselves, after a toilsome and fruitless quest for the Great Carbuncle. They had come thither, not as friends, or partners in the enterprise, but each, save one youthful pair, impelled by his own selfish and solitary longing for this wondrous gem. Their feeling of brotherhood, however, was strong enough to induce them to contribute a mutual aid in building a rude hut of branches, and kindling a great fire of shattered pines, that had drifted down the headlong current of the Amonoosuck, on the lower bank of which they were to pass the night. There was but one of their number, perhaps, who had become so estranged from natural sympathies, by the absorbing spell of the pursuit, as to acknowledge no satisfaction at the sight of human faces, in the remote and solitary region whither they had ascended. A vast extent of wilderness lay between them and the nearest settlement, while scant a mile above their heads was that bleak verge where the hills throw off their shaggy mantle of forest trees, and either robe themselves in clouds, or tower naked into the sky. The roar of the Amonoosuck would have been too awful for endurance, if only a solitary man had listened, while the mountain stream talked with the wind.

The adventurers, therefore, exchanged hospitable greetings, and welcomed one another to the hut, where each man was the

host, and all were the guests of the whole company. They spread their individual supplies of food on the flat surface of a rock, and partook of a general repast; at the close of which, a sentiment of good fellowship was perceptible among the party, though repressed by the idea that the renewed search for the Great Carbuncle must make them strangers again in the morning. Seven men and one young woman, they warmed themselves together at the fire, which extended its bright wall along the whole front of their wigwam. As they observed the various and contrasted figures that made up the assemblage, each man looking like a caricature of himself, in the unsteady light that flickered over him, they came mutually to the conclusion that an odder society had never met, in city or wilderness — on mountain or plain.

The eldest of the group, a tall, lean, weatherbeaten man, some sixty years of age, was clad in the skins of wild animals, whose fashion of dress he did well to imitate, since the deer, the wolf, and the bear had long been his most intimate companions. He was one of those ill-fated mortals, such as the Indians told of, whom, in their early youth, the Great Carbuncle smote with a peculiar madness, and became the passionate dream of their existence. All who visited that region knew him as the Seeker, and by no other name. As none could remember when he first took up the search, there went a fable in the valley of the Saco, that for his inordinate lust after the Great Carbuncle, he had been condemned to wander among the mountains till the end of time, still with the same feverish hopes at sunrise — the same despair at eve. Near this miserable Seeker sat a little elderly personage, wearing a high-crowned hat, shaped somewhat like a crucible. He was from beyond the sea, a Dr. Cacaphodel, who had wilted and dried himself into a mummy, by continually stooping over charcoal furnaces and inhaling unwholesome fumes, during his researches in chemistry and alchemy. It was told of him, whether truly or not, that at the commencement of his studies he had drained his body of all its richest blood, and wasted it, with other inestimable ingredients, in an unsuccessful experiment — and had never been a well man since. Another of the adventurers was Master Ichabod Pigsnort, a weighty merchant and selectman of Boston, and an elder of the famous Mr. Norton's church. His enemies had a ridiculous story

that Master Pigsnort was accustomed to spend a whole hour after prayer-time, every morning and evening, in wallowing naked among an immense quantity of pine-tree shillings, which were the earliest silver coinage of Massachusetts. The fourth whom we shall notice, had no name that his companions knew of, and was chiefly distinguished by a sneer that always contorted his thin visage, and by a prodigious pair of spectacles, which were supposed to deform and discolor the whole face of nature, to this gentleman's perception. The fifth adventurer likewise lacked a name, which was the greater pity, as he appeared to be a poet. He was a bright-eyed man, but woefully pined away, which was no more than natural, if, as some people affirmed, his ordinary diet was fog, morning mist, and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine whenever he could get it. Certain it is that the poetry which flowed from him had a smack of all these dainties. The sixth of the party was a young man of haughty mien, and sat somewhat apart from the rest, wearing his plumed hat loftily among his elders, while the fire glittered on the rich embroidery of his dress, and gleamed intensely on the jeweled pommel of his sword. This was the Lord de Veere, who, when at home, was said to spend much of his time in the burial-vault of his dead progenitors rummaging their moldy coffins in search of all the earthly pride and vainglory that was hidden among bones and dust; so that, besides his own share, he had the collected haughtiness of his whole line of ancestry.

Lastly, there was a handsome youth in rustic garb, and by his side a blooming little person in whom a delicate shade of maiden reserve was just melting into the rich glow of a young wife's affection. Her name was Hannah, and her husband's Matthew; two homely names, yet well enough adapted to the simple pair, who seemed strangely out of place among the whimsical fraternity whose wits had been set agog by the Great Carbuncle.

Beneath the shelter of one hut, in the bright blaze of the same fire, sat this varied group of adventurers, all so intent upon a single object, that, of whatever else they began to speak, their closing words were sure to be illuminated with the Great Carbuncle. Several related the circumstances that brought them

thither. One had listened to a traveler's tale of this marvelous stone, in his own distant country, and had immediately been seized with such a thirst for beholding it, as could only be quenched in its intensest luster. Another, so long ago as when the famous Captain Smith visited these coasts, had seen it blazing far at sea, and had felt no rest in all the intervening years, till now that he took up the search. A third, being encamped on a hunting expedition, fully forty miles south of the White Mountains, awoke at midnight, and beheld the Great Carbuncle, gleaming like a meteor, so that the shadows of the trees fell backward from it. They spoke of the innumerable attempts which had been made to reach the spot, and of the singular fatality which had hitherto withheld success from all adventurers, though it might seem so easy to follow to its source a light that overpowered the moon and almost matched the sun. It was observable that each smiled scornfully at the madness of every other, in anticipating better fortune than the past, yet nourished a scarcely hidden conviction that he would himself be the favored one. As if to allay their too sanguine hopes, they recurred to the Indian traditions that a spirit kept watch about the gem, and bewildered those who sought it, either by removing it from peak to peak of the higher hills, or by calling up a mist from the enchanted lake over which it hung. But these tales were deemed unworthy of credit; all professing to believe that the search had been baffled by want of sagacity or perseverance in the adventurers, or such other causes as might naturally obstruct the passage to any given point, among the intricacies of forest, valley, and mountain.

In a pause of the conversation, the wearer of the prodigious spectacles looked round upon the party, making each individual, in turn, the object of the sneer which invariably dwelt upon his countenance.

"So, fellow-pilgrims," said he, "here we are, seven wise men and one fair damsel, who, doubtless, is as wise as any graybeard of the company — here we are, I say, all bound on the same goodly enterprise. Methinks now, it were not amiss that each of us declare what he proposes to do with the Great Carbuncle, provided he have the good hap to clutch it. What says our friend in the bearskin? How mean you, good sir, to enjoy the prize

which you have been seeking, the Lord knows how long, among the Crystal Hills?"

"How enjoy it!" exclaimed the aged Seeker, bitterly. "I hope for no enjoyment from it — that folly has passed long ago! I keep up the search for this accursed stone because the vain ambition of my youth has become a fate upon me in old age. The pursuit alone is my strength — the energy of my soul, the warmth of my blood, and the pith and marrow of my bones! Were I to turn my back upon it, I should fall down dead, on the hither side of the Notch, which is the gateway of this mountain region. Yet, not to have my wasted lifetime back again, would I give up my hopes of the Great Carbuncle! Having found it, I shall bear it to a certain cavern that I wot of, and there, grasping it in my arms, lie down and die, and keep it buried with me forever."

"O wretch, regardless of the interests of science!" cried Dr. Cacaphodel, with philosophic indignation. "Thou are not worthy to behold, even from afar off, the luster of this most precious gem that ever was concocted in the laboratory of Nature. Mine is the sole purpose for which a wise man may desire the possession of the Great Carbuncle. Immediately on obtaining it — for I have a presentiment, good people, that the prize is reserved to crown my scientific reputation — I shall return to Europe and employ my remaining years in reducing it to its first elements. A portion of the stone will I grind to impalpable [1] powder; other parts shall be dissolved in acids, or whatever solvents will act upon so admirable a composition; and the remainder I design to melt in the crucible or set on fire with the blowpipe. By these various methods I shall gain an accurate analysis, and finally bestow the result of my labors upon the world, in a folio volume."

"Excellent!" quoth the man with the spectacles. "Nor need you hesitate, learned sir, on account of the necessary destruction of the gem; since the perusal of your folio may teach every mother's son of us to concoct a Great Carbuncle of his own."

"But, verily," said Master Ichabod Pigsnort, "for mine own part I object to the making of these counterfeits, as being calculated to reduce the marketable value of the true gem. I tell ye frankly, sirs, I have an interest in keeping up the price. Here have

[1] So fine that no grit can be felt.

I quitted my regular traffic, leaving my warehouse in the care of my clerks, and putting my credit to great hazard, and, furthermore, have put myself in peril of death or captivity by the accursed heathen savages — and all this without daring to ask the prayers of the congregation, because the quest for the Great Carbuncle is deemed little better than a traffic with the evil one. Now think ye that I would have done this grievous wrong to my soul, body, reputation, and estate, without a reasonable chance of profit?"

"Not I, pious Master Pigsnort," said the man with the spectacles. "I never laid such a great folly to thy charge."

"Truly, I hope not," said the merchant. "Now, as touching this Great Carbuncle, I am free to own that I have never had a glimpse of it; but be it only the hundredth part so bright as people tell, it will surely outvalue the Great Mogul's [2] best diamond, which he holds at an incalculable sum. Wherefore I am minded to put the Great Carbuncle on shipboard, and voyage with it to England, France, Spain, Italy, or into heathendom, if Providence should send me thither, and, in a word, dispose of the gem to the best bidder among the potentates of the earth, that he may place it among his crown jewels. If any of ye have a wiser plan, let him expound it."

"That have I, thou sordid man!" exclaimed the poet. "Dost thou desire nothing brighter than gold, that thou wouldst transmute all this ethereal luster into such dross as thou wallowest in already? For myself, hiding the jewel under my cloak, I shall hie me back to my attic chamber, in one of the darksome alleys of London. There, night and day, will I gaze upon it; my soul shall drink its radiance — it shall be diffused throughout my intellectual powers, and gleam brightly in every line of poesy that I indite. Thus, long ages after I am gone, the splendor of the Great Carbuncle will blaze around my name!"

"Well said, Master Poet!" cried he of the spectacles. "Hide it under thy cloak, sayest thou? Why, it will gleam through the holes, and make thee look like a jack-o'-lantern!"

"To think!" ejaculated the Lord de Vere, rather to himself

[2] Mogul is the same as Mongol. The term was applied especially to the Mongolian rulers of India, but came to mean any great or pretentious personage.

than his companions, the best of whom he held utterly unworthy of his intercourse — "to think that a fellow in a tattered cloak should talk of conveying the Great Carbuncle to a garret in Grub street! Have not I resolved within myself that the whole earth contains no fitter ornament for the great hall of my ancestral castle? There shall it flame for ages, making a noonday of midnight, glittering on the suits of armor, the banners, the escutcheons, that hang around the wall, and keeping bright the memory of heroes. Wherefore have all other adventurers sought the prize in vain, but that I might win it, and make it a symbol of the glories of our lofty line? And never, on the diadem of the White Mountains, did the Great Carbuncle hold a place half so honored as is reserved for it in the hall of the de Veres! "

"It is a noble thought," said the Cynic, with an obsequious sneer. "Yet, might I presume to say so, the gem would make a rare sepulchral lamp, and would display the glories of your lordship's progenitors more truly in the ancestral vault than in the castle hall."

"Nay, forsooth," observed Matthew, the young rustic, who sat hand in hand with his bride, "the gentleman has bethought himself a profitable use for this bright stone. Hannah here and I are seeking it for a like purpose."

"How, fellow! " exclaimed his lordship, in surprise. "What castle hall hast thou to hang it in? "

"No castle," replied Matthew, "but as neat a cottage as any within sight of the Crystal Hills. Ye must know, friends, that Hannah and I, being wedded the last week, have taken up the search of the Great Carbuncle because we shall need its light in the long winter evenings; and it will be such a pretty thing to show the neighbors when they visit us. It will shine through the house so that we may pick up a pin in any corner, and will set all the windows a-glowing, as if there were a great fire of pine-knots in the chimney. And then, how pleasant, when we awake in the night, to be able to see one another's faces! "

There was a general smile among the adventurers at the simplicity of the young couple's project, in regard to this wondrous and invaluable stone, with which the greatest monarch on earth might have been proud to adorn his palace. Especially the man

with the spectacles, who had sneered at all the company in turn, now twisted his visage into such an expression of ill-natured mirth that Matthew asked him, rather peevishly, what he himself meant to do with the Great Carbuncle.

"The Great Carbuncle!" answered the Cynic, with ineffable scorn. "Why, you blockhead, there is no such thing in *rerum natura*.[3] I have come three thousand miles, and am resolved to set my foot on every peak of these mountains, and poke my head into every chasm, for the sole purpose of demonstrating to the satisfaction of any man, one whit less an ass than myself, that the Great Carbuncle is all a humbug!"

Vain and foolish were the motives that had brought most of the adventurers to the Crystal Hills, but none so vain, so foolish, and so impious, too, as that of the scoffer with the prodigious spectacles. He was one of those wretched and evil men whose yearnings are downward to the darkness instead of heavenward, and who, could they but extinguish the lights which God hath kindled for us, would count the midnight gloom their chiefest glory. As the Cynic spoke, several of the party were startled by a gleam of red splendor that showed the huge shapes of the surrounding mountains and the rock-bestrewn bed of the turbulent river, with an illumination unlike that of their fire, on the trunks and black boughs of the forest trees. They listened for the roll of thunder, but heard nothing, and were glad that the tempest came not near them. The stars, those dial-points of heaven, now warned the adventurers to close their eyes on the blazing logs, and open them, in dreams, to the glow of the Great Carbuncle.

The young married couple had taken their lodgings in the farthest corner of the wigwam, and were separated from the rest of the party by a curtain of curiously woven twigs, such as might have hung, in deep festoons, around the bridal bower of Eve. The modest little wife had wrought this piece of tapestry while the other guests were talking. She and her husband fell asleep with hands tenderly clasped, and awoke, from visions of unearthly radiance, to meet the more blessed light of one another's eyes. They awoke at the same instant, and with one happy smile beaming over their two faces, which grew brighter with their conscious-

[3] In the nature of things.

ness of the reality of life and love. But no sooner did she recollect where they were than the bride peeped through the interstices of the leafy curtain and saw that the outer room of the hut was deserted.

"Up, dear Matthew!" cried she in haste. "The strange folk are all gone! Up, this very minute, or we shall lose the Great Carbuncle!"

In truth, so little did these poor young people deserve the mighty prize which had lured them thither that they had slept peacefully all night, and till the summits of the hills were glittering with sunshine; while the other adventurers had tossed their limbs in feverish wakefulness, or dreamed of climbing precipices, and set off to realize their dreams with the earliest peep of dawn. But Matthew and Hannah, after their calm rest, were as light as two young deer, and merely stopped to say their prayers, and wash themselves in a cool pool of the Amonoosuck, and then to taste a morsel of food ere they turned their faces to the mountain side. It was a sweet emblem of conjugal affection, as they toiled up the difficult ascent, gathering strength from the mutual aid which they afforded. After several little accidents, such as a torn robe, a lost shoe, and the entanglement of Hannah's hair in a bough, they reached the upper verge of the forest, and were now to pursue a more adventurous course. The innumerable trunks and heavy foliage of the trees had hitherto shut in their thoughts, which now shrank affrightened from the region of wind, and cloud, and naked rocks, and desolate sunshine, that rose immeasurably above them. They gazed back at the obscure wilderness which they had traversed, and longed to be buried again in its depths, rather than trust themselves to so vast and visible a solitude.

"Shall we go on?" said Matthew, throwing his arm round Hannah's waist, both to protect her, and to comfort his heart by drawing her close to it.

But the little bride had a woman's love of jewels, and could not forego the hope of possessing the very brightest in the world, in spite of the perils with which it must be won.

"Let us climb a little higher," whispered she, yet tremulously, as she turned her face upward to the lonely sky.

"Come, then," said Matthew, mustering his manly courage,

and drawing her along with him; for she became timid again that moment that he grew bold.

And upward, accordingly, went the pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, now treading upon the tops and thickly interwoven branches of dwarf pines, which, by the growth of centuries, though mossy with age, had barely reached three feet in altitude. Next, they came to masses and fragments of naked rock, heaped confusedly together, like a cairn reared by giants, in memory of a giant chief. In this bleak realm of upper air, nothing breathed, nothing grew; there was no life but what was concentrated in their two hearts; they had climbed so high that Nature herself seemed no longer to keep them company. She lingered beneath them, within the verge of the forest trees, and sent a farewell glance after her children, as they strayed where her own green footprints had never been. But soon they were to be hidden from her eye. Densely and dark, the mists began to gather below, casting black spots of shadow on the vast landscape, and sailing heavily to one center, as if the loftiest mountain peak had summoned a council of its kindred clouds. Finally, the vapors welded themselves, as it were, into a mass, presenting the appearance of a pavement over which the wanderers might have trodden, but where they would vainly have sought an avenue to the blessed earth which they had lost. And the lovers yearned to behold the green earth again, more intensely, alas! than, beneath a clouded sky, they had ever desired a glimpse of heaven. They even felt it a relief to their desolation when the mists creeping gradually up the mountain concealed its lonely peak and thus annihilated, at least for them, the whole region of visible space. But they drew closer together with a fond and melancholy gaze, dreading lest the universal cloud should snatch them from each other's sight.

Still, perhaps, they would have been resolute to climb as far and as high, between earth and heaven, as they could find foothold, if Hannah's strength had not begun to fail, and with that, her courage also. Her breath grew short. She refused to burden her husband with her weight, but often tottered against his side, and recovered herself each time by a feebler effort. At last she sank down on one of the rocky steps of the acclivity.

"We are lost, dear Matthew," said she, mournfully. "We shall

never find our way to the earth again. And oh, how happy we might have been in our cottage! "

"Dear heart! — we will yet be happy there," answered Matthew. "Look! In this direction the sunshine penetrates the dismal mist. By its aid I can direct our course to the passage of the Notch. Let us go back, love, and dream no more of the Great Carbuncle! "

"The sun cannot be yonder," said Hannah, with despondence. "By this time it must be noon. If there could ever be any sunshine here, it would come from above our heads."

"But look! " repeated Matthew, in a somewhat altered tone. "It is brightening every moment. If not sunshine, what can it be? "

Nor could the young bride any longer deny that a radiance was breaking through the mist, and changing its dim hue to a dusky red, which continually grew more vivid, as if brilliant particles were interfused with the gloom. Now, also the cloud began to roll away from the mountain, while, as it heavily withdrew, one object after another started out of its impenetrable obscurity into sight with precisely the effect of a new creation, before the indistinctness of the old chaos had been completely swallowed up. As the process went on, they saw the gleaming of water close at their feet, and found themselves on the very border of a mountain lake, deep, bright, clear, and calmly beautiful, spreading from brim to brim of a basin that had been scooped out of the solid rock. A ray of glory flashed across its surface. The pilgrims looked whence it should proceed, but closed their eyes with a thrill of awful admiration, to exclude the fervid splendor that glowed from the brow of a cliff, impending over the enchanted lake. For the simple pair had reached that lake of mystery, and found the long-sought shrine of the Great Carbuncle!

They threw their arms around each other, and trembled at their own success; for as the legends of this wondrous gem rushed thick upon their memory, they felt themselves marked out by fate — and the consciousness was fearful. Often from childhood upward they had seen it shining like a distant star. And now that star was throwing its intensest luster on their hearts They seemed changed to one another's eyes, in the red brilliancy that flamed

upon their cheeks, while it lent the same fire to the lake, the rocks, and sky, and to the mists which had rolled back before its power. But, with their next glance they beheld an object that drew their attention even from the mighty stone. At the base of the cliff, directly beneath the Great Carbuncle, appeared the figure of a man, with his arms extended in the act of climbing, and his face turned upward, as if to drink the full gush of splendor. But he stirred not, no more than if changed to marble.

"It is the Seeker," whispered Hannah, convulsively grasping her husband's arm. "Matthew, he is dead."

"The joy of success has killed him," replied Matthew, trembling violently. "Or, perhaps the very light of the Great Carbuncle was death!"

"The Great Carbuncle," cried a peevish voice behind them. "The Great Humbug! If you have found it, prithee point it out to me."

They turned their heads, and there was the Cynic, with his prodigious spectacles set carefully on his nose, staring now at the lake, now at the rocks, now at the distant masses of vapor, now right at the Great Carbuncle itself, yet seemingly as unconscious of its light, as if all the scattered clouds were condensed about his person. Though its radiance actually threw the shadow of the unbeliever at his own feet as he turned his back upon the glorious jewel, he would not be convinced that there was the least glimmer there.

"Where is your Great Humbug?" he repeated. "I challenge you to make me see it!"

"There," said Matthew, incensed at such perverse blindness, and turning the Cynic round towards the illuminated cliff. "Take off those abominable spectacles, and you cannot help seeing it!"

Now, these colored spectacles probably darkened the Cynic's sight, in at least as great a degree as the smoked glasses through which people gaze at an eclipse. With resolute bravado, however, he snatched them from his nose, and fixed a bold stare full upon the ruddy blaze of the Great Carbuncle. But scarcely had he encountered it, when, with a deep, shuddering groan, he dropt his head, and pressed both hands across his miserable eyes. Thenceforth, there was, in very truth, no light of the Great Carbuncle,

nor any other light on earth, nor light of heaven itself, for the poor Cynic. So long accustomed to view all objects through a medium that deprived them of every glimpse of brightness, a single flash of so glorious a phenomenon, striking upon his naked vision, had blinded him forever.

" Matthew," said Hannah, clinging to him, " let us go hence! "

Matthew saw that she was faint, and, kneeling down, supported her in his arms, while he threw some of the thrillingly-cold water of the enchanted lake upon her face and bosom. It revived her, but could not renovate her courage.

" Yes, dearest! " cried Matthew, pressing her tremulous form to his breast, " we will go hence, and return to our humble cottage. The blessed sunshine and the quiet moonlight shall come through our window. We will kindle the cheerful glow of our hearth at eventide, and be happy in its light. But never again will we desire more light than all the world may share with us."

" No," said his bride: " for how could we live by day, or sleep by night, in this awful blaze of the Great Carbuncle! "

Out of the hollow of their hands they drank each a draught from the lake, which presented them its waters uncontaminated by an earthly lip. Then, lending their guidance to the blinded Cynic, who uttered not a word, and even stifled his groans in his own most wretched heart, they began to descend the mountain. Yet, as they left the shore, till then untrodden, of the Spirit's lake, they threw a farewell glance towards the cliff and beheld the vapors gathering in dense volumes, through which the gem burned duskily.

As touching the other pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, the legend goes on to tell that the worshipful Master Ichabod Pigsnort soon gave up the quest, as a desperate speculation, and wisely resolved to betake himself again to his warehouse, near the town-dock in Boston. But, as he passed through the Notch of the mountains, a war party of Indians captured our unlucky merchant, and carried him to Montreal, there holding him in bondage, till, by the payment of a heavy ransom, he had woefully subtracted from his hoard of pine-tree shillings. By his long absence, moreover, his affairs had become so disordered that, for the rest of his life, instead of wallowing in silver, he had seldom a sixpence-

worth of copper. Dr. Cacaphodel, the alchemist, returned to his laboratory with a prodigious fragment of granite, which he ground to powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible, and burned with the blowpipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day. And for all these purposes, the gem itself could not have answered better than the granite. The poet, by a somewhat similar mistake, made prize of a great piece of ice, which he found in a sunless chasm of the mountains, and swore that it corresponded, in all points, with his idea of the Great Carbuncle. The critics say that if his poetry lacked the splendor of the gem, it retained all the coldness of the ice. The Lord de Vere went back to his ancestral hall, where he contented himself with a wax-lighted chandelier, and filled, in due course of time, another coffin in the ancestral vault. As the funeral torches gleamed within that dark receptacle, there was no need of the Great Carbuncle to show the vanity of earthly pomp.

The Cynic, having cast aside his spectacles, wandered about the world, a miserable object, and was punished with an agonizing desire of light, for the willful blindness of his former life. The whole night long he would lift his splendor-blasted orbs to the moon and stars; he turned his face eastward, at sunrise, as duly as a Persian idolator; he made a pilgrimage to Rome, to witness the magnificent illumination of St. Peter's church; and finally perished in the great fire of London, into the midst of which he had thrust himself, with the desperate idea of catching one feeble ray from the blaze that was kindling earth and heaven.

Matthew and his bride spent many peaceful years, and were fond of telling the legend of the Great Carbuncle. The tale, however, toward the close of their lengthened lives, did not meet with the full credence that had been accorded to it by those who remembered the ancient luster of the gem. For it is affirmed that from the hour when two mortals had shown themselves so simply wise as to reject a jewel which would have dimmed all earthly things, its splendor waned. When other pilgrims reached the cliff, they found only an opaque stone, with particles of mica glittering on its surface. There is also a tradition that as the youthful pair departed, the gem was loosened from the forehead of the cliff, and fell into the enchanted lake, and that, at noon-

tide, the Seeker's form may still be seen to bend over its quenchless gleam.

Some few believe that this inestimable stone is blazing, as of old, and say that they have caught its radiance, like a flash of summer lightning, far down the valley of the Saco. And be it owned that, many a mile from the Crystal Hills I saw a wondrous light around their summits, and was lured, by the faith of poesy, to be the latest pilgrim of the GREAT CARBUNCLE.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. The story is (humorous, legendary, realistic, weird).
   b. The motives of most of the searchers were (wise, selfish, foolish, uplifting).
   c. The sight of the Great Carbuncle brought (happiness, misery, wealth, long life, death) to its finders.
2. Write on a piece of paper the names which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.
   a. The wisest members of the party were —— and ——.
   b. The Great Carbuncle was first discovered by ——.
   c. Of the total number of searchers only —— saw the Great Carbuncle.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. How many persons were searching for the Great Carbuncle?
2. Who are the principal characters of the story?
3. Each person's character is brought out by the statement of his plans for using the Great Carbuncle. Tell the plans of three of the searchers.
4. What was the Indian tradition about the gem?
5. Does this story appeal to you or not? Why?

VOLUNTEER WORK

What others of the *Twice-Told Tales* have you read? Tell the plot of one to the class.

Which people in the story do you admire?

What ideas did you get from the reading of this story that are worth remembering and applying?

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY *

By MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS) (1835–1910)

You all know schoolmates who invariably want to bet on their opinions. Such a person was Jim Smiley, but he never got over the habit when he grew older. Mark Twain, the author of this and many other humorous stories, makes Simon Wheeler tell the tale in the ungrammatical, slangy language of a western mining town in the days of the early fifties. As you read other humorous stories from time to time you will notice that writers often use the dialect of their characters to add humor, interest, and reality to the narrative.

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W.* Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decaying mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up, and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W.* Smiley — *Rev. Leonidas W.* Smiley, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

* From *The Jumping Frog and Other Sketches* by Mark Twain. Copyright, 1903, by Harper and Brothers.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

"Rev. Leonidas W. H'm, Reverend Le — well, there was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49 — or maybe it was the spring of '50 — I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit *him* — any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he 'most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take ary side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to — to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys

here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him* — he'd bet on *any* thing — the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was consid'able better — thank the Lord for his inf'nite mercy — and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Prov'dence she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says: 'Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half she don't anyway.'

"Thish-yer Smiley had a mare — the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that — and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race she'd get excited and desperate like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side among the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose — and *always* fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

"And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson — which was the name of the pup — Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else — and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it — not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have

no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius — I know it, because he hadn't no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tomcats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut — see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything — and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down her on this floor — Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog — and sing out, 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he

hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywheres all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

" Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down-town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller — a stranger in the camp, he was — come acrost him with his box, and says:

" ' What might it be that you've got in the box? '

" And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like: ' It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't — it's only just a frog.'

" And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says: ' H'm — so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for? '

" ' Well,' Smiley says, easy and careless, ' he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge — he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.'

" The feller took the box again, and took another long particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, ' Well,' he says, ' I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

" ' Maybe you don't,' Smiley says. ' Maybe you understand frogs and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.'

" And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, ' Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you.'

" And then Smiley says, ' That's all right — that's all right — if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog.' And

so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

" So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and pried his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot — filled him pretty near up to his chin — and set him on the ground. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

" ' Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word.' Then he says, ' One — two — three — *git!* ' and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders — so — like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use — he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

" The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder — so — at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, ' Well,' he says, ' *I* don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

" Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, ' I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for — I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him — he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.' And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says, ' Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound! ' and turned him upside down and he belched out a handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man — he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And ——"

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: " Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy — I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button-holed me and re-commenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yeller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only just a short stump like a bannanner, and ——"

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. Simon Wheeler (loved to tell a story, was a man of few words, was an unsocial person).
   b. This story is famous for its (humor, moral lesson, fine diction).
2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentence. Do not write in the book.
   a. The real hero of this story is —— ——.
   b. Jim Smiley was the kind of man who —— —— ——.
   c. Jim Smiley said that all a frog needed, to do almost anything, was ——.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. In what does the humor of this story lie? Is it language or plot?
2. What traits of character and physical characteristics does the author mention as belonging to Simon Wheeler?
3. Did Jim Smiley bet because of his convictions or just for the love of betting? Find the answer to this question in Simon Wheeler's words.
4. Did you find this story amusing? What other stories have you read by the same author? Can you tell one to the class?

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

By O. Henry (William Sidney Porter) (1862–1910)

O. Henry is a generally recognized master in the short story field. Humor, sympathy, and kindness of feeling permeate his stories, and his characters act like real people. "The Gift of the Magi," which is taken from his book, *The Four Million,* shows how well he can make use of surprise to produce interest and humor.

O. Henry has written so many good stories that no boy or girl can afford to miss reading a number of them. *Whirligigs* and *Heart of the West* are two collections of his stories.

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached

his flat above he was called " Jim " and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling — something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat.

With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped, the sign read: "Mme Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty-dollars,' said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation — as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value — the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends — a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, closelying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

" If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, " before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do — oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents? "

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: " Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two — and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

" Jim, darling," she cried, " don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't live through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again — you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say ' Merry Christmas,' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice — what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

" You've cut off your hair? " asked Jim laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet, even after the hardest mental labor.

" Cut it off and sold it," said Della. " Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I? "

Jim looked about the room curiously.

" You say your hair is gone? " he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

" You needn't look for it," said Della. " It's sold, I tell you — sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, " but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim? "

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year — what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The Magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

" Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, " about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs — the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims — just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: " My hair grows so fast, Jim! " And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, " Oh, oh! "

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The Magi, as you know, were wise men — wonderfully wise men — who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the Magi.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

a. Jim and Della acted (wisely, foolishly, unreasoningly).

b. The story is (humorous, pathetic, untrue to life).

2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.

a. Della's greatest treasure was her ——, while Jim's was his ——.

b. Jim's greatest wish was for a ——, while Della's was for a —— —— ——.

c. Della had only —— —— —— with which to buy Jim a present.

d. She sold her —— for —— ——.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Did you find the beginning of this story interesting? If so, why?

2. Do you think Jim and Della acted wisely? What does the author think of their sacrifice?

3. What surprises occur in the story?
4. What humorous situation results from the actions of the two characters?
5. Does the story touch your own experiences in any way? Relate a story of an odd exchange of gifts that you have heard about.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

By O. Henry (William Sidney Porter) (1862–1910)

The surprise element which is so great a part of many of O. Henry stories is used very effectively in this quickly moving tale. The atmosphere or setting is suggested by a few brilliant strokes. We do not get the full significance of the story until the very end, and it is only there that the full force of the surprise is felt. Then we see that everything has been leading inevitably toward that end.

The policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were few. The time was barely ten o'clock at night, but chilly gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh de-peopled the streets.

Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye adown the pacific thoroughfare, the officer, with his stalwart form and slight swagger, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The vicinity was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.

When about midway of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the doorway of a darkened hardware store a man leaned, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to him the man spoke up quickly.

"It's all right, officer," he said reassuringly. "I'm just waiting for a friend. It's an appointment made twenty years ago. Sounds a little funny to you, doesn't it? Well, I'll explain if you'd like to make certain it's all straight. About that long ago there used

to be a restaurant where this store stands — 'Big Joe' Brady's restaurant."

"Until five years ago," said the policeman. "It was torn down then."

The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen eyes, and a little white scar near his right eyebrow. His scarfpin was a large diamond, oddly set.

"Twenty years ago tonight," said the man, "I dined here at 'Big Joe' Brady's with Jimmy Wells, my best chum, and the finest chap in the world. He and I were raised here in New York, just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmie was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. You couldn't have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place on earth. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We figured that in twenty years each of us ought to have our destiny worked out and our fortunes made, whatever they were going to be."

"It sounds pretty interesting," said the policeman. "Rather a long time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven't you heard from your friend since you left?"

"Well, yes, for a time we corresponded," said the other. "But after a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a pretty big proposition, and I kept hustling around over it pretty lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he's alive, for he always was the truest, stanchest old chap in the world. He'll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door tonight, and it's worth it if my old partner turns up."

The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lids of it set with small diamonds.

"Three minutes to ten," he announced. "It was exactly ten o'clock when we parted here at the restaurant door."

"Did pretty well out West, didn't you?" asked the policeman.

"You bet! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a kind of plodder, though, good fellow as he was. I've had to compete with some of the sharpest wits going to get my pile. A man

gets in a groove in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him."

The policeman twirled his club and took a step or two.

"I'll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around all right. Going to call time on him sharp?"

"I should say not!" said the other. "I'll give him half an hour at least. If Jimmie is alive on earth he'll be here by that time. So long, officer."

"Good-night, sir," said the policeman, passing on along his beat, trying doors as he went.

There was now a fine, cold drizzle falling, and the wind had risen from its uncertain puffs into a steady blow. The few foot passengers astir in that quarter hurried dismally and silently along with coat collars turned high and pocketed hands. And in the door of the hardware store the man who had come a thousand miles to fill an appointment, uncertain almost to absurdity, with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.

About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.

"Is that you, Bob?" he asked doubtfully.

"Is that you, Jimmy Wells?" cried the man in the door.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the new arrival, grasping both the other's hands with his own. "It's Bob, sure as fate. I was certain I'd find you here if you were still in existence. Well, well, well! — twenty years is a long time. The old restaurant's gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?"

"Bully; it has given me everything I asked it for. You've changed lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three inches."

"Oh, I grew a bit after I was twenty."

"Doing well in New York, Jimmy?"

"Moderately. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come on, Bob; we'll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long talk about old times."

The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from

"EACH TURNED TO GAZE UPON THE OTHER'S FACE"

the West, his egotism enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the history of his career. The other, submerged in his overcoat, listened with interest.

At the corner stood a drug store, brilliant with electric lights. When they came into this glare each of them turned simultaneously to gaze upon the other's face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and released his arm.

" You're not Jimmy Wells," he snapped. " Twenty years is a long time, but not enough to change a man's nose from a Roman to a pug."

" It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one," said the tall man. " You've been under arrest for ten minutes, ' Silky ' Bob. Chicago thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That's sensible. Now, before we go on to the station here's a note I was asked to hand you. You may read it here at the window. It's from Patrolman Wells."

The man from the West unfolded the little piece of paper handed him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.

" Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn't do it myself, so I went around and got a plain clothes man to do the job.

" Jimmy."

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

   a. Jimmy Wells (acted in accordance with his duty, betrayed his old friend, was wrong in doing as he did).

   b. His act makes you (despise, admire, applaud) him.

2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.

   a. After twenty years Jimmy Wells was a —— while his old-time friend was a ——.

   b. The man from the West was arrested with the help of ——, the man who put loyalty to his city above the protection of a dishonest old friend.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Would you have done as Jimmy Wells did in this case? Why?
2. What are your feelings as you end the story?
3. Compare this with another story of O. Henry and see in what ways they are similar.

MOTI GUJ — MUTINEER *

By RUDYARD KIPLING (1865–)

Elephants are best known to us as circus performers or as dignified inhabitants of a zoo, but to the men of India they are intelligent beasts of burden. In this story one of these gigantic animals is the principal character. The story is told by an Englishman who was born in India, lived many years among the natives and learned to write about them and their country in a way which has made him one of the famous authors of English literature. No doubt you have read many of Rudyard Kipling's poems and short stories, the best of which have their setting in India.

Once upon a time there was a coffee-planter in India who wished to clear some forest land for coffee-planting. When he had cut down all the trees and burned the underwood, the stumps still remained. Dynamite is expensive and slow fire slow. The happy medium for stump-clearing is the lord of all beasts, which is the elephant. He will either push the stump out of the ground with his tusks, if he has any, or drag it out with ropes. The planter, therefore, hired elephants by ones and twos and threes, and fell to work. The very best of all the elephants belonged to the very worst of all the drivers or mahouts; and this superior beast's name was Moti Guj. He was the absolute property of his mahout, which would never have been the case under native rule; for Moti Guj was a creature to be desired by kings, and his name, being translated, meant the Pearl Elephant. Because the British government was in the land, Deesa, the mahout, enjoyed his property undisturbed. He was dissipated. When he had made much money through the strength of his elephant, he would get extremely drunk and give Moti Guj a beating with a tent-peg over the tender nails of the forefeet. Moti Guj never trampled

* Published in India in 1888.

the life out of Deesa on these occasions, for he knew that after the beating was over, Deesa would embrace his trunk and weep and call him love and his life and the liver of his soul, and give him some liquor. Moti Guj was very fond of liquor — arrack for choice, though he would drink palm-tree toddy if nothing better offered. Then Deesa would go to sleep between Moti Guj's forefeet, and as Deesa generally chose the middle of the public road, and as Moti Guj mounted guard over him, and would not permit horse, foot, or cart to pass by, traffic was congested till Deesa saw fit to wake up.

There was no sleeping in the daytime on the planter's clearing; the wages were too high to risk. Deesa sat on Moti Guj's neck and gave him orders, while Moti Guj rooted up the stumps — for he owned a magnificent pair of tusks; or pulled at the end of a rope — for he had a magnificent pair of shoulders — while Deesa kicked him behind the ears and said he was the king of elephants. At evening time Moti Guj would wash down his three hundred pounds' weight of green food with a quart of arrack, and Deesa would take a share, and sing songs between Moti Guj's legs till it was time to go to bed. Once a week Deesa led Moti Guj down to the river, and Moti Guj lay on his side luxuriously in the shallows, while Deesa went over him with a coir-swab and a brick. Moti Guj never mistook the pounding blow of the latter for the smack of the former that warned him to get up and turn over on the other side. Then Deesa would look at his feet and examine his eyes, and turn up the fringes of his mighty ears in case of sores or budding ophthalmia. After inspection the two would "come up with a song from the sea," Moti Guj, all black and shining, waving a torn tree branch twelve feet long in his trunk, and Deesa knotting up his own long wet hair.

It was a peaceful, well-paid life till Deesa felt the return of the desire to drink deep. He wished for an orgy. The little draughts that led nowhere were taking the manhood out of him.

He went to the planter, and "My mother's dead," said he, weeping.

"She died on the last plantation two months ago, and she died once before that when you were working for me last year," said the planter, who knew something of the ways of nativedom.

" Then it's my aunt, and she was just the same as a mother to me," said Deesa, weeping more than ever. " She has left eighteen small children entirely without bread, and it is I who must fill their little stomachs," said Deesa, beating his head on the floor.

" Who brought you the news? " said the planter.

" The post," said Deesa.

" There hasn't been a post here for the past week. Get back to your lines! "

" A devastating sickness has fallen on my village, and all my wives are dying," yelled Deesa, really in tears this time.

" Call Chihun, who comes from Deesa's village," said the planter. " Chihun, has this man got a wife? "

" He? " said Chihun. " No. Not a woman of our village would look at him. They'd sooner marry the elephant."

Chihun snorted. Deesa wept and bellowed.

" You will get into a difficulty in a minute," said the planter. " Go back to your work! "

" Now I will speak heaven's truth," gulped Deesa, with an inspiration. " I haven't been drunk for two months. I desire to depart in order to get properly drunk afar off and distant from this heavenly plantation. Thus I shall cause no trouble."

A flickering smile crossed the planter's face. " Deesa," said he, " you've spoken the truth, and I'd give you leave on the spot if anything could be done with Moti Guj while you're away. You know that he will only obey your orders."

" May the light of the heavens live forty thousand years. I shall be absent but ten little days. After that, upon my faith and honor and soul, I return. As to the inconsiderable interval, have I the gracious permission of the heaven-born to call up Moti Guj? "

Permission was granted, and in answer to Deesa's shrill yell, the mighty tusker swung out of the shade of a clump of trees where he had been squirting dust over himself till his master should return.

" Light of my heart, protector of the drunken, mountain of might, give ear! " said Deesa, standing in front of him.

Moti Guj gave ear, and saluted with his trunk. " I am going away," said Deesa.

Moti Guj's eyes twinkled. He liked jaunts as well as his master. One could snatch all manner of nice things from the roadside then.

" But you, you fussy old pig, must stay behind and work."

The twinkle died out as Moti Guj tried to look delighted. He hated stump-hauling on the plantation. It hurt his teeth.

" I shall be gone for ten days, oh, delectable one! Hold up your near forefoot and I'll impress the fact upon it, warty toad of a dried mud-puddle." Deesa took a tent-peg and banged Moti Guj ten times on the nails. Moti Guj grunted and shuffled from foot to foot.

" Ten days," said Deesa, " you will work and haul and root the trees as Chihun here shall order you. Take up Chihun and set him on your neck! " Moti Guj curled the tip of his trunk, Chihun put his foot there, and was swung on to the neck. Deesa handed Chihun the heavy *ankus* — the iron elephant goad.

Chihun thumped Moti Guj's bald head as a paver thumps a curbstone. Moti Guj trumpeted.

" Be still, hog of the backwoods! Chihun's your mahout for ten days. And now bid me good-by, beast after mine own heart. Oh, my lord, my king! Jewel of all created elephants, lily of the herd, preserve your honored health; be virtuous. Adieu! "

Moti Guj lapped his trunk round Deesa and swung him into the air twice. That was his way of bidding him good-by.

" He'll work now," said Deesa to the planter. " Have I leave to go? "

The planter nodded, and Deesa dived into the woods. Moti Guj went back to haul stumps.

Chihun was very kind to him, but he felt unhappy and forlorn for all that. Chihun gave him a ball of spices and tickled him under the chin, and Chihun's little baby cooed to him after work was over, and Chihun's wife called him a darling; but Moti Guj was a bachelor by instinct, as Deesa was. He did not understand the domestic emotions. He wanted the light of his universe back again — the drink and the drunken slumber, the savage beatings and the savage caresses.

None the less he worked well, and the planter wondered. Deesa had wandered along the roads till he met a marriage pro-

cession of his own caste, and, drinking, dancing, and tippling, had drifted with it past all knowledge of the lapse of time.

The morning of the eleventh day dawned, and there returned no Deesa. Moti Guj was loosed from his ropes for the daily stint. He swung clear, looked round, shrugged his shoulders, and began to walk away, as one having business elsewhere.

" Hi! ho! Come back, you! " shouted Chihun. " Come back and put me on your neck, misborn mountain! Return, splendor of the hillsides! Adornment of all India, heave to, or I'll bang every toe off your fat forefoot! "

Moti Guj gurgled gently, but did not obey. Chihun ran after him with a rope and caught him up. Moti put his ears forward, and Chihun knew what that meant, though he tried to carry it off with high words.

" None of your nonsense with me," said he. " To your pickets, devil-son! "

" Hrrump! " said Moti Guj, and that was all — that and the forebent ears.

Moti Guj put his hands in his pockets, chewed a branch for a toothpick, and strolled about the clearing, making fun of the other elephants who had just set to work.

Chihun reported the state of affairs to the planter, who came out with a dog-whip and cracked it furiously. Moti Guj paid the white man the compliment of charging him nearly a quarter of a mile across the clearing and " Hrrumping " him into his veranda. Then he stood outside the house, chuckling to himself and shaking all over with the fun of it as an elephant will.

" We'll thrash him," said the planter. " He shall have the finest thrashing ever elephant received. Give Kala Nag and Nazim twelve foot of chain apiece, and tell them to lay on twenty."

Kala Nag — which means Black Snake — and Nazim were two of the biggest elephants in the lines, and one of their duties was to administer the graver punishment, since no man can beat an elephant properly.

They took the whipping-chains and rattled them in their trunks as they sidled up to Moti Guj, meaning to hustle him between them. Moti Guj had never, in all his life of thirty-nine years,

been whipped, and he did not intend to begin a new experience. So he waited, waving his head from right to left, and measuring the precise spot in Kala Nag's fat side where a blunt tusk could sink deepest. Kala Nag had no tusks; the chain was the badge of his authority; but for all that, he swung wide of Moti Guj at the last minute, and tried to appear as if he had brought the chain out for amusement. Nazim turned round and went home early. He did not feel fighting fit that morning and so Moti Guj was left standing alone with his ears cocked.

That decided the planter to argue no more and Moti Guj rolled back to his amateur inspection of the clearing. An elephant who will not work and is not tied up is about as manageable as an eighty-one-ton gun loose in a heavy seaway. He slapped old friends on the back and asked them if the stumps were coming away easily; he talked nonsense concerning labor and the inalienable rights of elephants to a long "nooning"; and, wandering to and fro, he thoroughly demoralized the garden till sundown, when he returned to his picket for food.

"If you won't work, you shan't eat," said Chihun, angrily. "You're a wild elephant, and no educated animal at all. Go back to your jungle."

Chihun's little brown baby was rolling on the floor of the hut, and stretching out its fat arms to the huge shadow in the doorway. Moti Guj knew well that it was the dearest thing on earth to Chihun. He swung out his trunk with a fascinating crook at the end, and the brown baby threw itself, shouting, upon it. Moti Guj made fast and pulled up till the brown baby was crowing in the air twelve feet above his father's head.

"Great lord!" said Chihun, "flour cakes of the best, twelve in number, two feet across and soaked in rum, shall be yours on the instant, and two hundred pounds weight of fresh-cut young sugarcane therewith. Deign only to put down safely that insignificant brat who is my heart and my life to me!"

Moti Guj tucked the brown baby comfortably between his forefeet, that could have knocked into toothpicks all Chihun's hut, and waited for his food. He ate it, and the brown baby crawled away. Moti Guj dozed and thought of Deesa. One of many mysteries connected with the elephant is that his huge body

needs sleep less than anything else that lives. Four or five hours in the night suffice — two just before midnight, lying down on one side; two just after one o'clock, lying down on the other. The rest of the silent hours are filled with eating and fidgeting, and long grumbling soliloquies.

At midnight, therefore, Moti Guj strode out of his pickets, for a thought had come to him that Deesa might be lying drunk somewhere in the dark forest with none to look after him. So all that night he chased through the undergrowth, blowing and trumpeting and shaking his ears. He went down to the river and blared across the shallows where Deesa used to wash him, but there was no answer. He could not find Deesa, but he disturbed all the other elephants in the lines, and nearly frightened to death some gypsies in the woods.

At dawn Deesa returned to the plantation. He had been very drunk indeed, and he expected to get into trouble for outstaying his leave. He drew a long breath when he saw that the bungalow and the plantation were still uninjured, for he knew something of Moti Guj's temper, and reported himself with many lies and salaams. Moti Guj had gone to his pickets for breakfast. The night exercise had made him hungry.

"Call up your beast," said the planter; and Deesa shouted in the mysterious elephant language that some mahouts believe came from China at the birth of the world, when elephants and not men were masters. Moti Guj heard and came. Elephants do not gallop. They move from places at varying rates of speed. If an elephant wished to catch an express train he could not gallop, but he could catch the train. So Moti Guj was at the planter's door almost before Chihun noticed that he had left his pickets. He fell into Deesa's arms, trumpeting with joy, and the man and beast wept and slobbered over each other, and handled each other from head to heel to see that no harm had befallen.

"Now we will get to work," said Deesa. "Lift me up, my son and my joy!"

Moti Guj swung him up, and the two went to the coffee-clearing to look for difficult stumps.

The planter was too astonished to be very angry.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. The elephant is a (dull, foolish, wise, intelligent, stubborn) animal.
   b. Moti Guj (hated, worshipped, despised, disobeyed) his master.
   c. The picture of the elephant is (overdrawn, true to life, impossible, exaggerated).
2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.
   a. Moti Guj worked well for —— ——.
   b. On the —— —— he mutinied because Deesa had not returned.
   c. He refused to work because —— —— —— ——.
   d. The English meaning of the name Moti Guj is —— ——.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What relationship existed between Deesa and his beloved elephant?
2. In what instances is the intelligence of the elephant exaggerated? How does this add to the story?
3. What did you get out of this story? Which parts do you find most interesting? What other stories by the same author have you read?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Come prepared to tell to the class another good elephant story.

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE *

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859–)

At some time or another everybody lets his brain turn to the solving of mystery stories. Even girls try it; indeed some say that girls make better detectives than boys, for girls have a way of solving problems by intuition. Perhaps you call it "hunches" — or just knowing that a certain thing is right or wrong.

Here is a story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that combines humor and mystery in a tale of a dangerous and unscrupulous man whose plans are spoiled by the great detective, Sherlock Holmes.

The story bears some resemblance to Poe's "The Purloined Letter" for Sir Arthur has used the method of plot construction used by Poe.

Sherlock Holmes is one of the best-known characters in English literature. If you want to know him better and learn more of his thrilling experiences read *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

* From *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.* Reprinted by permission of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

I had called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the summer of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced elderly gentleman, with fiery red hair. With an apology for my intrusion, I was about to withdraw, when Holmes pulled me abruptly into the room and closed the door behind me.

" You could not possibly have come at a better time, my dear Watson," he said, cordially.

" I was afraid that you were engaged."

" So I am. Very much so."

" Then I can wait in the next room."

" Not at all. This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, has been my partner and helper in many of my most successful cases, and I have no doubt that he will be of the utmost use to me in yours, also."

The stout gentleman half rose from his chair and gave a bob of greeting, with a quick little questioning glance from his small, fat-encircled eyes.

" Try the settee," said Holmes, relapsing into his armchair, and putting his finger-tips together, as was his custom when in judicial moods. " I know, my dear Watson, that you share my love of all that is bizarre and outside the conventions and humdrum routine of everyday life. You have shown your relish for it by the enthusiasm which has prompted you to chronicle, and, if you will excuse my saying so, somewhat to embellish so many of my own little adventures."

" Your cases have indeed been of the greatest interest to me," I observed.

" You will remember that I remarked the other day, just before we went into the very simple problem presented by Miss Mary Sutherland, that for strange effects and extraordinary combinations we must go to life itself, which is always far more daring than any effort of the imagination."

" A proposition which I took the liberty of doubting."

" You did, doctor, but none the less you must come round to my view, for otherwise I shall keep on piling fact upon fact on you, until your reason breaks down under them and acknowledges me to be right. Now, Mr. Jabez Wilson here has been good enough to call upon me this morning, and to begin a narrative which

promises to be one of the most singular which I have listened to for some time. You have heard me remark that the strangest and most unique things are very often connected not with the larger but with the smaller crimes, and occasionally occur where there is room for doubt whether any positive crime has been committed. As far as I have heard, it is impossible for me to say whether the present case is an instance of crime or not, but the course of events is certainly among the most singular that I have ever listened to. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson, you would have the kindness to recommence your story."

The portly client puffed out his chest with an appearance of some little pride, and pulled a dirty and wrinkled newspaper from the inside pocket of his greatcoat. As he glanced down the advertisement column, with his head thrust forward and the paper flattened out upon his knee, I took a good look at the man, and endeavored, after the fashion of my companion, to read the indications which might be presented by his dress or appearance.

I did not gain very much, however, by my inspection. Our visitor bore every mark of being an average commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous, and slow. He wore rather baggy gray shepherd's-check trousers, a not over-clean black frock-coat, unbuttoned in front, and a drab waistcoat with a heavy brassy chain, and a square pierced bit of metal dangling down as an ornament. A frayed top hat and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head and the expression of extreme chagrin[1] and discontent upon his features.

Sherlock Holmes' quick eye took in my occupation, and he shook his head with a smile as he noticed my questioning glances. " Beyond the obvious facts that he has at some time done manual labor, that he takes snuff, that he is a Freemason, that he has been in China, and that he has done a considerable amount of writing lately, I can deduce nothing."

Mr. Jabez Wilson started up in his chair, with his forefinger upon the paper, but his eyes upon my companion.

" How, in the name of good fortune, did you know all that, Mr.

[1] Mental distress, caused by wounded pride, failure, or disappointment.

Holmes?" he asked. "How did you know, for example, that I did manual labor? It's as true as gospel, for I began as a ship's carpenter."

"Your hands, my dear sir. Your right hand is quite a size larger than your left. You have worked with it and the muscles are more developed."

"Well, the snuff, then, and the Freemasonry?"

"I won't insult your intelligence by telling you how I read that, especially as, rather against the strict rules of your order, you use an arc and compass breastpin."

"Ah, of course, I forgot that. But the writing?"

"What else can be indicated by that right cuff so very shiny for five inches, and the left one with the smooth patch near the elbow where you rest it upon the desk?"

"Well, but China?"

"The fish which you have tattooed immediately above your wrist could only have been done in China. I have made a small study of tattoo marks, and have even contributed to the literature of the subject. That trick of staining the fishes' scales a delicate pink tint is quite peculiar to China. When, in addition, I see a Chinese coin hanging from your watch-chain, the matter becomes even more simple."

Mr. Jabez Wilson laughed heavily. "Well, I never!" said he, handing me the paper. "I thought at first that you had done something clever, but I see that there was nothing in it after all."

I took the paper from him and read as follows:

"To THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE: On account of the bequest of the late Ezekiah Hopkins, of Lebanon, Pa., U. S. A., there is now another vacancy open which entitles a member of the League to a salary of four pounds a week for purely nominal services. All red-headed men who are sound in body and mind and above the age of twenty-one years are eligible. Apply in person on Monday, at eleven o'clock, to Duncan Ross, at the offices of the League, 7 Pope's Court, Fleet Street."

"What on earth does this mean?" I ejaculated, after I had twice read over the extraordinary announcement.

Holmes chuckled and wriggled in his chair, as was his habit when in high spirits. "It is a little off the beaten track, isn't it?"

said he. "And now, Mr. Wilson, tell us all about yourself, your household, and the effect which this advertisement had upon your fortunes. You will first make a note, doctor, of the paper and the date."

"It is *The Morning Chronicle* of April 27, 1890. Just two months ago."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Wilson."

"Well, it is just as I have been telling you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Jabez Wilson, mopping his forehead. "I have a small pawnbroker's business at Coburg Square, near the City. It's not a very large affair, and of late years it has not done more than just give me a living. I used to be able to keep two assistants, but now I only keep one; and I would have a job to pay him but that he is willing to come for half wages, so as to learn the business."

"What is the name of this obliging youth?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"His name is Vincent Spaulding, and he's not such a youth either. It's hard to say his age. I should not wish a smarter assistant, Mr. Holmes; and I know very well that he could better himself, and earn twice what I am able to give him. But, after all, if he is satisfied, why should I put ideas in his head?"

"Why, indeed? You seem most fortunate in having an employee who comes under the full market price. It is not a common experience among employers in this age. I don't know that your assistant is not as remarkable as your advertisement."

"Oh, he has his faults, too," said Mr. Wilson. "Never was such a fellow for photography. Snapping away with a camera when he ought to be improving his mind, and then diving down into the cellar like a rabbit into its hole to develop his pictures. That is his main fault; but, on the whole, he's a good worker. There's no vice in him."

"He is still with you, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. He and a girl of fourteen, who does a bit of simple cooking, and keeps the place clean — that's all I have in the house, for I am a widower, and never had any family. We live very quietly, sir, the three of us; and we keep a roof over our heads, and pay our debts, if we do nothing more.

"The first thing that put us out was that advertisement. Spaulding came down into the office just this day eight weeks, with this very paper in his hand, and he says:

"'I wish to the Lord, Mr. Wilson, that I was a red-headed man.'

"'Why that?' I asked.

"'Why,' says he, 'here's another vacancy in the League of the Red-headed Men. It's worth a little fortune to any man who gets it, and I understand that there are more vacancies than there are men, so that the trustees are at their wits' end what to do with the money. If my hair would only change color, here's a nice little berth all ready for me to step into.'

"'Why, what is it, then?' I asked. You see, Mr. Holmes, I am a very stay-at-home man, and, as my business came to me instead of my having to go to it, I was often weeks on end without putting my foot over the door-mat. In that way I didn't know much of what was going on outside, and I was always glad of a bit of news.

"'Have you never heard of the League of the Red-headed Men?' he asked, with his eyes open.

"'Never.'

"'Why, I wonder at that, for you are eligible yourself for one of the vacancies.'

"'And what are they worth?' I asked.

"'Oh, merely a couple of hundred a year, but the work is slight and it need not interfere very much with one's other occupations.'

"Well, you can easily think that that made me raise my ears, for the business has not been over good for some years, and an extra couple of hundred would have been very handy.

"'Tell me all about it,' said I.

"'Well,' said he, showing me the advertisement, 'you can see for yourself that the League has a vacancy, and there is the address where you should apply for particulars. As far as I can make out, the League was founded by an American millionaire, Ezekiah Hopkins, who was very peculiar in his ways. He was himself red-headed, and he had a great sympathy for all red-headed men; so, when he died, it was found that he had left his enormous fortune in the hands of trustees, with instructions to apply the interest to the providing of easy berths to men whose hair is of that color.'

" ' But,' said I, ' there would be millions of red-headed men who would apply.'

" ' Not so many as you might think,' he answered. ' You see it is really confined to Londoners, and to grown men. This American had started from London when he was young, and he wanted to do the old town a good turn. Then, again, I have heard it is no use to apply if your hair is light red, or dark red, or anything but real, bright, blazing, fiery red. Now, if you cared to apply, Mr. Wilson, you would just walk in; but perhaps it would hardly be worth your while to put yourself out of the way for the sake of a few hundred pounds.'

" Now it is a fact, gentlemen, as you may see for yourselves, that my hair is of a very full and rich tint, so that it seemed to me that, if there was to be any competition in the matter, I stood as good a chance as any man. Vincent Spaulding seemed to know so much about it that I thought he might prove useful, so I just ordered him to put up the shutters for the day, and to come right away with me. He was very willing to have a holiday, so we shut the business up and started off for the address that was given us in the advertisement.

" I never hope to see such a sight as that again, Mr. Holmes. From north, south, east, and west every man who had a shade of red in his hair had tramped into the City to answer the advertisement. I should not have thought there were so many in the whole country as were brought together by that single advertisement. Every shade of color they were — straw, lemon, orange, brick, Irish-setter, liver, clay; but, as Spaulding said, there were not many who had the real vivid, flame-colored tint. When I saw how many were waiting, I would have given it up in despair; but Spaulding would not hear of it. How he did it I could not imagine, but he pushed and pulled and butted until he got me through the crowd and right up to the steps which led to the office. We wedged in as well as we could, and soon found ourselves in the office."

" Your experience has been a most entertaining one," remarked Holmes, as his client paused and refreshed his memory with a huge pinch of snuff. " Pray continue your very interesting statement."

" There was nothing in the office but a couple of wooden chairs

and a deal table, behind which sat a small man, with a head that was even redder than mine. He said a few words to each candidate as he came up, and then he always managed to find some fault in them which would disqualify them. Getting a vacancy did not seem to be such a very easy matter after all. However, when our turn came, the little man was much more favorable to me than to any of the others, and he closed the door as we entered, so that he might have a private word with us.

" ' This is Mr. Jabez Wilson,' said my assistant, ' and he is willing to fill a vacancy in the League.'

" ' And he is admirably suited for it,' the other answered. ' He has every requirement. I cannot recall when I have seen anything so fine.' He took a step backward, cocked his head on one side, and gazed at my hair until I felt quite bashful. Then suddenly he plunged forward, wrung my hand, and congratulated me warmly on my success.

" ' It would be injustice to hesitate,' said he. ' You will, however, I am sure, excuse me for taking an obvious precaution.' With that he seized my hair in both his hands and tugged until I yelled with the pain. ' There is water in your eyes,' said he, as he released me. ' I perceive that all is as it should be. But we have to be careful, for we have twice been deceived by wigs and once by paint.' He stepped over to the window and shouted through it at the top of his voice that the vacancy was filled. A groan of disappointment came up from below, and the folk all trooped away in different directions, until there was not a red head to be seen except my own and that of the manager.

" ' My name,' said he, ' is Mr. Duncan Ross, and I am myself one of the pensioners upon the fund left by our noble benefactor. When shall you be able to enter upon your new duties? '

" ' Well, it is a little awkward, for I have a business already,' said I.

" ' Oh, never mind about that, Mr. Wilson! ' said Vincent Spaulding. ' I shall be able to look after that.'

" ' What would be the hours? ' I asked.

" ' Ten to two.'

" Now a pawnbroker's business is mostly done of an evening, Mr. Holmes, especially Thursday and Friday evenings, which is

just before pay-day; so it would suit me very well to earn a little in the mornings. Besides, I knew that my assistant was a good man, and that he would see to anything that turned up.

"'That would suit me very well,' said I. 'And the pay?'

"'Is four pounds a week,' he answered.

"'And the work?'

"'Is purely nominal.'

"'What do you call purely nominal?'

"'Well, you have to be in the office, or at least in the building, the whole time. If you leave, you forfeit your whole position forever. The will is very clear upon that point. You don't comply with the conditions if you budge from the office during that time.'

"'It's only four hours a day, and I should not think of leaving,' said I.

"'No excuse will avail,' said Mr. Duncan Ross, 'neither sickness, nor business, nor anything else. There you must stay, or you lose your billet.'

"'And the work?'

"'Is to copy out the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. There is the first volume of it in that press. You must find your own ink, pens, and blotting-paper, but we provide this table and chair. Will you be ready to-morrow?'

"'Certainly,' I answered.

"'Then, good-by, Mr. Jabez Wilson, and let me congratulate you once more on the important position which you have been fortunate enough to gain.' He bowed me out of the room, and I went home with my assistant, hardly knowing what to say or do, I was so pleased at my own good fortune.

"Well, I thought over the matter all day, and by evening I was in low spirits again; for I had quite persuaded myself that the whole affair must be some great hoax or fraud, though what its object might be I could not imagine. It seemed altogether past belief that any one could make such a will, or that they would pay such a sum for doing anything so simple as copying out the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Vincent Spaulding did what he could to cheer me up, but by bed-time I had reasoned myself out of the whole thing. However, in the morning I determined to have a look at it anyhow, so I bought a penny bottle of ink, and with a quill

pen and seven sheets of foolscap paper I started off for Pope's Court.

"Well, to my surprise and delight everything was as right as possible. The table was set out ready for me, and Mr. Duncan Ross was there to see that I got fairly to work. He started me off upon the letter A and then left me; but he would drop in from time to time to see that all was right with me. At two o'clock he bade me good-day, complimented me upon the amount that I had written, and locked the door of the office after me.

"This went on day after day, Mr. Holmes, and on Saturday the manager came in and planked down four golden sovereigns for my week's work. It was the same next week, and the same the week after. Every morning I was there at ten, and every afternoon I left at two. By degrees Mr. Duncan Ross took to coming in only once of a morning, and then, after a time, he did not come in at all. Still, of course, I never dared leave the room for an instant, for I was not sure when he might come, and the billet was such a good one, and suited me so well, that I would not risk the loss of it.

"Eight weeks passed away like this, and I had written about Abbots, and Archery, and Armor, and Architecture, and Attica, and hoped with diligence that I might get on to the B's before very long. It cost me something in foolscap, and I had pretty nearly filled a shelf with my writings. And then suddenly the whole business came to an end."

"To an end?"

"Yes, sir. And no later than this morning. I went to my work as usual at ten o'clock, but the door was shut and locked, with a little square of cardboard hammered on the middle of the panel with a tack. Here it is, and you may read for yourself."

He held up a piece of white cardboard, about the size of a sheet of note-paper. It read in this fashion:

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE IS DISSOLVED.
July 9, 1890.

Sherlock Holmes and I surveyed this curt announcement and the rueful face behind it, until the comical side of the affair so

completely overtopped every consideration that we both burst out into a roar of laughter.

"I cannot see that there is anything very funny," cried our client, flushing up to the roots of his flaming head. "If you can do nothing better than laugh at me, I can go elsewhere."

"No, no," cried Holmes, shoving him back into the chair from which he had half risen. "I really wouldn't miss your case for the world. It is most refreshingly unusual. But there is, if you will excuse my saying so, something just a little funny about it. Pray what steps did you take when you found the card upon the door?"

"I was staggered, sir; I did not know what to do. I called at the offices round, but none of them seemed to know anything about it. Finally, I went to the landlord, who is an accountant living on the ground floor, and I asked him if he could tell me what had become of the Red-headed League. He said that he had never heard of any such body. Then I asked him who Mr. Duncan Ross was. He answered that the name was new to him.

"'Well,' said I, 'the gentleman at No. 4.'

"'What, the red-headed man?'

"'Yes.'

"'Oh,' said he, 'his name is William Morris. He is a solicitor, and was using my room as a temporary convenience until his new premises were ready. He moved out yesterday.'

"'Where could I find him?'

"'Oh, at his new offices. He did tell me the address. Yes, 17 King Edward Street, near St. Paul's.'

"I started off, Mr. Holmes, but when I got to that address it was a manufactory of artificial knee-caps, and no one in it had ever heard of either Mr. William Morris, or Mr. Duncan Ross."

"And what did you do then?" asked Holmes.

"I went home to Saxe-Coburg Square, and I took the advice of my assistant. But he could not help me in any way. He could only say that if I waited I should hear by post. But that was not quite good enough, Mr. Holmes. I did not wish to lose such a place without a struggle, and, as I had heard that you were good enough to give advice to poor folk who were in need of it, I came right away to you."

" And you did very wisely," said Holmes. " Your case is an exceedingly remarkable one, and I shall be happy to look into it. From what you have told me I think that it is possible that graver issues hang from it than might at first sight appear."

" Grave enough! " said Mr. Jabez Wilson. " Why, I have lost four pound a week."

" As far as you are personally concerned," remarked Holmes, " I do not see that you have any grievance against this extraordinary league. On the contrary, you are, as I understand, richer by some thirty pounds, to say nothing of the minute knowledge which you have gained on every subject which comes under the letter A. You have lost nothing by them."

" No, sir. But I want to find out about them, and who they are, and what their object was in playing this prank — if it was a prank — upon me. It was a pretty expensive joke, for it cost them two-and-thirty pounds."

" We shall endeavor to clear up these points for you. And, first, one or two questions, Mr. Wilson. This assistant of yours who first called your attention to the advertisement — how long had he been with you? "

" About a month then."

" How did he come? "

" In answer to an advertisement."

" Was he the only applicant? "

" No, I had a dozen."

" Why did you pick him? "

" Because he was handy and would come cheap."

" At half wages, in fact? "

" Yes."

" What is he like, this Vincent Spaulding? "

" Small, stout-built, very quick in his ways, no hair on his face, though he's not short of thirty. Has a white splash of acid upon his forehead."

Holmes sat up in his chair in considerable excitement. " I thought as much," said he. " Have you ever observed that his ears are pierced for earrings? "

" Yes, sir. He told me that a gypsy had done it for him when he was a lad."

" Hum! " said Holmes, sinking back in deep thought. " He is still with you? "

" Oh, yes, sir; I have only just left him."

" And has your business been attended to in your absence? "

" Nothing to complain of, sir. There's never very much to do of a morning."

" That will do, Mr. Wilson. I shall be happy to give you an opinion upon the subject in the course of a day or two. To-day is Saturday, and I hope that by Monday we may come to a conclusion.

" Well, Watson," said Holmes, when our visitor had left us, " what do you make of it all? "

" I make nothing of it," I answered, frankly. " It is a most mysterious business."

" As a rule," said Holmes, " the more bizarre a thing is the less mysterious it proves to be. It is your commonplace, featureless crimes which are really puzzling, just as a commonplace face is the most difficult to identify. But I must be prompt over this matter."

" What are you going to do, then? " I asked.

" To smoke," he answered. " It is quite a three-pipe problem, and I beg that you won't speak to me for fifty minutes." He curled himself up in his chair, with his thin knees drawn up to his hawk-like nose, and there he sat with his eyes closed and his black clay pipe thrusting out like the bill of some strange bird. I had come to the conclusion that he had dropped asleep, and indeed was nodding myself, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with the gesture of a man who has made up his mind, and put his pipe down upon the mantelpiece.

" Sarasate plays at St. James's Hall this afternoon," he remarked. " What do you think, Watson? Could your patients spare you for a few hours? "

" I have nothing to do to-day."

" Then put on your hat and come. I am going through the City first, and we can have some lunch on the way."

We traveled by the Underground as far as Aldersgate; and a short walk took us to Saxe-Coburg Square, the scene of the singular story which we had listened to in the morning. It was a poky,

little, shabby-genteel place, four lines of dingy, two-storied brick houses looking out into a small, railed-in inclosure, where a lawn of weedy grass and a few clumps of faded laurel bushes made a hard fight against a smoke-laden and uncongenial atmosphere. Three gilt balls and a brown board with JABEZ WILSON in white letters, upon a corner house, announced the place where our red-headed client carried on his business. Sherlock Holmes stopped in front of it with his head on one side, and looked it all over, with his eyes shining brightly between puckered lids. Then he walked slowly up the street and then down again to the corner, still looking keenly at the houses. Finally he returned to the pawnbroker's and, having thumped vigorously upon the pavement with his stick two or three times, he went up to the door and knocked. It was instantly opened by a bright-looking, clean-shaven young fellow, who asked him to step in.

"Thank you," said Holmes, "I only wished to ask you how you would go from here to the Strand."

"Third right, fourth left," answered the assistant, promptly, closing the door.

"Smart fellow, that," observed Holmes, as we walked away. "He is, in my judgment, the fourth smartest man in London, and for daring I am not sure that he has not a claim to be third. I know something of him."

"Evidently," said I, "Mr. Wilson's assistant counts for a good deal in this mystery of the Red-headed League. I am sure that you inquired your way merely in order that you might see him."

"Not him."

"What then?"

"The knees of his trousers."

"And what did you see?"

"What I expected to see."

"Why did you beat the pavement?"

"My dear doctor, this is a time for observation, not for talk. We are spies in an enemy's country. We know something of Saxe-Coburg Square. Let us now explore the parts which lie behind it."

The road in which we found ourselves as we turned round the corner from the retired Saxe-Coburg Square presented as great a

contrast to it as the front of a picture does to the back. It was one of the main arteries which convey the traffic of the City to the north and west. The roadway was blocked with the immense stream of commerce flowing in a double tide inward and outward, while the footpaths were black with the hurry swarm of pedestrians. It was difficult to realize, as we looked at the line of fine shops and stately business premises, that they really abutted on the other side upon the faded and stagnant square, which we had quitted a moment before.

" Let me see," said Holmes, standing at the corner and glancing along the line; " I should like just to remember the order of the houses here. It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London. There is Mortimer's, the tobacconist; the little newspaper shop, the Coburg branch of the City and Suburban Bank, the Vegetarian Restaurant, and McFarlane's carriage-building depot. That carries us right on to the other block. And now, doctor, we've done our work, so it's time we had some play. A sandwich and a cup of coffee, and then off to violin-land, where all is sweetness, and there are no red-headed clients to vex us with their conundrums."

* * * * *

" You want to go home, no doubt, doctor," he remarked, as we emerged.

" Yes, it would be as well," I answered.

" And I have some business to do which will take some hours. This business at Coburg Square is serious."

" Why serious? "

" A considerable crime is in contemplation. I have every reason to believe that we shall be in time to stop it. But to-day being Saturday rather complicates matters. I shall want your help to-night."

" At what time? "

" Ten will be early enough."

" I shall be at Baker Street at ten."

" Very well. And, I say, doctor! there may be some little danger, so kindly put your army revolver in your pocket." He waved his hand, turned on his heel, and disappeared in an instant among the crowd.

I trust that I am not more dense than my neighbors, but I was always oppressed with a sense of my own stupidity in my dealings with Sherlock Holmes. Here I had heard what he had heard, I had seen what he had seen, and yet from his words it was evident that he saw clearly not only what had happened, but what was about to happen, while to me the whole business was still confused and grotesque. What was this nocturnal expedition, and why should I go armed? Where were we going, and what were we to do? I had the hint from Holmes that this smooth-faced pawnbroker's assistant was a formidable man — a man who might play a deep game. I tried to puzzle it out, but gave it up in despair and set the matter aside until night should bring an explanation.

It was a quarter-past nine when I started from home and made my way across the Park, and so through Oxford Street to Baker Street. Two hansoms were standing at the door, and, as I entered the passage, I heard the sound of voices from above. On entering his room, I found Holmes in animated conversation with two men, one of whom I recognized as Peter Jones, the official police agent; while the other was a long, thin, sad-faced man, with a very shiny hat and oppressively respectable frock-coat.

"Ha! our party is complete," said Holmes, buttoning up his pea-jacket, and taking his heavy hunting crop from the rack. "Watson, I think you know Mr. Jones, of Scotland Yard? Let me introduce you to Mr. Merryweather, who is to be our companion in to-night's adventure."

"We're hunting in couples again, doctor, you see," said Jones in his consequential[2] way. "Our friend here is a wonderful man for starting a chase. All he wants is an old dog to help him do the running down."

"I hope a wild goose may not prove to be the end of our chase," observed Mr. Merryweather, gloomily.

"Not likely; we know the man and there's nothing he won't try. John Clay, the murderer, thief, smasher, and forger. He's a young man, Mr. Merryweather, but he is at the head of his profession, and I would rather have my handcuffs on him than on any criminal in London. He's a remarkable man, is young John Clay. His grandfather was a duke, and he himself has been to Eton and

[2] Pompous, self-important.

Oxford. His brain is as cunning as his fingers, and though we meet signs of him at every turn, we never know where to find the man himself. He'll crack a safe in Scotland one week, and be raising money to build an orphanage in Cornwall the next. I've been on his track for years, and have never set eyes on him yet."

"I hope that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to-night," said Holmes. "I've had one or two little turns also with Mr. John Clay, and I agree with you that he is at the head of his profession. It is past ten, however, and time that we started. If you two will take the first hansom, Watson and I will follow in the second."

Sherlock Holmes was not very communicative during the long drive, and lay back in the cab humming the tunes which he had heard in the afternoon. We rattled through an endless labyrinth of gas-lit streets until we emerged into Farringdon Street.

"We are close there now," my friend remarked. "This fellow Merryweather is a bank director and personally interested in the matter. I thought it as well to have Jones with us also. He is as brave as a bulldog, and as tenacious as a lobster if he gets his claws upon any one. Here we are, and they are waiting for us."

We had reached the same crowded thoroughfare in which we had found ourselves in the morning. Our cabs were dismissed, and following the guidance of Mr. Merryweather, we passed down a narrow passage and through a side door which he opened for us. Within there was a small corridor, which ended in a very massive iron gate. This also was opened and led down a flight of winding stone steps, which terminated at another formidable gate. Mr. Merryweather stopped to light a lantern, and then conducted us down a dark, earth-smelling passage, and so, after opening a third door, into a huge vault or cellar, which was piled all round with crates and massive boxes.

"You are not very vulnerable from above," Holmes remarked, as he held up the lantern and gazed about him.

"Nor from below," said Mr. Merryweather, striking his stick upon the flags which lined the floor. "Why, dear me, it sounds quite hollow!" he remarked, looking up in surprise.

"I must really ask you to be a little more quiet," said Holmes, severely. "You have already imperiled the whole success of our

expedition. Might I beg that you would have the goodness to sit down upon one of those boxes, and not to interfere?"

The solemn Mr. Merryweather perched himself upon a crate, with a very injured expression on his face, while Holmes fell upon his knees on the floor, and, with the lantern and a magnifying lens, began to examine minutely the cracks between the stones. A few seconds sufficed to satisfy him, for he sprang to his feet again and put his glass in his pocket.

"We have at least an hour before us," he remarked, "for they can hardly take any steps until the good pawnbroker is safely in bed. Then they will not lose a minute, for the sooner they do their work the longer time they will have for their escape. We are at present, doctor — as no doubt you have divined — in the cellar of the City branch of one of the principal London banks. Mr. Merryweather is the chairman of directors, and he will explain to you that there are reasons why the more daring criminals of London should take a considerable interest in this cellar at present."

"It is our French gold," whispered the director. "We have had several warnings that an attempt might be made upon it."

"Your French gold?"

"Yes. We had occasion to strengthen our resources and borrowed, for that purpose, thirty thousand napoleons from the Bank of France. The crate upon which I sit contains two thousand napoleons packed between layers of lead foil. Our reserve of bullion is much larger at present than is usually kept in a single branch office, and the directors have had misgivings upon the subject."

"Which were very well justified," observed Holmes. "And now it is time that we arranged our little plans. I expect that within an hour matters will come to a head. In the meantime, Mr. Merryweather, we must put the screen over that dark lantern."

"And sit in the dark?"

"I am afraid so. I see that the enemy's preparations have gone so far that we cannot risk the presence of a light. And, first of all, we must choose our positions. These are daring men, and, though we shall take them at a disadvantage, they may do us some harm, unless we are careful. I shall stand behind this crate, and do you conceal yourselves behind those. Then, when I flash a light upon

them, close in swiftly. If they fire, Watson, have no compunction about shooting them down."

I placed my revolver, cocked, upon the top of the wooden case behind which I crouched. Holmes shot the slide across the front of his lantern, and left us in pitch darkness — such an absolute darkness as I have never before experienced. The smell of hot metal remained to assure us that the light was still there, ready to flash out at a moment's notice. To me, with my nerves worked up to a pitch of expectancy, there was something depressing and subduing in the sudden gloom, and in the cold, dank air of the vault.

"They have but one retreat," whispered Holmes. "That is back through the house into Saxe-Coburg Square. I hope that you have done what I asked you, Jones?"

"I have an inspector and two officers waiting at the front door."

"Then we have stopped all the holes. And now we must be silent and wait."

What a time it seemed! From comparing notes afterward, it was but an hour and a quarter, yet it appeared to me that the night must have almost gone and the dawn be breaking above us. My limbs were weary and stiff, for I feared to change my position, yet my nerves were worked up to the highest pitch of tension, and my hearing was so acute that I could not only hear the gentle breathing of my companions, but I could distinguish the deeper, heavier inbreath of the bulky Jones from the thin, sighing note of the bank director. From my position I could look over the case in the direction of the floor. Suddenly my eyes caught the glint of a light.

At first it was but a lurid spark upon the stone pavement. Then it lengthened out until it became a yellow line, and then, without any warning or sound, a gash seemed to open and a hand appeared, — a white, almost womanly hand, which felt about in the center of the little area of light. For a minute or more the hand, with its writhing fingers, protruded out of the floor. Then it was withdrawn as suddenly as it appeared, and all was dark again save the single lurid spark which marked a chink between the stones.

Its disappearance, however, was but momentary. With a rending, tearing sound, one of the broad white stones turned over upon

its side, and left a square, gaping hole, through which streamed the light of a lantern. Over the edge there peeped a clean-cut, boyish face, which looked keenly about; and then, with a hand on either side of the aperture, the man drew himself shoulder-high and waist-high, until one knee rested upon the edge. In another instant he stood at the side of the hole, and was hauling after him a companion, lithe and small like himself, with a pale face and a shock of very red hair.

"It's all clear," he whispered. "Have you the chisel and the bags? Hello! Jump, Archie, jump, and I'll swing for it!"

Sherlock Holmes had sprung out and seized the intruder by the collar. The other dived down the hole, and I heard the sound of rending cloth as Jones clutched at his skirts. The light flashed upon the barrel of a revolver, but Holmes's hunting crop came down on the man's wrist, and the pistol clinked upon the stone floor.

"It's no use, John Clay," said Holmes, blandly; "you have no chance at all."

"So I see," the other answered, with the utmost coolness. "I fancy that my partner is all right, though I see you have got his coat-tails."

"There are three men waiting for him at the door," said Holmes.

"Oh, indeed. You seem to have done the thing very completely. I must compliment you."

"And I you," Holmes answered. "Your red-headed idea was very new and effective."

"You'll see your friend again presently," said Jones. "He's quicker at climbing down holes than I am. Just hold out while I fix the handcuffs."

"I beg that you will not touch me with your filthy hands," remarked our prisoner, as the handcuffs clattered upon his wrists. "You may not be aware that I have noble blood in my veins. Have the goodness, also, when you address me, always to say 'sir' and 'please.'"

"All right," said Jones, with a stare and a snigger. "Well, would you please, sir, march upstairs where we can get a cab to carry your highness to the police station?"

"That is better," said John Clay, serenely. He made a sweep-

ing bow to the three of us, and walked quietly off in the custody of the detective.

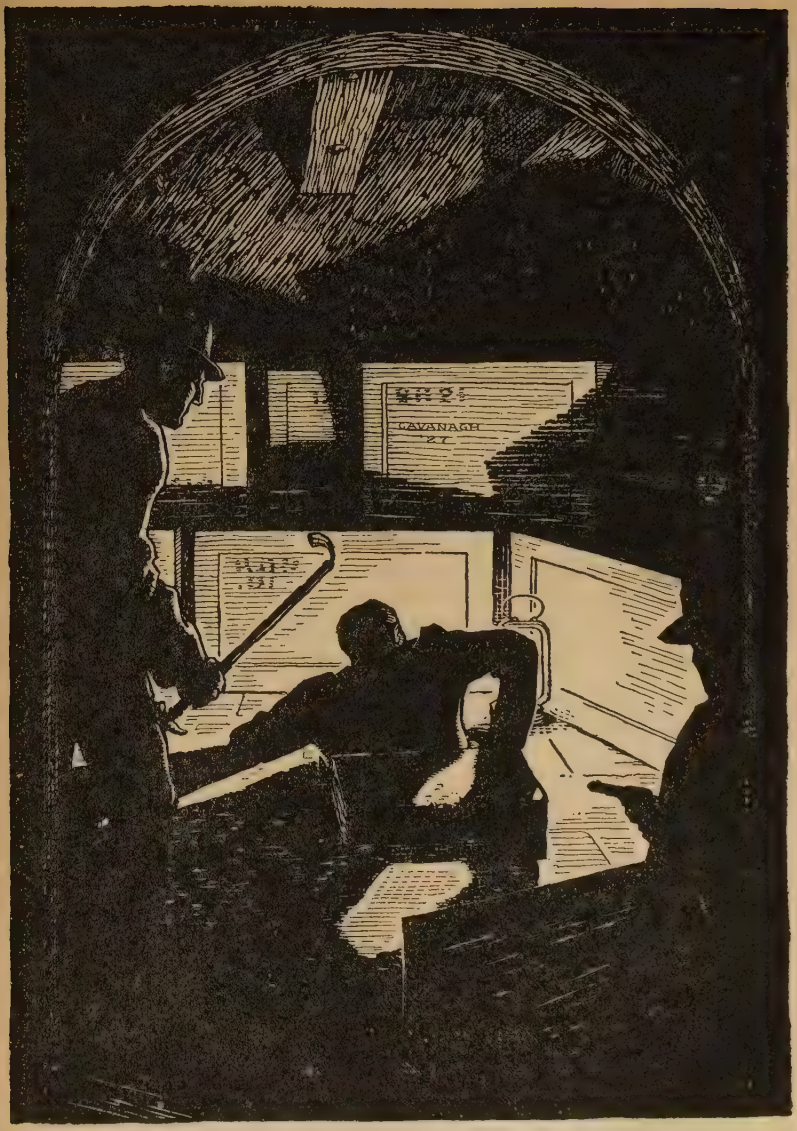
"Really, Mr. Holmes," said Mr. Merryweather, as we followed them from the cellar, "I do not know how the bank can thank you or repay you. There is no doubt that you have detected and defeated in the most complete manner one of the most determined attempts at bank robbery that has ever come within my experience."

"I have had one or two little scores of my own to settle with Mr. John Clay," said Holmes. "I have been at some small expense over this matter, which I shall expect the bank to refund, but beyond that I am amply repaid by having had an experience which is in many ways unique, and by hearing the very remarkable narrative of the Red-headed League."

"You see, Watson," he explained, in the early hours of the morning, as we sat together in Baker Street, "it was perfectly obvious from the first that the only possible object of this rather fantastic business of the advertisement of the League, and the copying of the *Encyclopædia,* must be to get this not over-bright pawnbroker out of the way for a number of hours every day. It was a curious way of managing it, but really it would be difficult to suggest a better. The method was no doubt suggested to Clay's ingenious mind by the color of his accomplice's hair. The four pounds a week was a lure which must draw him, and what was it to them, who were playing for thousands? They put in the advertisement, one rogue has the temporary office, the other rogue incites the man to apply for it, and together they manage to secure his absence every morning in the week. From the time that I heard of the assistant having come for half wages, it was obvious to me that he had some strong motive for securing the situation."

"But how could you guess what the motive was?"

"Had there been women in the house, I should have suspected a love affair. That, however, was out of the question. The man's business was a small one, and there was nothing in his house which could account for such elaborate preparations, and such an expenditure as they were at. It must then be something out of the house. What could it be? I thought of the assistant's fondness



"WITH A HAND ON EITHER SIDE . . . THE MAN DREW HIMSELF UP"

for photography and his trick of vanishing into the cellar. The cellar! There was the end of this tangled clew. Then I made inquiries as to this mysterious assistant, and found that I had to deal with one the coolest and most daring criminals in London. He was doing something in the cellar — something which took many hours a day for months on end. Once more, what could it be? I could think of nothing save that he was running a tunnel to some other building.

"I had got so far when we went to visit the scene of action. I surprised you by beating upon the pavement with my stick. I was ascertaining whether the cellar stretched out in front or behind. It was not in front. Then I rang the bell, and, as I hoped, the assistant answered it. We have had some skirmishes, but we had never set eyes upon each other before. I hardly looked at his face. His knees were what I wished to see. You must yourself have remarked how worn, wrinkled, and stained they were; they spoke of those hours of burrowing. The only remaining point was what they were burrowing for. I walked round the corner, saw that the City and Suburban Bank abutted on our friend's premises, and felt that I had solved my problem. When you drove home after the concert I called upon Scotland Yard, and upon the chairman of the bank directors, with the result that you have seen."

"And how could you tell that they would make their attempt to-night?" I asked.

"Well, when they closed their League offices that was a sign that they cared no longer about Mr. Jabez Wilson's presence; in other words, that they had completed their tunnel. But it was essential that they should use it soon, as it might be discovered, or the bullion might be removed. Saturday would suit them better than any other day, as it would give them two days for their escape. For all these reasons I expected them to come tonight."

"You reasoned it out beautifully," I exclaimed, in unfeigned admiration. "It is so long a chain, and yet every link rings true."

"It saved me from ennui,[3]" he answered, yawning. "Alas! I already feel it closing in upon me. My life is spent in one long effort to escape from the commonplaces of existence. These little problems help me to do so."

[3] Boredom.

" And you are a benefactor of the race," said I. He shrugged his shoulders. " Well, perhaps, after all, it is of some little use," he remarked. " *L'homme c'est rien — l'œuvre c'est tout,*[4] as Gustave Flaubert wrote to Georges Sand."

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. Jabez Wilson was a (shrewd, keen, dull, imaginative) person.
   b. Sherlock Holmes's deductions are (logical, unreal, impossible, exaggerated).
   c. John Clay's plan was (flawless, extremely well laid, very poor).
2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.
   a. The Red-Headed League was merely a ——.
   b. It was intended to further the plans of —— —— who wished to rob the ——.
   c. His attempt was frustrated by —— ——.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What is the mystery which is brought to the notice of Sherlock Holmes?
2. What is the most exciting part of the story (the climax)?
3. How is the character of Sherlock Holmes brought out by this story? What picture of the man do you get?
4. What did Sherlock Holmes do customarily when he was in high spirits?
5. In his description of Jabez Wilson what two characteristics does the author mention that made him look a little different from the average British tradesman?
6. How did Sherlock Holmes know that Jabez Wilson had been in China?
7. What equipment did Jabez Wilson carry with him when he started to work for the Red-Headed League?
8. Why did Sherlock Holmes strike the pavement with his cane before knocking on Jabez Wilson's door?
9. What other stories of Sherlock Holmes have you read? Does this story make you desire to read the other stories? Why?
10. Bring to class a list of three other good detective stories you would recommend to your classmates.

[4] The man is nothing — the work is everything.

THE LADY OR THE TIGER *

By Frank R. Stockton (1834–1902)

Here's your chance to answer a question that has puzzled people for forty years: Was it the lady or the tiger that came out of the opened door? Some people, after trying to solve the mystery, call the tale a story without an end. Read it carefully and see what you think.

In the very olden time, there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammelled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing, and when he and himself agreed upon anything, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial; but whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight, and crash down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified [1] was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheatre [2] with its encircling galleries, its mys-

* From *The Lady or the Tiger?* by Frank R. Stockton. Copyright, 1886, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1914, by Marie Louise and Frances A. Stockton.

[1] Made half, modified (colloquial).

[2] An arena or stadium.

terious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena — a structure which well deserved its name; for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheatre. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased. He was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him, and tore him to pieces, as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.

But if the accused person opened the other door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his Majesty could select among his fair subjects; and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection. The king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to in-

terfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epithalamic[3] measure, advanced to where the pair stood side by side, and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady. He opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair — they were positively determinate. The accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty, and if innocent he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan; for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for

[3] Pertaining to marriage.

he was handsome and brave to a degree unsurpassed in all this kingdom, and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until, one day, the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion, and his Majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred — never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of a king. In after years such things became commonplace enough, but then they were, in no slight degree, novel and startling.

The tiger cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena, and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges, in order that the young man might have a fitting bride is case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor any one else thought of denying the fact. But the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of, and the king would take an aesthetic [4] pleasure in watching the course of events which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena, while crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors — those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity!

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal

[4] Pertaining to beauty or the fine arts, artistic.

party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena, he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king. But he did not think at all of that royal personage; his eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature, it is probable that lady would not have been there. But her intense and fervid [5] soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done — she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms behind those doors stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady. Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them. But gold, and the power of a woman's will, had brought the secret to the princess.

Not only did she know in which room stood the lady, ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together. It was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief

[5] Fiery, impetuous.

space. It may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess, and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery, and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question, "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another.

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet [6] before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to

[6] A wall.

find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries [7] had she gnashed her teeth and torn her hair when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen them walk away together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set up myself as the one person able to answer it. So I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door — the lady or the tiger?

[7] Dreams, thoughts.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement.

a. The method of administering justice in this country was (unfair, just, of a fine quality, very effective, popular with the people).

b. The princess loved the youth so much that (she could not bear to see him die, she could not bear to see him married to another woman); therefore, she directed him toward the door that hid (the lady, the tiger).

c. When the youth looked at her the princess made a motion of her arm toward (the right, the left).

2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.

a. The princess had to decide between her —— and her ——.

b. The youth was certain that she would be ——.

c. In your opinion the door she indicated hid the ——.
You support this view because —— —— —— ——.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. How was the king's arena arranged? Where was his throne? Where was the door by which the accused person entered? Where were the doors which concealed the lady and the tiger?

2. How long was the princess in love with the youth before the king learned about it? Did the king hesitate to act when he discovered it?

3. Was it customary for subjects to love the daughters of kings in those days, according to the author?

4. How did the princess find out which door hid the tiger and which the lady?

5. The dictionary says that "irony" means the use of words to signify the opposite of what they would usually express; ridicule under cover of praise or compliment. Can you find places in this story where the author used irony?

HOME READING

Bunner, Henry C. . . .	*More Short Sixes*
Darton, F. J. H. . . .	*Wonder Book of Old Romance*
Davis, Richard Harding . .	*Gallegher and Other Stories*
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan . .	*Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan . .	*Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*
Grierson, E. W.	*Children's Tales from Scottish Ballads*
Henry, O.	*Cabbages and Kings*
Henry, O.	*Four Million*

Housman, Laurence	*A Doorway in Fairyland*
Housman, Laurence	*Moonshine and Clover*
Mathiews, F. K.	*Boy Scouts' Book of Stories*
Mikels, Rosa M. R.	*Short Stories for English Courses*
Retold from St. Nicholas	*Outdoor Stories*
Roosevelt, Theodore	*Stories of the Great West*
Seton, Ernest Thompson	*Wild Animals I Have Known*
Sharp, Dallas Lore	*A Watcher in the Woods*
Smith, Elva S.	*Good Old Stories for Boys and Girls*
Smith, Elva S.	*Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls*
Stephens, James	*Irish Fairy Tales*
Van Dyke, Henry	*Ruling Passion*
Watkins and Raymond	*Best Dog Stories*

STORIES FROM BOOKS

FOR THE LOVE OF A MAN*

By Jack London (1876–1916)

This is a story of the gold strike and the rush to the Klondike region in the fall of 1897. The hero is Buck, a dog from Southern California, who was stolen and brought to Alaska to serve as a sled dog. In these crude surroundings, his instincts are awakened, and he learns to live by the rule of the survival of the fittest. After many harsh experiences, he falls into the hands of Thornton whom he comes to love as only a dog can love a man. After reading the selection given below, you will surely need no urging to read the whole book.

It was at Circle City, ere the year was out, that Pete's apprehensions were realized. "Black" Burton, a man evil-tempered and malicious, had been picking a quarrel with a tenderfoot [1] at the bar, when Thornton stepped good-naturedly between. Buck, as was his custom, was lying in a corner, head on paws, watching his master's every action. Burton struck out, without warning, straight from the shoulder. Thornton was sent spinning, and saved himself from falling only by clutching the rail of the bar.

Those who were looking on heard what was neither bark nor yelp, but a something which is best described as a roar, and they saw Buck's body rise up in the air as he left the floor for Burton's throat. The man saved his life by instinctively throwing out his arm, but was hurled backward to the floor with Buck on top of him. Buck loosed his teeth from the flesh of the arm and drove in again for the throat. This time the man succeeded only in partly blocking, and his throat was torn open. Then the crowd was upon Buck, and he was driven off; but while a surgeon checked the bleeding, he prowled up and down, growling furi-

* From *The Call of the Wild* by Jack London. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

[1] Newcomer.

ously, attempting to rush in, and being forced back by an array of hostile clubs. A " miners' meeting," called on the spot, decided that the dog had sufficient provocation, and Buck was discharged. But his reputation was made, and from that day his name spread through every camp in Alaska.

Later on, in the fall of the year, he saved John Thornton's life in quite another fashion. The three partners were lining a long and narrow poling-boat down a bad stretch of rapids on the Forty-Mile Creek. Hans and Pete moved along the bank, snubbing with a thin Manila rope from tree to tree, while Thornton remained in the boat, helping its descent by means of a pole, and shouting directions to the shore. Buck, on the bank, worried and anxious, kept abreast of the boat, his eyes never off his master.

At a particularly bad spot, where a ledge of barely submerged rocks jutted out into the river, Hans cast off the rope, and, while Thornton poled the boat out into the stream, ran down the bank with the end in his hand to snub the boat when he had cleared the ledge. This it did, and was flying down-stream in a current as swift as a mill-race, when Hans checked it with the rope and checked too suddenly. The boat flirted over and snubbed in to the bank bottom up, while Thornton, flung sheer out of it, was carried down-stream toward the worst part of the rapids, a stretch of wild water in which no swimmer could live.

Buck had sprung in on the instant; and at the end of three hundred yards, amid a mad swirl of water, he overhauled Thornton. When he felt him grasp his tail, Buck headed for the bank, swimming with all his splendid strength. But the progress shoreward was slow; the progress down-stream amazingly rapid. From below came the fatal roaring where the wild current went wilder and was rent in shreds and spray by the rocks which thrust through like the teeth of an enormous comb. The suck of the water as it took the beginning of the last steep pitch was frightful, and Thornton knew that the shore was impossible. He scraped furiously over a rock, bruised across a second, and struck a third with crushing force. He clutched its slippery top with both hands, releasing Buck, and above the roar of the churning water shouted: " Go, Buck! Go! "

Buck could not hold his own, and swept on down-stream, strug-

gling desperately, but unable to win back. When he heard Thornton's command repeated, he partly reared out of the water, throwing his head high, as though for a last look, then turned obediently toward the bank. He swam powerfully and was dragged ashore by Pete and Hans at the very point where swimming ceased to be possible and destruction began.

They knew that the time a man could cling to a slippery rock in the face of that driving current was a matter of minutes, and they ran as fast as they could up the bank to a point far above where Thornton was hanging on. They attached the line with which they had been snubbing the boat to Buck's neck and shoulders, being careful that it should neither strangle him nor impede his swimming, and launched him into the stream. He struck out boldly, but not straight enough into the stream. He discovered the mistake too late, when Thornton was abreast of him and a bare half-dozen strokes away while he was being carried helplessly past.

Hans promptly snubbed with the rope, as though Buck were a boat. The rope thus tightening on him in the sweep of the current, he was jerked under the surface, and under the surface he remained till his body struck against the bank and he was hauled out. He was half drowned, and Hans and Pete threw themselves upon him, pounding the breath into him and the water out of him. He staggered to his feet and fell down. The faint sound of Thornton's voice came to them, and though they could not make out the words of it, they knew that he was in his extremity. His master's voice acted on Buck like an electric shock. He sprang to his feet and ran up the bank ahead of the men to the point of his previous departure.

Again the rope was attached and he was launched, and again he struck out, but this time straight into the stream. He had miscalculated once, but he would not be guilty of it a second time. Hans paid out the rope, permitting no slack, while Pete kept it clear of coils. Buck held on till he was on a line straight above Thornton; then he turned and, with the speed of an express train, headed down upon him. Thornton saw him coming, and, as Buck struck him like a battering ram, with the whole force of the current behind him, he reached up and closed with both arms around the

shaggy neck. Hans snubbed the rope around the tree, and Buck and Thornton were jerked under the water. Strangling, suffocating, sometimes one uppermost and sometimes the other, dragging over the jagged bottom, smashing against rocks and snags, they veered into the bank.

Thornton came to, belly downward and being violently propelled back and forth across a drift log by Hans and Pete. His first glance was for Buck, over whose limp and apparently lifeless body Nig was setting up a howl, while Skeet was licking the wet face and closed eyes. Thornton was himself bruised and battered, and he went carefully over Buck's body when he had been brought around, finding three broken ribs.

" That settles it," he announced. " We camp right here." And camp they did, till Buck's ribs knitted and he was able to travel.

That winter, at Dawson, Buck performed another exploit, not so heroic, perhaps, but one that put his name many notches higher on the totem-pole of Alaskan fame. This exploit was particularly gratifying to the three men; for they stood in need of the outfit which it furnished, and were enabled to make a long-desired trip into the virgin East, where miners had not yet appeared. It was brought about by a conversation in the Eldorado Saloon, in which men waxed boastful of their favorite dogs. Buck, because of his record, was the target for these men, and Thornton was driven stoutly to defend him. At the end of half an hour one man stated that his dog could start a sled with five hundred pounds and walk off with it; a second bragged six hundred for his dog; and a third, seven hundred.

" Pooh! pooh! " said John Thornton; " Buck can start a thousand pounds."

" And break it out? and walk off with it for a hundred yards? " demanded Matthewson, a Bonanza King, he of the seven hundred vaunt.

" And break it out, and walk off with it for a hundred yards," John Thornton said coolly.

" Well," Matthewson said, slowly and deliberately, so that all could hear, " I've got a thousand dollars that says he can't. And there it is." So saying, he slammed a sack of gold dust of the size of a bologna sausage down upon the bar.

Nobody spoke. Thornton's bluff, if bluff it was, had been called. He could feel a flush of warm blood creeping up his face. His tongue had tricked him. He did not know whether Buck could start a thousand pounds. Half a ton! The enormousness of it appalled him. He had great faith in Buck's strength and had often thought him capable of starting such a load; but never, as now, had he faced the possibility of it, the eyes of a dozen men fixed upon him, silent and waiting. Further, he had no thousand dollars; nor had Hans or Pete.

"I've got a sled standing outside now, with twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour on it," Matthewson went on with brutal directness; "so don't let that hinder you."

Thornton did not reply. He did not know what to say. He glanced from face to face in the absent way of a man who has lost the power of thought and is seeking somewhere to find the thing that will start it going again. The face of Jim O'Brien, a Mastodon King [2] and old-time comrade, caught his eyes. It was as a cue to him, seeming to rouse him to do what he would never have dreamed of doing.

"Can you lend me a thousand?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"Sure," answered O'Brien, thumping down a plethoric [3] sack by the side of Matthewson's. "Though it's little faith I'm having, John, that the beast can do the trick."

The Eldorado emptied its occupants into the street to see the test. The tables were deserted, and the dealers and gamekeepers came forth to see the outcome of the wager and to lay odds. Several hundred men, furred and mittened, banked around the sled within easy distance. Matthewson's sled, loaded with a thousand pounds of flour, had been standing for a couple of hours, and in the intense cold (it was sixty below zero) the runners had frozen fast to the hard-packed snow. Men offered odds of two to one that Buck could not budge the sled. A quibble arose concerning the phrase "break out." O'Brien contended it was Thornton's privilege to knock the runners loose, leaving Buck to "break it out" from a dead standstill. Matthewson insisted that the phrase included breaking the runners from the frozen grip of the snow. A majority of the men who had witnessed the making of the bet

[2] A person enriched by Mastodon mine.

[3] Crammed full.

decided in his favor, whereat the odds went up to three to one against Buck.

There were no takers. Not a man believed him capable of the feat. Thornton had been hurried into the wager, heavy with doubt; and now that he looked at the sled itself, the concrete fact, with the regular team of ten dogs curled up in the snow before it, the more impossible the task appeared. Matthewson waxed jubilant.

"Three to one!" he proclaimed. "I'll lay you another thousand at that figure, Thornton. What d'ye say?"

Thornton's doubt was strong in his face, but his fighting spirit was aroused — the fighting spirit that soars above odds, fails to recognize the impossible, and is deaf to all save the clamor for battle. He called Hans and Pete to him. Their sacks were slim, and with his own the three partners could rake together only two hundred dollars. In the ebb of their fortunes, this sum was their total capital; yet they laid it unhesitatingly against Matthewson's six hundred.

The team of ten dogs was unhitched, and Buck, with his own harness, was put into the sled. He had caught the contagion of the excitement, and he felt that in some way he must do a great thing for John Thornton. Murmurs of admiration at his splendid appearance went up. He was in perfect condition, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and the one hundred and fifty pounds that he weighed were so many pounds of grit and virility. His furry coat shone with the sheen of silk. Down the neck and across the shoulders, his mane, in repose as it was, half bristled and seemed to lift with every movement, as though excess of vigor made each particular hair alive and active. The great breast and heavy forelegs were no more than in proportion with the rest of the body, where the muscles showed in tight rolls underneath the skin. Men felt these muscles and proclaimed them hard as iron, and the odds went down to two to one.

"Gad, sir! Gad, sir!" stuttered a member of the latest dynasty, a king of the Skookum Benches. "I offer you eight hundred for him, sir, before the test, sir; eight hundred just as he stands."

Thornton shook his head and stepped to Buck's side.

"You must stand off from him," Matthewson protested. "Free play and plenty of room."

The crowd fell silent; only could be heard the voices of the gamblers vainly offering two to one. Everybody acknowledged Buck a magnificent animal, but twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour bulked too large in their eyes for them to loosen their pouch-strings.

Thornton knelt down by Buck's side. He took his head in his two hands and rested cheek on cheek. He did not playfully shake him, as was his wont, or murmur soft love curses; but he whispered in his ear. "As you love me, Buck. As you love me," was what he whispered. Buck whined with suppressed eagerness.

The crowd was watching curiously. The affair was growing mysterious. It seemed like a conjuration.[4] As Thornton got to his feet, Buck seized his mittened hand between his jaws, pressing it with his teeth and releasing slowly, half-reluctantly. It was the answer, in terms, not of speech, but of love. Thornton stepped well back.

"Now, Buck," he said.

Buck tightened the traces, then slacked them for a matter of several inches. It was the way he had learned.

"Gee!" Thornton's voice rang out, sharp in the tense silence.

Buck swung to the right, ending the movement in a plunge that took up the slack and with a sudden jerk arrested his one hundred and fifty pounds. The load quivered, and from under the runners arose a crisp crackling.

"Haw!" Thornton commanded.

Buck duplicated the maneuver, this time to the left. The crackling turned into a snapping, the sled pivoting and the runners slipping and grating several inches to the side. The sled was broken out. Men were holding their breaths, intensely unconscious of the fact.

"Now, MUSH!"

Thornton's command cracked out like a pistol-shot. Buck threw himself forward, tightening the traces with a jarring lunge. His whole body was gathered compactly together in the tremendous effort, the muscles writhing and knotting like live things

[4] Act of magic.

under the silky fur. His great chest was low to the ground, his head forward and down, while his feet were flying like mad, the claws scarring the hard-packed snow in parallel grooves. The sled swayed and trembled, half-started forward. One of his feet slipped, and one man groaned aloud. Then the sled lurched ahead in what appeared a rapid succession of jerks, though it never really came to a dead stop again . . . half an inch . . . an inch . . . two inches. . . . The jerks perceptibly diminished; as the sled gained momentum, he caught them up, till it was moving steadily along.

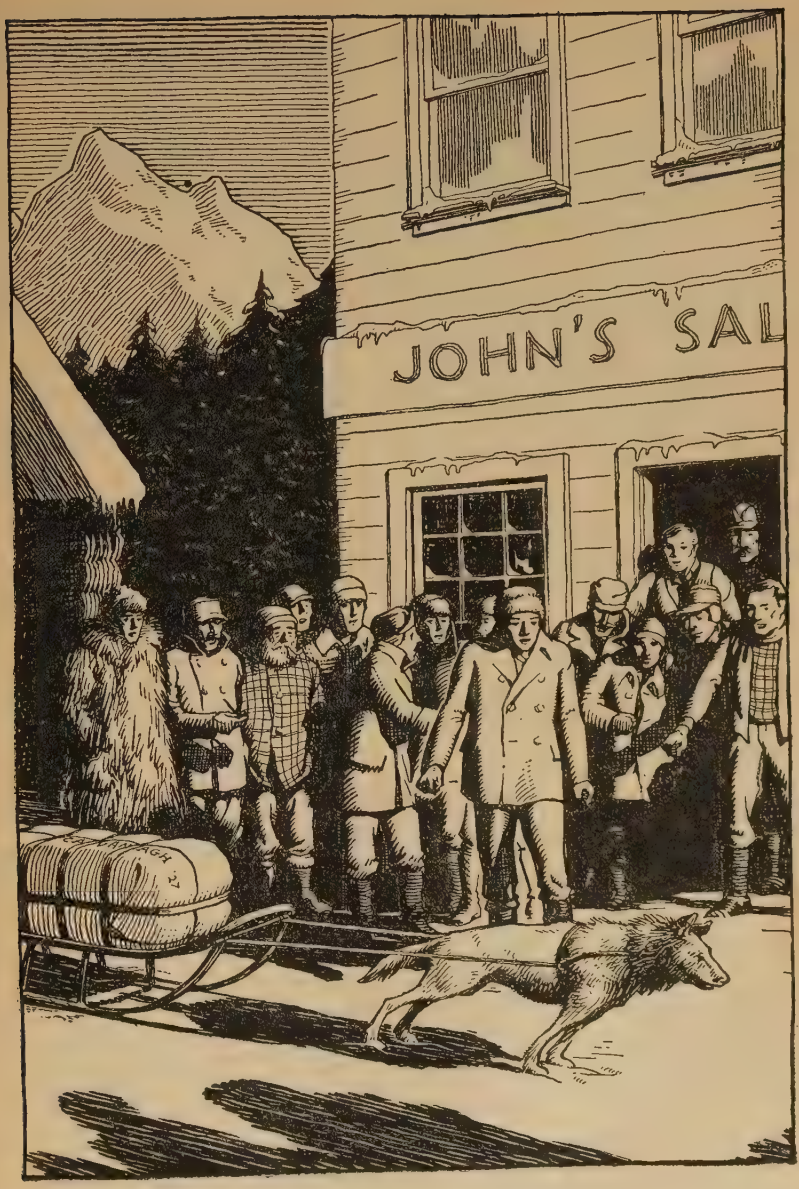
Men gasped and began to breathe again, unaware that for a moment they had ceased to breathe. Thornton was running behind, encouraging Buck with short, cheery words. The distance had been measured off, and as he neared the pile of firewood which marked the end of the hundred yards, a cheer began to grow and grow, which burst into a roar as he passed the firewood and halted at command. Every man was tearing himself loose, even Matthewson. Hats and mittens were flying in the air. Men were shaking hands, it did not matter with whom, and bubbling over in a general incoherent babel.

But Thornton fell on his knees beside Buck. Head was against head, and he was shaking him back and forth. Those who hurried up heard him cursing Buck, and he cursed him long and fervently, and softly and lovingly.

"Gad, sir! Gad, sir!" spluttered the Skookum Bench king. "I'll give you a thousand for him, sir, a thousand, sir — twelve hundred, sir."

Thornton rose to his feet. His eyes were wet. The tears were streaming frankly down his cheeks. "Sir," he said to the Skookum Bench king, "no, sir. You can go to hell, sir. It's the best I can do for you, sir."

Buck seized Thornton's hand in his teeth. Thornton shook him back and forth. As though animated by a common impulse, the onlookers drew back to a respectful distance; nor were they again indiscreet enough to interrupt.



"BUCK THREW HIMSELF FORWARD"

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement.

   a. Buck (rescued his master, let his master almost drown in the river, lost his life in the attempt to rescue his master).

   b. He (lost the wager, won the wager, almost succeeded in winning the wager).

   c. He won the wager (because of his love for his master, because he was forced to his task, because of his fear of a beating).

2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.

   a. Buck and his master were firm ——.

   b. Buck succeeded in starting and pulling the sled laden with —— —— —— ——.

   c. It is a story which shows the —— existing between a man and a dog.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What two acts show Buck's great love for his master?
2. Describe as vividly as possible Buck's rescue of Thornton from the rapids.
3. Relate the trial of strength.
4. Does the story touch your own life in any way — your interests, your experiences? Have you a dog? Would you like to have a dog?
5. Which people in the book would you like to meet? Which do you admire?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Read the whole story and be prepared to make a report in class on one of the following topics:

   a. Buck's life in California.

   b. Buck's first experiences with hardships.

   c. Buck's early masters.

   d. The ending of the story.

Compare this story with another book in which a dog is the central figure. Which do you like better and why?

Read one book from the *Home Reading List* under the title, *Dog Stories*.

HOW I LEARNED TO HUNT SEALS

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON (1879–)

Vilhjalmur Stefansson is a well-known Arctic explorer who has written several interesting books on the regions which he has made his home for many years. The following story is a chapter from his book, *Hunters of the Great North.* In this autobiography he tells how he became an explorer, and of his first trip into the Arctic. It is a book which appeals to our love of the unknown and which holds a fascination for the young of all lands. The chapter given here describes his experiences while learning to hunt seals.

Some Eskimos make a living almost entirely by hunting seals, and I have had to do the same occasionally. The seal is the most useful of animals because it furnishes all you really need for living in comfort.

The lean and fat of the seal make together a diet upon which whole groups of Eskimos live in good health to a reasonably old age. On some of my later expeditions my white companions and I have lived exclusively on seals for months at a time. Some people do not like the meat at first just because it differs considerably from any meat with which they are familiar; but you gradually get to like it, and the longer you live on it the better you like it. You may be dreadfully tired of seal after three weeks, or even three months, but I never saw any one who was tired of it after three years. It is in living with the Eskimos on seals as it is in living with the Chinese on rice that no matter how much you dislike it at first, you are likely eventually to become as fond of it as they are themselves.

In addition to giving meat and fat for food the seal furnishes fat for fuel. Many thousands of Eskimos have no other fuel in winter, and it does them very well. They burn the fat in stone lamps made for the purpose. These are carefully trimmed and should not smoke. A woman is considered a very bad housekeeper if you can notice the smell of lamp smoke in her house or see stains of lamp soot on her hands, or on anything in the house. The first real Eskimo house in which I lived (at Tuktuyaktok) usually had four seal oil lamps burning, maintaining the tempera-

ture of the interior, day and night, steadily between 70° and 80°. We had a wood stove which we used for cooking only, but many Eskimos cook entirely over their lamps. This serves well, but takes a little longer.

Besides food and fuel, the seal furnishes clothing. The Eskimos use water boots in summer that are made entirely of sealskin, and in winter they use caribou-skin boots which in some cases have sealskin soles. Raincoats are made of sealskin and so are mittens intended to be used in handling fish nets or anything that is wet. Coats and trousers for winter may be made of sealskin, but this is seldom done except when caribou are scarce.

Whalers, traders and explorers have for a century been in contact with the Eskimos in Greenland, even as far north as Smith Sound where the most remote of them live. These people buy canvas and other tents from traders and so do all the Eskimos of Alaska — and, indeed, all the Eskimos in the world except some small groups that are especially inaccessible because they are in the middle of the north coast of North America halfway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. These small groups still use skin tents and they are of sealskin in districts where seals are more abundant than caribou.

Lastly, sealskins furnish material for boats. The small seals are used for the kayaks and the big seals for the umiaks.

I like to travel with Eskimo companions, but I never liked to feel that I was wholly dependent upon them. Being helpless is never pleasant. To become self-supporting, nothing was so important as to learn seal hunting, for then I could supply myself with food, fuel, clothing and, if need be, material for a tent or a boat.

It is said that experience is the best teacher; but she is a slow and painful teacher. Any one at all intelligent or thoughtful can learn without experience, or rather from the experience of others. That is why we have so many schools and that is why they are so useful. I am a great believer in schools and like to learn things by being taught. I therefore asked the Eskimos to explain to me just how they hunted seals. They told me clearly and fully. If I were to repeat what they said, I should give a description of seal hunting from which any one could learn the principles

so well that he could hunt seals successfully the first time he found himself in the polar regions. But I found later that while the Eskimos had told me the whole truth they had told me a great deal more than the truth. They are a kind and charming people; but they are very superstitious, and about half the things they told me I would have to do in order to hunt seals successfully I have since found were pure superstition. Seal hunting is very much simpler than any Eskimo will ever tell you; for he tells you how he hunts seals, and half the things he does while hunting are done merely because his father and grandfather before him always did them that way.

So instead of telling how Eskimos hunt seals, I shall tell how I do it and how the other white men do it who (on my various expeditions) have accompanied me when we were living on seals.

On my first expedition (1906–07) I was in a fishing country and never saw a caribou or a seal. On my second expedition (1908–12) I was nearly the whole time in a caribou country and lived mainly on caribou. Furthermore, my Eskimo companions at that time had been brought up as caribou hunters, and if they knew how to hunt seals they did not care much about it. One of them, Natkusiak, came from Cape Prince of Wales in Alaska and had learned sealing as a boy. He had explained to me how it was done and I felt sure I could do it whenever the need arose. But the need never came until in May, 1912, when he and I were making a 1000-mile sledge journey from Langton Bay to Point Barrow. We were on the last lap — the 400-mile stretch between Herschel and Barrow.

We could have carried almost enough groceries to last us the trip from Herschel to Barrow but we did not like to because such a heavy load would have lessened our speed. So we took only about one-quarter of what we needed, expecting to live mainly by hunting. This was the best time of the year for sealing on top of the ice, and Natkusiak assured me he would be able to get all the seals necessary to feed ourselves and our dogs.

But soon after we started west from Herschel Island he began to complain about a pain in one of his fingers. This developed into a felon and the pain became so intense that he could not sleep at night. He could not even ride on the sled daytimes for

the jarring hurt too much. Delay was out of the question for we had to reach Point Barrow before the summer heat turned into water the sea ice we were traveling over, so he used to walk along slowly and as carefully as he could, carrying his afflicted left hand in front of him supported by his right. Crippled as he was he could not hunt seals, so I had to do it.

I felt I understood the theory and that I should be able to kill my first seal. The principle was simple. You had to go on the assumption that the seal would see you when you were far away. Your task was to approach him slowly, crawling along the ice like a seal and making him think all the while that you were another seal. Natkusiak had explained to me both by words and mimicry how this should be done. But I did not want to make any mistake with my first seal, and thinking that possibly the seals themselves might know even better than Natkusiak how a seal acts, I decided to find out from them just how they do act.

That was a simple matter. The eyesight of seals is not very good, and when they are lying sunning themselves on the level ice they cannot see you much beyond four hundred yards. With this in mind I watched for seals as we traveled, climbing on top of ice hummocks now and then and examining the ocean with my field glasses. Finally we saw a seal lying on the ice ahead of us. We made camp about half a mile from him. I then went to the top of an ice hummock and studied him carefully through my glasses. Previous to this I had often watched seals and had checked them with my watch to find out how long at a time they sleep. I found that they take short naps, but that their waking spells between the naps are even shorter. I learned that while on top of the ice the average Alaskan seal sleeps about seven times as much as he stays awake. The average length of his naps was about thirty-five seconds and the average length of the waking periods between was about five seconds.

It may seem strange to those unfamiliar with the lives of the arctic seals that they should sleep so fitfully. Nothing else would do, however. If they slept thirty minutes at a time instead of thirty seconds, there soon would be no seals left. They would all get killed and eaten by the polar bears.

The polar bear is the great enemy of the seal. He is white in color and difficult for the seal to see at a distance. He is also a very skillful hunter. Eternal watchfulness is, therefore, the price of a seal's being able to live at all. Accordingly, he usually goes to sleep on large expanses of level ice so as to give the bear no opportunity to creep up behind the cover of a hummock. Then after the briefest nap, during which the seal sleeps like a small boy on a lawn, he lifts his head as high as he can above the ice (about eighteen inches) and surveys the whole horizon carefully. Having satisfied himself that nothing dangerous is in sight, he takes another nap. While the average nap is thirty seconds, the seal may lift his head suddenly after five seconds of pretended sleep, or possibly after a real nap of fifteen seconds. They seldom sleep more than a minute at a time, but north of Prince Patrick Island, where we never saw polar bear tracks, I have known them to sleep five or even ten minutes at a time.

All these things I had heard already, but I wanted further confirmation of them and I wanted to learn certain finer details of how to act. Watching the seal through my glasses, I noticed that he was seldom still for a moment. He was continually squirming and rubbing himself against the ice as if he were itching. Occasionally he would scratch his side with one of his front flippers. The front flippers are short and inconvenient for that purpose, but the hind flippers are long and flexible and he can curl himself up in such a way that he can scratch with them as far up as his waist. I concluded, therefore, (and long experience has verified it) that when I came to play seal it would be advisable for me to squirm and scratch myself as I had seen him doing.

When my hour of study was over, I began the hunt with every rule in mind which Natkusiak had given me and not forgetful of the things I had just learned by watching. Knowing that he could not see more than five hundred yards at most, I walked to a spot directly to the leeward of him five hundred yards away. I now saw that the ice between him and me was not quite level. This would be bad, for if he once saw me I must keep in sight all the time. If I had any hollows in the ice to crawl over, I should disappear from his sight occasionally and this might scare him. I therefore stepped a few yards to one side and examined the ice

between him and me with the glasses. This was still hummocky, so I kept going a little more to one side until I found that all the ice in a direct line to the seal was level. Then I commenced the approach.

It may seem that it would be advisable to dress in white clothing for this sort of hunt. That would be the worst thing you could do. The seal is continually watching for polar bears. If he sees something that is suspicious and white, he takes it to be a polar bear and dives into his water hole at once. The seals themselves are gray and when they have just come out of the water their sleek sides look black at a distance. The hunter may, therefore, wear any color between gray and black. I have used blue and it seems the seal cannot distinguish between this and black. Green I have never tried because I never had green clothes, nor have I heard of it being tried. Eskimos have told me that red will not do, and that seems reasonable. I have tried to get at seals when dressed in white, but have never succeeded except when I have been able to shield myself behind some cover.

So long as you are more than three hundred yards away from the seal you need not be careful. He might see you at four hundred yards if you were upright, but you should begin crawling somewhat before the four-hundred-yard mark is reached. I crawl ahead on all fours while he is asleep, and when he wakes up I drop flat instantly and remain motionless until he goes to sleep again. This sort of approach will do until you are about three hundred yards away, but after that you must be more careful for he now may see you at any time.

When I felt myself well within the seal's range of vision, I began to crawl ahead seal-fashion, which practically means snake-fashion. I moved as rapidly as I could while he slept and I stopped motionless while he was awake until finally, at a distance of 175 yards, he saw me.

It was easy to tell when the seal first saw me. He stiffened up suddenly, lifted his head a little higher than ordinary and crawled a foot or two nearer his water hole so as to be able to dive instantly if necessary. Being now in what he thought a safe position himself and considering me so far away that there was no immediate danger he watched me carefully. Had I remained mo-

tionless for two or three minutes, he would have become restive, and in a few minutes more he would have dived into his hole, for he knew very well that no real seal would remain motionless for long. Accordingly, I waited until he had been watching me about half a minute, which is the average sleeping spell of a seal. I then did my best to act like a seal waking up. I lifted my head about eighteen inches above the ice, looked around in all directions, and moved as if I were squirming seal-fashion on the ice. After spending about five seconds looking around, I allowed my head to drop on the ice. I then counted ten of my breaths and raised my head a second time, dropping it after a suitable interval. Occasionally I would flex my legs at the knee so as to imitate a seal scratching with his hind flippers.

In about ten or fifteen minutes of this sort of acting I had the seal convinced that I was another seal. After that the whole thing was easy. I have since found by long experience that most of the seals you lose are lost at this critical time. It may be that they are of a specially nervous temperament, perhaps they have had a narrow escape from a bear just recently, or possibly they may have been lying up on the ice so long that they are hungry and ready to dive into the sea in search of the next meal. I should say that one seal out of four will dive at this stage, no matter how good a seal hunter you are. To lose a seal that way is nobody's fault. If you lose him thereafter, it is your fault or because some accident happens. It may be that a sudden gust of wind flaps your clothing so that he notices it. There is nothing about a real seal that flaps in the wind, so he will recognize this as a danger sign. Possibly you may make some loud noise by carelessly breaking a snag of thin ice. Still, that should do no more than make him suspicious over again for seals do break ice snags sometimes, and a few minutes of playing seal should put him at his ease.

I do not know how to explain it, but a seal certainly cannot tell a man from a seal by merely looking at him even at so short a distance as five yards. But if he is stupid as to a man's appearance, he is very keen as to his actions. When within ten or fifteen yards of a seal you must mind your P's and Q's very strictly or he will detect the fraud.

I am inclined to think that the seal's inability to detect the trick that is being played on him is not due to simple stupidity, but is rather self-deception — auto-suggestion. He has made up his mind that you are a seal; and once made up, a seal's mind stays made up. There is nothing fickle about a seal.

In the case of my first seal I was 175 yards from him when I got him convinced that I was a seal. When eventually he began to take his regular alternate naps and waking spells, I began a systematic advance, moving ahead while he slept and stopping motionless while he was awake. If at any time he watched me as much as half a minute at a time I played seal some more by lifting my head to show I was awake or by bending my legs at the knees to pretend that I was scratching.

Eskimos sometimes crawl within five yards of a seal before throwing a harpoon and I have known of them crawling so close that they could seize him by a flipper with one hand and stab him with a knife with the other. This is done only to show off their skill as hunters or else in an emergency when the rifle or sealing harpoon has been lost or forgotten at home. I ordinarily crawl within about fifty yards and did so in this case. Then I waited until the seal raised his head, took careful aim and shot him through the brain. Next I dropped my rifle on the ice and ran at top speed to catch him, for although he was dead there was still a chance of my not getting him. He was lying on a slippery incline of ice so near his hole that the mere shock when the bullet struck might start him sliding. It had started him, and I got there just in time to seize a hind flipper as he was gliding into the water. On other occasions I have had to slide for a dead seal as a runner in baseball slides for a base. Sometimes I have just caught the seal and sometimes I have just missed him. In a few cases he has slid so rapidly that I was no more than halfway from the shooting place to his hole when he disappeared.

Three seals out of four have buoyancy enough to float, but if they slide into the water the momentum gathered by slipping off the ledge of ice is enough to send them diagonally down into the water fifteen or twenty feet. They come up diagonally under the ice. The ice may be as much as seven feet thick and you do not know exactly where they are. We, therefore, consider that a seal

is lost if he once slips into his hole, and we do not even try to search.

In about one case in a hundred the dead seal may rise in the hole. It is, therefore, worth while to stand by for two or three minutes on a chance that he has sunk vertically and that he will come back up vertically.

It would be easy to shoot a seal at a distance greater than fifty yards, but experience shows that this is wasteful. If you have a hundred yards to run the seal's dead body has at least an even chance of sliding in before you get there. It takes so much cautious effort to get within a hundred yards of a seal that you had better not spoil it all by shooting until you are nearer. Furthermore, nothing will do but a brain shot or one through the spine at the base of the brain. If there is the least life in the animal, a wiggle will send him into his hole.

I have spoken of the seal's hole without describing it for that is more easily done in connection with an account of our second method of hunting. The way already described the Alaskan Eskimos call the auktok or crawling method. We occasionally kill seals by the more ingenious mauttok or waiting method.

In most of Alaska the mauttok method is now only a tradition. The older men in the Mackenzie district know the theory but I have never seen them use it. My first experience with mauttok hunting came in 1910 when I was with the Copper Eskimos in Coronation Gulf.

Through the eyes of a southerner nothing can be more desolate or more hopeless desert so far as food is concerned than the level expanse of winter ice along the polar coast. If the coast is open as in northern Alaska, you can go five or ten miles to seaward and find a place where the wind has broken the ice and where the cakes are in motion. Here you will find seals swimming about in the water like bathers in a pond, and the tracks of polar bears that live on the seals may meet you anywhere. But in places like Coronation Gulf there is land on every side and the ice does not move from November, when it forms, until the following June or July, when it eventually breaks up some two months after summer and green grass have come upon all the surrounding lands.

There are no polar bear tracks on this ice except in rare years, and no obvious sign indicates the presence of game.

We were in a village on the level ice some ten miles from shore. There were twelve or fifteen snowhouses with two families in some and one in others. The population of the village was around fifty, among whom there were about fifteen able-bodied hunters. A few men were too old and stayed at home for that reason; and boys do not hunt seals until they are nearly grown.

Around mid-winter we have on a clear day in Coronation Gulf about six hours of hunting light. At that time of year the hunters must arise before dawn, have their breakfast of seal meat and start out on the ice with the earliest light. When I had my first lesson in the mauttok hunt the conditions did not differ except that it was spring with daylight at night — or with no night, if you prefer to put it that way. Each man took with him a dog in leash and our trails led away from the village in all directions like the spokes of a wheel. The experienced hunters went singly, each with a dog, but I accompanied my host for I knew the hunting method only from description and before trying it I wanted to see how it was actually carried out.

Salt ice is sticky. On a lake there may be patches of bare ice where the wind has swept the snow away, but this can scarcely occur on the ocean for a certain amount of snow must adhere to the sticky surface of the ice. As a matter of fact, there was a fairly uniform layer of snow everywhere. It varied from something like six inches in most places to a depth of several feet if drifts had been piling up in the lee of a snag of ice where a fracture of the surface had taken place in some autumn gale. We walked slowly as if strolling at leisure. Our dog was mildly excited for he knew there was food to be secured. He would, therefore, tug on his leading string and walk ahead of his master, pulling him this way and that. Now and then he would stop and sniff at the snow. I thought then that this was the result of his special training, but I know now that any dog of keen scent will do about as he did. I should imagine that a spaniel or bloodhound from a southern country would make a good sealing dog the very first day.

We had gone about a mile when the dog stopped to sniff care-

fully on a drift about two feet in depth. This meant he might have found a seal hole and with a cane we poked around in the snow for a while. The scent proved false, for all we found were signs that a fox had been there earlier in the winter.

The first indication having proved worthless, we continued our zigzag stroll. Half a mile further on the dog stopped again to sniff and his master probed into the snowdrift with his cane. After a dozen or two stabs, each of which met the solid ice below, the cane went deeper than before. It had struck the seal's breathing hole and slipped through into the water beneath.

This snowdrift was comparatively soft. The hunter now put his foot upon the snow just where he had discovered the seal's hole and pressed down the snow firmly. He then took from his hunting kit an ivory rod about as big round as a knitting needle and twice as long. This rod had a little disc on one end of it the size of a ten cent piece, or smaller. At the other end of the rod was an eyelet through which was threaded a string about a foot long fastened to a sort of ivory pin. Through the hole made by his cane the hunter now stuck down his ivory probe so that the end with the disc on it was a few inches below the surface of the water in the seal's hole. Then he packed enough loose snow around the probe so that it did not slip in further. He then stuck the pin into the snow about a foot away. This precaution was taken so that the hunting contrivance should not be lost when it came to spearing the seal.

It is now time to explain how the seal happened to be living just here under the ice. The preceding autumn had found him and all the other seals of the neighborhood swimming around freely in open water. Then the first frosts had come and young ice had formed one night. First this ice was so weak that the seal could come up whenever he liked and break it by bumping his head against it. He had to do this several times an hour, for a seal has to breath the free air occasionally. He is not a fish with gills that can take oxygen from the water, but a mammal that breathes through nostrils like a dog.

The fresh water ice with which most of us are familiar is transparent like window glass and almost as hard, but the thinnest sea ice is never transparent. In appearance it is more like ground

glass which lets the light through although you cannot see through it. Another difference is that fresh ice is so strong that a big man can walk around safely on a pond covered by an inch of it. An inch of salt ice would not support a puppy, and children cannot play safely on three inches of it. When lake ice is like glass, sea ice is like ice cream until it finally hardens and toughens with increasing thickness. We do not consider it safe to travel with a dog team and loaded sledge over sea ice less than six inches in thickness. Once we broke through and came near losing all our belongings crossing a stretch of ice five and three-quarters inches thick. We knew the danger and had taken the risk because the strip was only a few yards wide and we thought we could hurry across in safety. Our dogs did get across and the ice broke just as the front end of our sled touched the solid floe, so that only the back end of the sled got into the water. We would have lost the whole load had the ice broken when the sled was two feet farther away from the floe.

This mushiness of the sea ice in the fall enables the seals to continue their travels in the ocean underneath it until a thickness of four inches has been attained. After that they can no longer smash their way up to the air, and so they have to gnaw their way up. The teeth of a seal look like the teeth of a dog, but they are far enough forward in his jaw so he can gnaw with them almost as well as a rat can gnaw. In the manner of a rat making a hole through a board the seal now makes a hole through the ice just big enough to stick his nostrils up against to breathe. In some cases this hole is not over half an inch in diameter, although it may be an inch or more.

Now the seal is confined to this vicinity. He may dive down fifty feet or so, searching for a fish or something else to eat, but he has to come up to the hole every now and then for a breath of air.

For convenience, or possibly because he has nothing better to do, the seal will make in the vicinity half a dozen or a dozen other breathing holes exactly like the first. As the ice gradually thickens to six inches, a foot, two feet, four feet, and even six to seven feet at a maximum, the seal has to keep busy gnawing away to keep open as many of the holes as he desires. His object is to be able

to press his nostrils against a little hole at the very surface of the ice. To do this, he has to make in connection with each hole a cigar-shaped vertical chamber big enough to admit his whole body. This must mean a great deal of work, but perhaps it helps him to pass the time away.

Soon after the autumn freeze-up, the snow is bound to come and cover up all the breathing holes. This is evidently what the seal wants, for in rare instances some eddy of wind, caused perhaps by an ice hummock not far away, will keep free of snow the particular spot where the seal has one of his holes. Such a hole he always abandons because the freezing is more rapid where the ice is not blanketed by snow, or else perhaps because he sees danger in the exposed nature of this breathing place.

Whether the snow covering the air hole is four inches or four feet, it is granular and porus and the seal is able to suck in air through it to breathe.

My Eskimo friend had now discovered one of these breathing holes. He knew it was only one of several. If there were only one breathing hole to each seal, the hunter would be bound to get him in a few minutes; but there are many holes and it is a matter of chance whether the seal is using just the one you have discovered. In our case, he was evidently using some other hole for we stood there half the day and nothing happened. We were both so warmly dressed that although the temperature was about 40° below zero we did not feel cold even when standing still.

I got tired of standing still, however, and my Eskimo friend said it would be all right for me to walk around if I would go a hundred yards off. He himself stood motionless on the leeward side of the hole (for the seal has a very keen sense of smell). Under his feet he had a pad of fox skin to give added protection from the cold. In his hand he held his sealing harpoon. Like all Eskimo harpoons, this had a detachable head to which there was attached a strong line — in this case braided caribou sinew, but strong leather thongs are sometimes used.

We had been there several hours waiting for our seal to rise when another Eskimo came up who had not had luck finding a breathing hole. With his dog the newcomer started searching around in about a fifty-yard circle. Finally his dog found another

of our seal's breathing holes. He then took his dog and tethered him over by our dog about a hundred yards away from either hole. The newcomer then set his indicator exactly as my friend had done and now the two waited for the seal. They also encouraged me to walk around at a considerable distance from either of them, stamping on the snow here and there. The idea was to try to scare the seal away from whatever hole he might be using to one or the other of those that were now being watched.

It may have been that I scared the seal from some distant hole to the one watched by the newcomer, for all of a sudden I saw him come to alert attention. Knowing that the seal was about to come up, I approached stealthily to within about ten yards and watched. When a seal is approaching the breathing hole that contains an indicator, the wave motion in the water created by his swimming will start the indicator trembling while the animal is still some distance off. When he finally comes right into the torpedo-shaped chamber and rises straight up through the water to press his nose against the breathing hole, he touches the lower end of the rod. If it strikes him squarely on the middle of his snout he will lift it up; but if it strikes slantingly, as it nearly always does, then instead of being lifted up, the indicator slips down deeper than before. Just at that moment the hunter drives his harpoon down alongside of the indicator. If he hits the hole in the ice he hits the seal, for his nose is at that moment in the hole.

In this case the hunter made no slip and in a moment he was struggling with a powerful animal that had been harpooned in the side of the neck. The other hunter rushed up and by the braided sinew rope one of them held the animal while the other got his ice chisel and enlarged the hole until it was something over a foot in diameter, or large enough to pull the seal out. While this was going on, the dogs were watching attentively, not only because they knew that the hunt was in progress, but also because experience had taught them that their turn to help would soon come.

After killing the seal by a rap on the head the man who had caught it went over to fetch his dog. The seal hunter's dog always wears a light leather harness. This does not incommode him at all in walking. When the seal has been killed, it is fastened to the

harness by a leather trace a few feet long and the dog is told to go drag it home. If we had caught our seal early in the day the dog would have gone home alone dragging the catch up to the door of his master's house, while the hunter went across the ice to some neighbor he saw watching at another seal hole to coöperate with him as our second hunter had in this case coöperated with us. But we did not get our seal until it was almost time to go home, so we followed the dog as he dragged the seal to camp.

This method of sealing is little used in most Eskimo districts and not at all in others because the winds and currents break up the ice enough so that you can get seals in the open water all winter. There are two kinds of localities where the method is the only one available. These are on one hand such enclosed bodies of water as Coronation Gulf, and on the other the stretches far away from land (one or several hundred miles) where the currents are so sluggish that the ice remains all winter in unbroken masses, hundreds of square miles in area. In my various exploratory journeys I have had little use for the mauttok method, but I have always carried it in my mind and felt about it as one feels about an accident insurance policy — it is unnecessary as long as all goes well, but a very good thing to have up your sleeve in case of hard luck.

The third method of seal hunting is the most important in the sense that most seals are killed by it, but it is so simple that it is hardly worth describing. Where the offshore ice is broken up, you simply take your station near the edge of the landfast ice early in the morning and watch the water, waiting for a seal to appear. You may see none when you first arrive at the open water, and you may see none all day. It has happened to me that I have sat at the edge of open water day after day for a week without seeing a seal. But luck will turn and eventually they will come.

It has also happened that when I came to the edge of the water in the early morning I saw dozens of seals within shooting distance and had as many as I wanted killed within a few minutes. In traveling we never want more than one at a time, but when we are spending the winter in some settled camp we like to secure enough in the fall to last all winter. We seldom succeed in doing

that, however, and usually it is necessary even when living in one place to do at least a little hunting during the winter. In a way this is really best for it keeps camp life from becoming monotonous.

The only point about hunting seals in open water is that you must shoot them through the head. When spying around, the seal will often lift himself out of the water so high that you could shoot him through the heart, but if you make an opening through his body, and especially if you perforate the lungs, he is very likely to sink. At the hunting season in the fall, we estimate that of seals shot through the head nine out of ten will float. If seals are shot through the body, many of them will sink — anything from one out of four to one out of two.

There are two kinds of seals that we hunt north of Canada and north of Alaska; the ordinary seal (*phoca hispida*) and the bearded seal (*erignathus barbatus*). Even the largest of the common seals do not go much over two hundred pounds, but the bearded seals may run up to eight hundred pounds. Both are valuable for food, but most people prefer the bearded seals. The great difficulty about them, however, is that when killed in the water they usually sink, and when harpooned through a hole in the ice, they are so strong that they may pull the harpoon line from the hands of the hunter and swim off with it. There are Eskimos whose hands have been cut to the bone by the rope slipping through them as the seal was getting away.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. A seal diet is (tiresome, well liked, unhealthful).
   b. Seal hunting is (difficult to learn, an easy art to acquire, impossible without a great deal of training).
   c. Seals are (easy to kill, very wary, keen sighted, heavy sleepers).
2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.
   a. The best kind of clothing to wear while hunting seals is —— ——.
   b. A seal sleeps about —— —— at a time.
   c. There are —— usual methods of hunting seals. One is the —— method while the other is called the —— method.
   d. In open water seals must be shot —— —— ——.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What part does the seal play in the life of the Eskimo?
2. What does this chapter tell you of the habits of seals?
3. What have you learned of the life of the Eskimo in the North?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Read the book from which this chapter was selected and come to class prepared to tell of one of the following chapters:

a. How I built a snowhouse.
b. How we hunt polar bears.

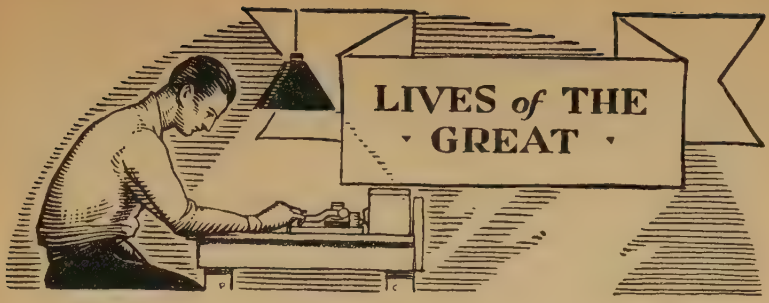
HOME READING

Adams, Katherine	*Red Caps and Lilies*
Alcott, Louisa M.	*Rose in Bloom*
Atkinson, Eleanor	*Greyfriar's Bobby*
Bennett, John	*Barnaby Lee*
Buchan, John	*Prester John*
Burnett, Frances Hodgson	*Secret Garden*
Connor, Ralph	*Prospector*
Cooper, James Fenimore	*Last of the Mohicans*
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan	*White Company*
Dumas, Alexander	*Three Musketeers*
Farnol, Jeffery	*Moneymoon*
Fox, John, Jr.	*Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*
Grahame, Kenneth	*Wind in the Willows*
Gras, Felix	*Reds of the Midi*
Gregor, Elmer R.	*Red Arrow*
Grew, David	*Beyond Rope and Fence*
Grey, Zane	*Wildfire*
Haggard, H. Rider	*King Solomon's Mines*
Hawes, Charles Boardman	*Great Quest*
	Dark Frigate
Hough, Emerson	*Covered Wagon*
Jackson, Helen Hunt	*Ramona*
Janvier, Thomas A.	*In the Sargasso Sea*
Jewett, Sarah Orne	*Betty Leicester*
Johnson, Owen	*The Varmint*
Le Gallienne, Richard	*Pieces of Eight*
Lincoln, Joseph	*Cape Cod Folks*

Major, Charles	*When Knighthood Was in Flower*
Marryat, Frederick	*Masterman Ready*
Marshall, Bernard	*Cedric, the Forester*
Martin, Helen R.	*Barnabetta*
Masefield, John	*Jim Davis*
	Martin Hyde
Meigs, Cornelia	*Master Simon's Garden*
	A Pool of Stars
Page, Thomas Nelson	*Red Rock*
Paine, Ralph D.	*Dragon and the Cross*
Pyle, Howard	*Men of Iron*
Quick, Herbert	*Vandemark's Folly*
Seaman, Augusta Huiell	*When a Cobbler Ruled a King*
Sienkiewicz, Henryk	*In Desert and Wilderness*
Singmaster, Elsie	*Emmeline*
Skinner, Constance L.	*Becky Landers, Frontier Scout*
Stern, E. G.	*My Mother and I*
Stevens, James	*Paul Bunyan*
Stevenson, Robert Louis	*Black Arrow*
Stockton, Frank R.	*Fanciful Tales*
Tarkington, Booth	*Monsieur Beaucaire*
Terhune, Albert Payson	*Bruce*
Tomlinson, E. T.	*Fort in the Forest*
Twain, Mark	*Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*
Verne, Jules	*Mysterious Island*
Webster, Jean	*Daddy-Long-Legs*
White, Eliza Orne	*Blue Aunt*
White, Stewart Edward	*Gold*
	Forest
Whitehead, A. C.	*Standard Bearer*
Wiggin, Kate Douglas	*Mother Carey's Chickens*

GENERAL REVIEW TOPICS ON STORIES

1. Tell the class of the most interesting incident or character in the book you read.
2. What reading have you done from your own choice?
3. Who are your favorite authors?
4. What interests you most in reading a long story?
5. Make a list of ten important characters from stories you have read. Star the one you liked best.
6. Tell of an experience of your own that parallels an incident in any story you have read.



Why should boys and girls find pleasure in reading biography and autobiography?

One reason is that through biographies and autobiographies you have an opportunity to know interesting people, to learn how they look and act and think. You may not be able to meet Thomas Edison in person, but you can sit down with his biographer Mr. Meadowcroft, and listen to him talk about the great inventor as he knows and sees him.

Autobiography brings you into even closer touch with people who have lived interesting lives, because here the story is told by the person himself. By means of his autobiography you can spend a day with Mark Twain, join in his acts and listen to his conversation and in the same way you can visit Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Carnegie, Colonel Cody, Booker T. Washington, Jacob A. Riis, Edward Bok, Michael Pupin, Dr. Grenfell, Mary Antin, Helen Keller and numberless other interesting men and women.

Another reason for reading biography and autobiography is that they help to make history easier to understand, for history is made up of the lives of all the men and women who made it.

IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE *

When you go into your local library, whether it be in town or city, the name that will most often appear on the doorway is that of Andrew Carnegie. This Scotch boy, who came to America and rose from poverty to riches and fame, believed that people should have an opportunity to get

* Reprinted from *Andrew Carnegie's Own Story for Boys and Girls* by permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company.

at books; and to this end he devoted much of his great wealth. In his story of his life, from which the following chapter is taken, he tells you how he made his fortune, and how he came to be interested in education and the advancement of peace.

I had served as messenger about a year, when Colonel John P. Glass, the manager of the downstairs office, who came in contact with the public, began selecting me occasionally to watch the office for a few minutes during his absence. As Mr. Glass was a highly popular man, and had political aspirations, these periods of absence became longer and more frequent, so that I soon became an adept in his branch of the work. I received messages from the public and saw that those that came from the operating-room were properly assigned to the boys for prompt delivery.

This was a trying position for a boy to fill, and at that time I was not popular with the other boys, who resented my exemption from part of my legitimate work. I was also taxed with being penurious in my habits — mean, as the boys had it. I did not spend my extra dimes, but they knew not the reason. Every penny that I could save I knew was needed at home. My parents were wise and nothing was withheld from me. I knew every week the receipts of each of the three who were working — my father, my mother, and myself. I also knew all the expenditures. We consulted upon the additions that could be made to our scanty stock of furniture and clothing and every new small article obtained was a source of joy. There never was a family more united.

Day by day, as mother could spare a silver half-dollar, it was carefully placed in a stocking and hid until two hundred were gathered, when I obtained a draft to repay the twenty pounds so generously lent to us by her friend Mrs. Henderson. That was a day we celebrated. The Carnegie family was free from debt. Oh, the happiness of that day! The debt was, indeed, discharged, but the debt of gratitude remains that never can be paid.

The incident in my messenger life which at once lifted me to the seventh heaven, occurred one Saturday evening when Colonel Glass was paying the boys their month's wages. We stood in a row before the counter, and Mr. Glass paid each one in turn. I was at the head and reached out my hand for the first eleven and a quarter dollars as they were pushed out by Mr. Glass. To my

surprise he pushed them past me and paid the next boy. I thought it was a mistake, for I had heretofore been paid first, but it followed in turn with each of the other boys. My heart began to sink within me. Disgrace seemed coming. What had I done or not done? I was about to be told that there was no more work for me. I was to disgrace the family. That was the keenest pang of all. When all had been paid and the boys were gone, Mr. Glass took me behind the counter and said that I was worth more than the other boys, and he had resolved to pay me thirteen and a half dollars a month.

My head swam; I doubted whether I had heard him correctly. He counted out the money. I don't know whether I thanked him; I don't believe I did. I took it and made one bound for the door and scarcely stopped until I got home. I remember distinctly running or rather bounding from end to end of the bridge across the Allegheny River — inside on the wagon track because the footwalk was too narrow. It was Saturday night. I handed over to mother, who was the treasurer of the family, the eleven dollars and a quarter and said nothing about the remaining two dollars and a quarter in my pocket — worth more to me then than all the millions I have made since.

Tom, a little boy of nine, and myself slept in the attic together, and after we were safely in bed I whispered the secret to my dear little brother. Even at his early age he knew what it meant, and we talked over the future. It was then, for the first time, I sketched to him how we would go into business together; that the firm of " Carnegie Brothers " would be a great one, and that father and mother should yet ride in their carriage. At the time that seemed to us to embrace everything known as wealth and most of what was worth striving for. The old Scotch woman, whose daughter married a merchant in London, being asked by her son-in-law to come to London and live near them, promising she should " ride in her carriage," replied:

" What good could it do me to ride in a carriage gin I could na be seen by the folk in Strathbogie? " Father and mother would not only be seen in Pittsburgh, but should visit Dunfermline, their old home, in style.

On Sunday morning with father, mother, and Tom at breakfast,

I produced the extra two dollars and a quarter. The surprise was great and it took some moments for them to grasp the situation, but it soon dawned upon them. Then father's glance of loving pride and mother's blazing eye soon wet with tears, told their feeling. It was their boy's first triumph and proof positive that he was worthy of promotion. No subsequent success, or recognition of any kind, ever thrilled me as this did. I cannot even imagine one that could. Here was heaven upon earth. My whole world was moved to tears of joy.

Having to sweep out the operating-room in the mornings, the boys had an opportunity of practicing upon the telegraph instruments before the operators arrived. This was a new chance. I soon began to play with the key and to talk with the boys who were at the other stations who had like purposes to my own. Whenever one learns to do anything he has never to wait long for an opportunity of putting his knowledge to use.

One morning I heard the Pittsburgh call given with vigor. It seemed to me I could divine that some one wished greatly to communicate. I ventured to answer, and let the slip run. It was Philadelphia that wanted to send "a death message" to Pittsburgh immediately. Could I take it? I replied that I would try if they would send slowly. I succeeded in getting the message and ran out with it. I waited anxiously for Mr. Brooks to come in, and told him what I had dared to do. Fortunately, he appreciated it and complimented me, instead of scolding me for my temerity; yet dismissing me with the admonition to be very careful and not to make mistakes. It was not long before I was called sometimes to watch the instrument, while the operator wished to be absent, and in this way I learned the art of telegraphy.

We were blessed at this time with a rather indolent operator, who was only too glad to have me do his work. It was then the practice for us to receive the messages on a running slip of paper, from which the operator read to a copyist, but rumors had reached us that a man in the West had learned to read by sound and could really take a message by ear. This led me to practice the new method. One of the operators in the office became expert at it, and encouraged me by his success. I was surprised at the ease with which I learned the new language. One day, desiring to take

a message in the absence of the operator, the old gentleman who acted as copyist resented my presumption and refused to " copy " for a messenger boy. I shut off the paper slip, took pencil and paper and began taking the message by ear. I shall never forget his surprise. He ordered me to give him back his pencil and pad, and after that there was never any difficulty between dear old Courtney Hughes and myself. He was my devoted friend and copyist.

Soon after this incident, the operator at Greensburg, thirty miles from Pittsburgh, wishing to be absent for two weeks, asked Mr. Brooks if he could not send some one to take his place. Mr. Brooks called me and asked whether I thought I could do the work. I replied at once in the affirmative.

" Well," he said, " we will send you out there for a trial."

I went out in the mail stage and had a most delightful trip. It was my first excursion, and my first glimpse of the country. The hotel at Greensburg was the first public house in which I had ever taken a meal. I thought the food wonderfully fine.

This was in 1852. Deep cuts and embankments near Greensburg were then being made for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and I often walked out in the early morning to see the work going forward, little dreaming that I was so soon to enter the service of that great corporation. This was the first responsible position I had occupied in the telegraph service, and I was so anxious to be at hand in case I should be needed, that one night very late I sat in the office during a storm, not wishing to cut off the connection. I ventured too near the key and for my boldness was knocked off my stool. A flash of lightning very nearly ended my career. After that I was noted in the office for caution during lightning storms. I succeeded in doing the small business at Greensburg to the satisfaction of my superiors, and returned to Pittsburgh surrounded with something like a halo, so far as the other boys were concerned. Promotion soon came. A new operator was wanted and Mr. Brooks telegraphed to my afterward dear friend James D. Reid, then general superintendent of the line, another fine specimen of the Scotsman, and took upon himself to recommend me as an assistant operator. The telegram from Louisville in reply stated that Mr. Reid highly approved of

promoting "Andy," provided Mr. Brooks considered him competent. The result was that I began as a telegraph operator at the tremendous salary of twenty-five dollars per month, which I thought a fortune. I was then in my seventeenth year and had served my apprenticeship. I was now performing a man's part, no longer a boy's — earning a dollar every working day.

The operating-room of a telegraph office is an excellent school for a young man. He there has to do with pencil and paper, with composition and invention. And there my slight knowledge of British and European affairs soon stood me in good stead. Knowledge is sure to prove useful in one way or another. It always tells. The foreign news was then received by wire from Cape Race, and the taking of successive "steamer news" was one of the most notable of our duties. I liked this better than any other branch of the work, and it was soon tacitly assigned to me.

The lines in those days worked poorly, and during a storm much had to be guessed at. My guessing powers were said to be phenomenal, and it was my favorite diversion to fill up gaps instead of interrupting the sender and spending minutes over a lost word or two. This was not a dangerous practice in regard to foreign news, for if any undue liberties were taken by the bold operator, they were not of a character likely to bring him into serious trouble. My knowledge of foreign affairs became somewhat extensive, especially regarding the affairs of Britain, and my guesses were quite safe, if I got the first letter or two right.

The Pittsburgh newspapers had each been in the habit of sending a reporter to the office to transcribe the press dispatches. Later on one man was appointed for all the papers and he suggested that multiple copies could readily be made of the news as received, and it was arranged that I should make five copies of all press dispatches for him as extra work for which he was to pay me a dollar per week. This, my first work for the press, yielded very modest renumeration, to be sure; but it made my salary thirty dollars per month, and every dollar counted in those days. The family was gradually gaining ground; already future millionairedom seemed dawning.

Another step which exercised a decided influence over me was joining the "Webster Literary Society" along with my com-

panions, the trusty five already named. We formed a select circle and stuck closely together. This was quite an advantage for all of us. We had before this formed a small debating club which met in Mr. Phipps's father's room in which his few journeymen shoemakers worked during the day. Tom Miller recently alleged that I once spoke nearly an hour and a half upon the question, "Should the judiciary be elected by the people?" but we must mercifully assume his memory to be at fault. The "Webster" was then the foremost club in the city and proud were we to be thought fit for membership. We had merely been preparing ourselves in the cobbler's room.

I know of no better mode of benefiting a youth than joining such a club as this. Much of my reading became such as had a bearing on forthcoming debates and that gave clearness and fixity to my ideas. The self-possession I afterwards came to have before an audience may very safely be attributed to the experience of the "Webster Society." My two rules for speaking then (and now) were: Make yourself perfectly at home before your audience, and simply talk *to* them, not *at* them. Do not try to be somebody else; be your own self and *talk,* never "orate" until you can't help it.

I finally became an operator by sound, discarding printing entirely. The accomplishment was then so rare that people visited the office to be satisfied of the extraordinary feat. This brought me into such notice that when a great flood destroyed all telegraph communication between Steubenville and Wheeling, a distance of twenty-five miles, I was sent to the former town to receive the entire business then passing between the East and the West, and to send every hour or two the dispatches in small boats down the river to Wheeling. In exchange every returning boat brought rolls of dispatches which I wired East, and in this way for more than a week the entire telegraphic communication between the East and the West *via* Pittsburgh was maintained.

While at Steubenville I learned that my father was going to Wheeling and Cincinnati to sell the tablecloths he had woven. I waited for the boat, which did not arrive till late in the evening, and went down to meet him. I remember how deeply affected I was on finding that instead of taking a cabin passage, he had re-

solved not to pay the price, but to go down the river as a deck passenger. I was indignant that one of so fine a nature should be compelled to travel thus. But there was comfort in saying:

"Well, father, it will not be long before mother and you shall ride in your carriage."

My father was usually shy, reserved, and keenly sensitive, very saving of praise (a Scotch trait) lest his sons might be too greatly uplifted; but when touched he lost his self-control. He was so upon this occasion, and grasped my hand with a look which I often see and can never forget. He murmured slowly:

"Andra, I am proud of you."

The voice trembled and he seemed ashamed of himself for saying so much. The tear had to be wiped from his eye, I fondly noticed, as he bade me good-night and told me to run back to my office. Those words rang in my ear and warmed my heart for years and years. We understood each other. My father was one of the most lovable of men, beloved of his companions, deeply religious, not much of a man of the world, but a man all over for heaven. He was kindness itself, although reserved. Alas! he passed away soon after returning from this Western tour just as we were becoming able to give him a life of leisure and comfort.

After my return to Pittsburgh it was not long before I made the acquaintance of an extraordinary man, Thomas A. Scott, one to whom the term "genius" in his department may safely be applied. He had come to Pittsburgh as superintendent of that division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Frequent telegraphic communication was necessary between him and his superior, Mr. Lombaert, general superintendent at Altoona. This brought him to the telegraph office at night, and upon several occasions I happened to be the operator. One day I was surprised by one of his assistants with whom I was acquainted, telling me that Mr. Scott had asked him whether he thought that I could be obtained as his clerk and telegraph operator, to which this young man told me he had replied:

"That is impossible. He is now an operator."

But when I heard this I said at once:

"Not so fast. He can have me. I want to get out of a mere office life. Please go and tell him so."

The result was I was engaged February 1, 1853, at a salary of thirty-five dollars a month as Mr. Scott's clerk and operator. A raise in wages from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per month was the greatest I had ever known. The public telegraph line was temporarily put into Mr. Scott's office at the outer depot and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was given permission to use the wire at seasons when such use would not interfere with the general public business, until their own line, then being built, was completed.

MASTERY TESTS

Write on a piece of paper the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement. Do not write in the book.

a. Andrew Carnegie learned to become a telegraph operator (by studying telegraphy carefully, by practicing on the keys before the operators arrived, by carefully observing the other operators).

b. Andrew Carnegie (came of a poor family, was born rich, had rich relations).

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. From your reading of this selection can you make a list of good qualities which made Andrew Carnegie more than an ordinary telegraph operator?

2. What have you learned from this selection that is worth remembering?

3. Read the rest of his autobiography and volunteer to make a short report on one of the following topics:

a. His experiences as a railroad man.

b. How he entered into the business of building bridges.

c. His many contributions to the welfare of America and the world.

BOYHOOD ON A MISSOURI FARM *

By MARK TWAIN (1835–1910)

Many of you have undoubtedly read Mark Twain's fascinating stories, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.*

* Reprinted by permission of and by arrangement with Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1924, by Clara Gabrilowitsch.

Those who have need no introduction to this genial master of prose. Many of the characters, scenes, and incidents found in these books can be traced to the experiences of the author's boyhood days. The selection given below, taken from the autobiography of Mark Twain, gives an account of the happy days he spent as a boy on the farm of his uncle. Throughout runs that fine vein of humor and sympathy which we always associate with Mark Twain. It is told so naturally that it seems as though the author were speaking to us personally.

My uncle, John A. Quarles, was a farmer, and his place was in the country four miles from Florida. He had eight children and fifteen or twenty negroes, and was also fortunate in other ways, particularly in his character. I have not come across a better man than he was. I was his guest for two or three months every year, from the fourth year after we removed to Hannibal till I was eleven or twelve years old. I have never consciously used him or his wife in a book, but his farm has come very handy to me in literature once or twice. In *Huck Finn* and in *Tom Sawyer, Detective* I moved it down to Arkansas. It was all of six hundred miles, but it was no trouble; it was not a very large farm — five hundred acres, perhaps — but I could have done it if it had been twice as large. And as for the morality of it, I cared nothing for that; I would move a state if the exigencies of literature required it.

It was a heavenly place for a boy, that farm of my Uncle John's. The house was a double log one, with a spacious floor (roofed in) connecting it with the kitchen. In the summer the table was set in the middle of that shady and breezy floor, and the sumptuous meals — well, it makes me cry to think of them. Fried chicken, roast pig; wild and tame turkeys, ducks, and geese; venison just killed; squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, prairie-chickens; biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot buckwheat cakes, hot "wheat bread," hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear, succotash, butter-beans, string-beans, tomatoes, peas, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes; buttermilk, sweet milk, "clabber"; watermelons, muskmelons, cantaloupes — all fresh from the garden; apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dumplings, peach cobbler — I can't remember the rest. The way that the things were cooked was perhaps the main splendor — particularly a certain

few of the dishes. For instance, the corn bread, the hot biscuits and wheat bread, and the fried chicken. These things have never been properly cooked in the North — in fact, no one there is able to learn the art, so far as my experience goes. The North thinks it knows how to make corn bread, but this is mere superstition. Perhaps no bread in the world is quite so good as Southern corn bread, and perhaps no bread in the world is quite so bad as the Northern imitation of it. The North seldom tries to fry chicken, and this is well; the art cannot be learned north of the line of Mason and Dixon, nor anywhere in Europe. This is not hearsay; it is experience that is speaking. In Europe it is imagined that the custom of serving various kinds of bread blazing hot is "American," but that is too broad a spread; it is custom in the South, but is much less than that in the North. In the North and in Europe hot bread is considered unhealthy. This is probably another fussy superstition, like the European superstition that ice-water is unhealthy. Europe does not need ice-water and does not drink it; and yet, notwithstanding this, its word for it is better than ours, because it describes it, whereas ours doesn't. Europe calls it "iced" water. Our word describes water made from melted ice — a drink which has a characterless taste and which we have but little acquaintance with.

It seems a pity that the world should throw away so many good things merely because they are unwholesome. I doubt if God has given us any refreshment which, taken in moderation, is unwholesome, except microbes. Yet there are people who strictly deprive themselves of each and every eatable, drinkable, and smokable which has in any way acquired a shady reputation. They pay this price for health. And health is all they get for it. How strange it is! It is like paying out your whole fortune for a cow that has gone dry.

The farmhouse stood in the middle of a very large yard, and the yard was fenced on three sides with rails and on the rear side with high palings; against these stood the smokehouse; beyond the palings was the orchard; beyond the orchard were the negro quarters and the tobacco fields. The front yard was entered over a stile made of sawed-off logs of graduated heights; I do not remember any gate. In a corner of the front yard were a dozen

lofty hickory trees and a dozen black walnuts, and in the nutting season riches were to be gathered there.

Down a piece, abreast the house, stood a little log cabin against the rail fence; and there the woody hill fell sharply away, past the barns, the corn-crib, the stables, and the tobacco-curing house, to a limpid brook which sang along over its gravelly bed and curved and frisked in and out and here and there and yonder in the deep shade of overhanging foliage and vines — a divine place for wading, and it had swimming pools, too, which were forbidden to us and therefore much frequented by us. For we were little Christian children and had early been taught the value of forbidden fruit.

In the little log cabin lived a bedridden white-headed slave woman whom we visited daily and looked upon with awe, for we believed she was upward of a thousand years old and had talked with Moses. The younger negroes credited these statistics and had furnished them to us in good faith. We accommodated all the details which came to us about her; and so we believed that she had lost her health in the long desert trip coming out of Egypt, and had never been able to get it back again. She had a round bald place on the crown of her head, and we used to creep around and gaze at it in reverent silence, and reflect that it was caused by fright through seeing Pharaoh drowned. We called her "Aunt" Hannah, Southern fashion. She was superstitious, like the other negroes; also, like them, she was deeply religious. Like them, she had great faith in prayer and employed it in all ordinary exigencies, but not in cases where a dead certainty of result was urgent. Whenever witches were around she tied up the remnant of her wool in little tufts, with white thread, and this promptly made the witches impotent.

All the negroes were friends of ours, and with those of our own age we were, in effect, comrades. I say in effect, using the phrase as a modification. We were comrades, and yet not comrades; color and condition interposed a subtle line which both parties were conscious of and which rendered complete fusion impossible. We had a faithful and affectionate good friend, ally, and adviser in "Uncle Dan'l," a middle-aged slave whose head was the best one in the negro quarter, whose sympathies were wide and warm,

and whose heart was honest and simple and knew no guile. He has served me well these many, many years. I have not seen him for more than half a century, and yet spiritually I have had his welcome company a good part of that time, and have staged him in books under his own name and as " Jim," carted him all around — to Hannibal, down the Mississippi on a raft, and even across the Desert of Sahara in a balloon — and he has endured it all with the patience and friendliness and loyalty which were his birthright. It was on the farm that I got my strong liking for his race and my appreciation of certain of its fine qualities. This feeling and this estimate have stood the test of sixty years and more, and have suffered no impairment. The black face is as welcome to me now as it was then.

In my schoolboy days I had no aversion to slavery. I was not aware that there was anything wrong about it. No one arraigned it in my hearing; the local papers said nothing against it; the local pulpit taught us that God approved it, that it was a holy thing, and that the doubter need only look in the Bible if he wished to settle his mind — and then the texts were read aloud to us to make the matter sure; if the slaves themselves had an aversion to slavery, they were wise and said nothing. In Hannibal we seldom saw a slave misused; on the farm, never.

There was, however, one small incident of my boyhood days which touched this matter, and it must have meant a good deal to me or it would not have stayed in my memory, clear and sharp, vivid and shadowless, all these slow-drifting years. We had a little slave boy whom we had hired from some one, there in Hannibal. He was from the eastern shore of Maryland, and had been brought away from his family and his friends, halfway across the American continent, and sold. He was a cheery spirit, innocent and gentle, and the noisiest creature that ever was, perhaps. All day long he was singing, whistling, yelling, whooping, laughing — it was maddening, devastating, unendurable. At last, one day, I lost all my temper, and went raging to my mother and said Sandy had been singing for an hour without a single break, and I couldn't stand it, and *wouldn't* she please shut him up. The tears came into her eyes and her lip trembled, and she said something like this:

" Poor thing, when he sings it shows that he is not remembering, and that comforts me; but when he is still I am afraid he is thinking, and I cannot bear it. He will never see his mother again; if he can sing, I must not hinder it, but be thankful for it. If you were older, you would understand me; then that friendless child's noise would make you glad."

It was a simple speech and made up of small words, but it went home, and Sandy's noise was not a trouble to me any more. She never used large words, but she had a natural gift for making small ones do effective work. She lived to reach the neighborhood of ninety years and was capable with her tongue to the last — especially when a meanness or an injustice roused her spirit. She has come handy to me several times in my books, where she figures as Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly. I fitted her out with a dialect and tried to think up other improvements for her, but did not find any. I used Sandy once, also; it was in *Tom Sawyer*. I tried to get him to whitewash the fence, but it did not work. I do not remember what name I called him by in the book.

I can see the farm yet, with perfect clearness. I can see all its belongings, all its details; the family room of the house, with a " trundle " bed in one corner and a spinning-wheel in another — a wheel whose rising and falling wail, heard from a distance, was the mournfulest of all sounds to me, and made me homesick and low spirited, and filled my atmosphere with the wandering spirits of the dead; the vast fireplace, piled high, on winter nights, with flaming hickory logs from whose ends a sugary sap bubbled out, but did not go to waste, for we scraped it off and ate it; the lazy cat spread out on the rough hearthstones; the drowsy dogs braced against the jambs and blinking; my aunt in one chimney corner, knitting; my uncle in the other, smoking his corn-cob pipe; the slick and carpetless oak floor faintly mirroring the dancing flame tongues and freckled with black indentations where fire coals had popped out and died a leisurely death; half a dozen children romping in the background twilight; " split "-bottomed chairs here and there, some with rockers; a cradle — out of service, but waiting, with confidence; in the early cold mornings a snuggle of children, in shirts and chemises, occupying the hearthstone and procrastinating — they could not bear to leave that comfortable

place and go out on the wind-swept floor space between the house and kitchen where the general tin basin stood, and wash.

Along outside of the front fence ran the country road, dusty in the summertime, and a good place for snakes — they liked to lie in it and sun themselves; when they were rattlesnakes or puff adders, we killed them; when they were black snakes, or racers, or belonged to the fabled " hoop " breed, we fled, without shame; when they were " house snakes," or " garters," we carried them home and put them in Aunt Patsy's work basket for a surprise; for she was prejudiced against snakes, and always when she took the basket in her lap and they began to climb out of it it disordered her mind. She never could seem to get used to them; her opportunities went for nothing. And she was always cold toward bats, too, and could not bear them; and yet I think a bat is as friendly a bird as there is. My mother was Aunt Patsy's sister and had the same wild superstitions. A bat is beautifully soft and silky; I do not know any creature that is pleasanter to the touch or is more grateful for caressings, if offered in the right spirit. I know all about these coleoptera, because our great cave, three miles below Hannibal, was multitudinously stocked with them, and often I brought them home to amuse my mother with. It was easy to manage if it was a school day, because then I had ostensibly been to school and hadn't any bats. She was not a suspicious person, but full of trust and confidence; and when I said, " There's something in my coat pocket for you," she would put her hand in. But she always took it out again, herself; I didn't have to tell her. It was remarkable, the way she couldn't learn to like private bats. The more experience she had, the more she could not change her views.

I think she was never in the cave in her life; but everybody else went there. Many excursion parties came from considerable distances up and down the river to visit the cave. It was miles in extent and was a tangled wilderness of narrow and lofty clefts and passages. It was an easy place to get lost in; anybody could do it — including the bats. I got lost in it myself, along with a lady, and our last candle burned down to almost nothing before we glimpsed the search party's lights winding about in the distance.

" Injun Joe," the half-breed, got lost in there once, and would have starved to death if the bats had run short. But there was no chance of that; there were myriads of them. He told me all his story. In the book called *Tom Sawyer* I starved him entirely to death in the cave, but that was in the interest of art; it never happened. " General " Gaines, who was our first town drunkard before Jimmy Finn got the place, was lost in there for the space of a week, and finally pushed his handkerchief out of a hole in a hilltop near Saverton, several miles down the river from the cave's mouth, and somebody saw it and dug him out. There is nothing the matter with his statistics except the handkerchief. I knew him for years and he hadn't any. But it could have been his nose. That would attract attention.

Beyond the road where the snakes sunned themselves was a dense young thicket, and through it a dim-lighted path led a quarter of a mile; then out of the dimness one emerged abruptly upon a level great prairie which was covered with wild strawberry plants, vividly starred with prairie pinks, and walled in on all sides by forests. The strawberries were fragrant and fine, and in the season we were generally there in the crisp freshness of the early morning, while the dew beads still sparkled upon the grass and the woods were ringing with the first songs of the birds.

Down the forest slopes to the left were the swings. They were made of bark stripped from hickory saplings. When they became dry they were dangerous. They usually broke when a child was forty feet in the air, and this was why so many bones had to be mended every year. I had no ill luck myself, but none of my cousins escaped. There were eight of them, and at one time and another they broke fourteen arms among them. But it cost next to nothing, for the doctor worked by the year — twenty-five dollars for the whole family. I remember two of the Florida doctors, Chowning and Meredith. They not only tended an entire family for twenty-five dollars a year, but furnished the medicines themselves. Good measure, too. Only the largest persons could hold a whole dose. Castor oil was the principal beverage. The dose was half a dipperful, with half a dipperful of New Orleans molasses added to help it down and make it taste good, which it never did. The next standby was calomel; the next, rhubarb; and the

next, jalap. Then they bled the patient, and put mustard plasters on him. It was a dreadful system, and yet the death rate was not heavy. The calomel was nearly sure to salivate the patient and cost him some of his teeth. There were no dentists. When teeth became touched with decay or were otherwise ailing, the doctor knew of but one thing to do — he fetched his tongs and dragged them out. If the jaw remained, it was not his fault. Doctors were not called in cases of ordinary illness; the family grandmother attended to those. Every old woman was a doctor, and gathered her own medicines in the woods, and knew how to compound doses that would stir the vitals of a cast-iron dog. And then there was the " Indian doctor "; a grave savage, remnant of his tribe, deeply read in the mysteries of nature and the secret properties of herbs; and most backwoodsmen had high faith in his powers and could tell of wonderful cures achieved by him. In Mauritius, away off yonder in the solitudes of the Indian Ocean, there is a person who answers to our Indian doctor of the old times. He is a negro, and has had no teaching as a doctor, yet there is one disease which he is master of and can cure and the doctors can't. They send for him when they have a case. It is a child's disease of a strange and deadly sort, and the negro cures it with an herb medicine which he makes, himself, from a prescription which has come down to him from his father and grandfather. He will not let any one see it. He keeps the secret of its components to himself, and it is feared that he will die without divulging it; then there will be consternation in Mauritius. I was told these things by the people there, in 1896.

We had the " faith doctor," too, in those early days — a woman. Her specialty was toothache. She was a farmer's old wife and lived five miles from Hannibal. She would lay her hand on the patient's jaw and say, " Believe! " and the cure was prompt. Mrs. Utterback. I remember her very well. Twice I rode out there behind my mother, horseback, and saw the cure performed. My mother was the patient.

Doctor Meredith removed to Hannibal, by and by, and was our family physician there, and saved my life several times. Still, he was a good man and meant well. Let it go.

I was always told that I was a sickly and precarious and tire-

some and uncertain child, and lived mainly on allopathic medicines during the first seven years of my life. I asked my mother about this, in her old age — she was in her eighty-eighth year — and said:

"I suppose that during all that time you were uneasy about me?"

"Yes, the whole time."

"Afraid I wouldn't live?"

After a reflective pause — ostensibly to think out the facts — "No — afraid you would."

The country schoolhouse was three miles from my uncle's farm. It stood in a clearing in the woods and would hold about twenty-five boys and girls. We attended the school with more or less regularity once or twice a week, in summer, walking to it in the cool of the morning by the forest paths, and back in the gloaming at the end of the day. All the pupils brought their dinners in baskets — corn dodger, buttermilk, and other good things — and sat in the shade of the trees at noon and ate them. It is the part of my education which I look back upon with the most satisfaction.

As I have said, I spent some part of every year at the farm until I was twelve or thirteen years old. The life which I led there with my cousins was full of charm, and so is the memory of it yet. I can call back the solemn twilight and mystery of the deep woods, the earthy smells, the faint odors of the wild flowers, the sheen of rain-washed foliage, the rattling clatter of drops when the wind shook the trees, the far-off hammering of woodpeckers and the muffled drumming of wood pheasants in the remoteness of the forest, the snapshot glimpses of disturbed wild creatures scurrying through the grass — I can call it all back and make it as real as it ever was, and as blessed. I can call back the prairie, and its loneliness and peace, and a vast hawk hanging motionless in the sky, with his wings spread wide and the blue of the vault showing through the fringe of their end feathers. I can see the woods in their autumn dress, the oaks purple, the hickories washed with gold, the maples and the sumachs luminous with crimson fires, and I can hear the rustle made by the fallen leaves as we plowed through them. I can see the blue clusters of wild grapes

hanging among the foliage of the saplings, and I remember the taste of them and the smell. I know how the wild blackberries looked, and how they tasted, and the same with the pawpaws, the hazelnuts, and the persimmons; and I can feel the thumping rain, upon my head, of hickory nuts and walnuts when we were out in the frosty dawn to scramble for them with the pigs, and the gusts of wind loosed them and sent them down. I know the stain of blackberries, and how pretty it is, and I know the stain of walnut hulls, and how little it minds soap and water, also what grudged experience it had of either of them. I know the taste of maple sap, and when to gather it, and how to arrange the troughs and the delivery tubes, and how to boil down the juice, and how to hook the sugar after it is made, also how much better hooked sugar tastes than any that is honestly come by, let bigots say what they will. I know how a prize watermelon looks when it is sunning its fat rotundity among pumpkin vines and "simblins"; I know how to tell when it is ripe without "plugging" it; I know how inviting it looks when it is cooling itself in a tub of water under the bed, waiting; I know how it looks when it lies on the table in the sheltered great floor space between house and kitchen, and the children gathered for the sacrifice and their mouths watering; I know the crackling sound it makes when the carving knife enters its end, and I can see the split fly along the front of the blade as the knife cleaves its way to the other end; I can see its halves fall apart and display the rich red meat and the black seeds, and the heart standing up, a luxury fit for the elect; I know how a boy looks behind a yard-long slice of that melon, and I know how he feels; for I have been there. I know the taste of the watermelon which has been honestly come by, and I know the taste of the watermelon which has been acquired by art. Both taste good, but the experienced know which tastes best. I know the look of green apples and peaches and pears on the trees, and I know how entertaining they are when they are inside of a person. I know how ripe ones look when they are piled in pyramids under the trees, and how pretty they are and how vivid their colors. I know how a frozen apple looks, in a barrel down cellar in the wintertime, and how hard it is to bite, and how the frost makes the teeth ache, and yet how good it is, notwithstanding. I know

the disposition of elderly people to select the specked apples for the children, and I once knew ways to beat the game. I know the look of an apple that is roasting and sizzling on a hearth on a winter's evening, and I know the comfort that comes of eating it hot, along with some sugar and a drench of cream. I know the delicate art and mystery of so cracking hickory nuts and walnuts on a flatiron with a hammer that the kernels will be delivered whole, and I know how the nuts, taken in conjunction with winter apples, cider, and doughnuts, make old people's old tales and old jokes sound fresh and crisp and enchanting, and juggle an evening away before you know what went with the time. I know the look of Uncle Dan'l's kitchen as it was on the privileged nights, when I was a child, and I can see the white and black children grouped on the hearth, with the firelight playing on their faces and the shadows flickering upon the walls, clear back toward the cavernous gloom of the rear, and I can hear Uncle Dan'l telling the immortal tales which Uncle Remus Harris was to gather into his book and charm the world with, by and by; and I can feel again the creepy joy which quivered through me when the time for the ghost story was reached — and the sense of regret, too, which came over me, for it was always the last story of the evening and there was nothing between it and the unwelcome bed.

I can remember the bare wooden stairway in my uncle's house, and the turn to the left above the landing, and the rafters and the slanting roof over my bed, and the squares of moonlight on the floor, and the white cold world of snow outside, seen through the curtainless window. I can remember the howling of the wind and the quaking of the house on stormy nights, and how snug and cozy one felt, under the blankets, listening; and how the powdery snow used to sift in, around the sashes, and lie in little ridges on the floor and make the place look chilly in the morning and curb the wild desire to get up — in case there was any. I can remember how very dark that room was, in the dark of the moon, and how packed it was with ghostly stillness when one woke up by accident away in the night, and forgotten sins came flocking out of the secret chambers of the memory and wanted a hearing; and how ill chosen the time seemed for this kind of business; and

how dismal was the hoo-hooing of the owl and the wailing of the wolf, sent mourning by on the night wind.

I remember the raging of the rain on that roof, summer nights, and how pleasant it was to lie and listen to it, and enjoy the white splendor of the lightning and the majestic booming and crashing of the thunder. It was a very satisfactory room, and there was a lightning rod which was reachable from the window, an adorable and skittish thing to climb up and down, summer nights, when there were duties on hand of a sort to make privacy desirable.

I remember the 'coon and 'possum hunts, nights, with the negroes, and the long marches through the black gloom of the woods, and the excitement which fired everybody when the distant bay of an experienced dog announced that the game was treed; then the wild scramblings and stumbling through briers and bushes and over roots to get to the spot; then the lighting of a fire and the felling of the tree, the joyful frenzy of the dogs and the negroes, and the weird picture it all made in the red glare — I remember it all well, and the delight that every one got out of it, except the 'coon.

I remember the pigeon seasons, when the birds would come in millions and cover the trees and by their weight break down the branches. They were clubbed to death with sticks; guns were not necessary and were not used. I remember the squirrel hunts, and prairie-chicken hunts, and wild-turkey hunts, and all that; and how we turned out, mornings, while it was still dark, to go on these expeditions, and how chilly and dismal it was, and how often I regretted that I was well enough to go. A toot on a tin horn brought twice as many dogs as were needed, and in their happiness they raced and scampered about, and knocked small people down, and made no end of unnecessary noise. At the word, they vanished away toward the woods, and we drifted silently after them in the melancholy gloom. But presently the gray dawn stole over the world, the birds piped up, then the sun rose and poured light and comfort all around, everything was fresh and dewy and fragrant, and life was a boon again. After three hours of tramping we arrived back wholesomely tired, overladen with game, very hungry, and just in time for breakfast.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Write on a piece of paper the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement. Do not write in the book.
   a. Life on the farm was (dull, uninteresting, highly enjoyable, hateful).
   b. Mark Twain (does not remember clearly his boyhood days on the farm, remembers vividly his boyhood days on the farm).
2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences:
   a. Mark Twain loved his early life —— —— ——.
   b. Three things he remembered vividly are —— —— ——, —— —— ——, and —— —— ——.
   c. His memory helped him in his work as an ——.
   d. Mark Twain's mother never used —— words but she had a natural gift for making —— ones do —— work.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. The dictionary defines humor, in literature, as "the sportive exercise of the imagination which delights in the incongruous, the ludicrous and the droll." If you do not know what these words mean, look them up in the dictionary. Then find three places where Mark Twain has been humorous.

2. What feelings did Mark Twain have for the negroes with whom he associated? Tell the incident of the slave boy, in your own words. What idea do you get of Mark Twain's mother from this incident?

3. In his account of the many things remembered, Mark Twain speaks of things that appealed to all five senses. Name one memory under each of these classes.

4. Does the reading of this account add to your appreciation of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn?* Be sure to read these two enjoyable and entertaining books if you have not already done so.

5. Have you ever had experiences like Mark Twain's?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Read to the class the part of this selection that you enjoyed most.

IN THE WILDERNESS

By Anna Howard Shaw (1847–1919)

Can you imagine how it would seem to be taken from your home and sent into the wilderness to make a living from rough, uncultivated land, with Indians and wild beasts as your only near neighbors? That was the situation in which the Shaw family found themselves when Anna was only twelve years old.

When she grew up, Anna Howard Shaw became one of the famous women of our country. As a minister, a lecturer, and, most important of all, as a leader of woman suffrage, she made a name for herself which will go down in history. In *The Story of a Pioneer,* from which the following selection is taken, she has given us the story of her interesting and successful life.

Like most men, my dear father should never have married. Though his nature was one of the sweetest I have ever known, and though he would at any call give his time to or risk his life for others, in practical matters he remained to the end of his days as irresponsible as a child. If his mind turned to practical details at all, it was solely in their bearing toward great developments of the future. To him an acorn was not an acorn, but a forest of young oaks.

Thus, when he took up his claim of three hundred and sixty acres of land in the wilderness of northern Michigan, and sent my mother and five young children to live there alone until he could join us eighteen months later, he gave no thought to the manner in which we were to make the struggle and survive the hardships before us. He had furnished us with land and the four walls of a log cabin. Some day, he reasoned, the place would be a fine estate, which his sons would inherit and in the course of time pass on to their sons — always an Englishman's most iridescent dream. That for the present we were one hundred miles from a railroad, forty miles from the nearest post office, and half a dozen miles from any neighbors save Indians, wolves, and wildcats; that we were wholly unlearned in the ways of the woods as well as in the most primitive methods of farming; that we lacked not only every comfort, but even the bare necessities of life; and that we

must begin, single-handed and untaught, a struggle for existence in which some of the severest forces of nature would be arrayed against us — these facts had no weight in my father's mind. Even if he had witnessed my mother's despair on the night of our arrival in our new home, he would not have understood it. From his viewpoint, he was doing a man's duty. He was working steadily in Lawrence, and, incidentally, giving much time to the Abolition cause and to other big public movements of his day which had his interest and sympathy. He wrote to us regularly and sent us occasional remittances, as well as a generous supply of improving literature for our minds. It remained for us to strengthen our bodies, to meet the conditions in which he had placed us, and to survive if we could.

We faced our situation with clear and unalarmed eyes the morning after our arrival. The problem of food, we knew, was at least temporarily solved. We had brought with us enough coffee, pork, and flour to last for several weeks; and the one necessity father had put inside the cabin walls was a great fireplace, made of mud and stones, in which our food could be cooked. The problem of our water-supply was less simple, but my brother James solved it for the time by showing us a creek a long distance from the house; and for months we carried from this creek, in pails, every drop of water we used, save that which we caught in troughs when the rain fell.

We held a family council after breakfast, and in this, though I was only twelve, I took an eager and determined part. I loved work — it has always been my favorite form of recreation — and my spirit rose to the opportunities of it which smiled on us from every side. Obviously the first thing to do was to put doors and windows into the yawning holes father had left for them, and to lay a board flooring over the earth inside our cabin walls, and these duties we accomplished before we had occupied our new home a fortnight. There was a small sawmill nine miles from our cabin, on the spot that is now Big Rapids, and there we bought our lumber. The labor we supplied ourselves, and though we put our hearts into it and the results at the time seemed beautiful to our partial eyes, I am forced to admit, in looking back upon them, that they halted this side of perfection. We began

by making three windows and two doors; then, inspired by these achievements, we ambitiously constructed an attic and divided the ground floor with partitions, which gave us four rooms.

The general effect was temperamental and sketchy. The boards which formed the floor were never even nailed down; they were fine, wide planks without a knot in them, and they looked so well that we merely fitted them together as closely as we could and light-heartedly let them go at that. Neither did we properly chink the house. Nothing is more comfortable than a log cabin which has been carefully built and finished; but for some reason — probably because there seemed always a more urgent duty calling to us around the corner — we never plastered our house at all. The result was that on many future winter mornings we awoke to find ourselves chastely blanketed by snow, while the only warm spot in our living-room was that directly in front of the fireplace, where great logs burned all day. Even there our faces scorched while our spines slowly congealed, until we learned to revolve before the fire like a bird upon a spit. No doubt we would have worked more thoroughly if my brother James, who was twenty years old and our tower of strength, had remained with us, but when we had been in our new home only a few months he fell ill and was forced to go East for an operation. He was never able to return to us, and thus my mother, we three young girls, and my youngest brother — Harry, who was only eight years old — made our fight alone until father came to us, more than a year later.

Mother was practically an invalid. She had a nervous affection which made it impossible for her to stand without the support of a chair. But she sewed with unusual skill, and it was due to her that our clothes, notwithstanding the strain to which we subjected them, were always in good condition. She sewed for hours every day, and she was able to move about the house, after a fashion, by pushing herself around on a stool which James made for her as soon as we arrived. He also built for her a more comfortable chair with a high back.

The division of labor planned at the first council was that mother should do our sewing, and my older sisters, Eleanor and Mary, the housework, which was far from taxing, for of course

we lived in the simplest manner. My brothers and I were to do the work out of doors, an arrangement that suited me very well, though at first, owing to our lack of experience, our activities were somewhat curtailed. It was too late in the season for plowing or planting, even if we had possessed anything with which to plow, and, moreover, our so-called "cleared" land was thick with sturdy tree-stumps. Even during the second summer plowing was impossible; we could only plant potatoes and corn, and follow the most primitive method in doing even this. We took an ax, chopped up the sod, put the seed under it, and let the seed grow. The seed did grow, too — in the most gratifying and encouraging manner. Our green corn and potatoes were the best I have ever eaten. But for the present we lacked these luxuries.

We had, however, in their place, large quantities of wild fruit — gooseberries, raspberries, and plums — which Harry and I gathered on the banks of our creek. Harry also became an expert fisherman. We had no hooks or lines, but he took wires from our hoop-skirts and made snares at the ends of poles. My part of this work was to stand on a log and frighten the fish out of their holes by making horrible sounds, which I did with impassioned earnestness. When the fish hurried to the surface of the water to investigate the appalling noises they had heard, they were easily snared by our small boy, who was very proud of his ability to contribute in this way to the family table.

During our first winter we lived largely on cornmeal, making a little journey of twenty miles to the nearest mill to buy it; but even at that we were better off than our neighbors, for I remember one family in our region who for an entire winter lived solely on coarse-grained yellow turnips, gratefully changing their diet to leeks when these came in the spring.

Such furniture as we had we made ourselves. In addition to my mother's two chairs and the bunks which took the place of beds, James made a settle for the living-room, as well as a table and several stools. At first we had our tree-cutting done for us, but we soon became expert in this gentle art, and I developed such skill that in later years, after father came, I used to stand with him and "heart" a log.

On every side, and at every hour of the day, we came up against

the relentless limitations of pioneer life. There was not a team of horses in our entire region. The team with which my brother had driven us through the wilderness had been hired at Grand Rapids for that occasion, and, of course, immediately returned. Our lumber was delivered by ox-teams, and the absolutely essential purchases we made "outside" (at the nearest shops, forty miles away) were carried through the forest on the backs of men. Our mail was delivered once a month by a carrier who made the journey in alternate stages of horseback riding and canoeing. But we had health, youth, enthusiasm, good appetites, and the wherewithal to satisfy them, and at night in our primitive bunks we sank into abysses of dreamless slumber such as I have never known since. Indeed, looking back upon them, those first months seem to have been a long-drawn-out and glorious picnic, interrupted only by occasional hours of pain or panic, when we were hurt or frightened.

Naturally, our two greatest menaces were wild animals and Indians, but as the days passed the first of these lost the early terrors with which we had associated them. We grew indifferent to the sounds that had made our first night a horror to us all — there was even a certain homeliness in them — while we regarded with accustomed, almost blasé eyes the various furred creatures of which we caught distant glimpses as they slunk through the forest. Their experience with other settlers had taught them caution; it soon became clear that they were as eager to avoid us as we were to shun them, and by common consent we gave each other ample elbow-room. But the Indians were all around us, and every settler had a collection of hair-raising tales to tell of them. It was generally agreed that they were dangerous only when they were drunk; but as they were drunk whenever they could get whisky, and as whisky was constantly given them in exchange for pelts and game, there was a harrowing doubt in our minds whenever they approached us.

In my first encounter with them I was alone in the woods at sunset with my small brother Harry. We were hunting a cow James had bought, and our young eyes were peering eagerly among the trees, on the alert for any moving object. Suddenly, at a little distance, and coming directly toward us, we saw a party

of Indians. There were five of them, all men, walking in single file, as noiselessly as ghosts, their moccasined feet causing not even a rustle among the dry leaves that carpeted the woods. All the horrible stories we had heard of Indian cruelty flashed into our minds, and for a moment we were dumb with terror. Then I remembered having been told that the one thing one must not do before them is to show fear. Harry was carrying a rope with which we had expected to lead home our reluctant cow, and I seized one end of it and whispered to him that we would "play horse," pretending he was driving me. We pranced toward the Indians on feet that felt like lead, and with eyes so glazed by terror that we could see nothing save a line of moving figures; but as we passed them they did not give to our little impersonation of care-free children even the tribute of a side-glance. They were, we realized, headed straight for our home; and after a few moments we doubled on our tracks and, keeping at a safe distance from them among the trees, ran back to warn our mother that they were coming.

As it happened, James was away, and mother had to meet her unwelcome guests supported only by her young children. She at once prepared a meal, however, and when they arrived she welcomed them calmly and gave them the best she had. After they had eaten they began to point at and demand objects they fancied in the room — my brother's pipe, some tobacco, a bowl, and such trifles — and my mother, who was afraid to annoy them by refusal, gave them what they asked. They were quite sober, and though they left without expressing any appreciation of her hospitality, they made her a second visit a few months later, bringing a large quantity of venison and a bag of cranberries as a graceful return. These Indians were Ottawas; and later we became very friendly with them and their tribe, even to the degree of attending one of their dances, which I shall describe later.

Our second encounter with Indians was a less agreeable experience. There were seven "Marquette warriors" in the next group of callers, and they were all intoxicated. Moreover, they had brought with them several jugs of bad whisky — the raw and craze-provoking product supplied them by the fur-dealers — and it was clear that our cabin was to be the scene of an orgy. For-

tunately, my brother James was at home on this occasion, and as the evening grew old and the Indians, grouped together around the fire, became more and more irresponsible, he devised a plan for our safety. Our attic was finished, and its sole entrance was by a ladder through a trapdoor. At James's whispered command my sister Eleanor slipped up into the attic, and from the back window let down a rope, to which he tied all the weapons we had — his gun and several axes. These Eleanor drew up and concealed in one of the bunks. My brother then directed that as quietly as possible, and at long intervals, one member of the family after another was to slip up the ladder and into the attic, going quite casually, that the Indians might not realize what we were doing. Once there, with the ladder drawn up after us and the trapdoor closed, we would be reasonably safe, unless our guests decided to burn the cabin.

The evening seemed endless, and was certainly nerve-racking. The Indians ate everything in the house, and from my seat in a dim corner I watched them while my sisters waited on them. I can still see the tableau they made in the firelit room and hear the unfamiliar accents of their speech as they talked together. Occasionally one of them would pull a hair from his head, seize his scalping-knife, and cut the hair with it — a most unpleasant sight! When either of my sisters approached them some of the Indians would make gestures, as if capturing and scalping her. Through it all, however, the whisky held their close attention, and it was due to this that we succeeded in reaching the attic unobserved, James coming last of all and drawing the ladder after him. Mother and the children were then put to bed; but through that interminable night James and Eleanor lay flat upon the floor, watching through the cracks between the boards the revels of the drunken Indians, which grew wilder with every hour that crawled toward sunrise. There was no knowing when they would miss us or how soon their mood might change. At any moment they might make an attack upon us or set fire to the cabin. By dawn, however, their whisky was all gone, and they were in so deep a stupor that, one after the other, the seven fell from their chairs to the floor, where they sprawled unconscious. When they awoke they left quietly and without trouble of any kind. They seemed

a strangely subdued and chastened band; probably they were wretchedly ill after their debauch on the adulterated whisky the traders had given them.

That autumn the Ottawa tribe had a great corn celebration, to which we and the other settlers were invited. James and my older sisters attended it, and I went with them, by my own urgent invitation. It seemed to me that as I was sharing the work and the perils of our new environment, I might as well share its joys; and I finally succeeded in making my family see the logic of this position. The central feature of the festivity was a huge kettle, many feet in circumference, into which the Indians dropped the most extraordinary variety of food we had ever seen combined. Deer heads went into it whole, as well as every kind of meat and vegetable the members of the tribe could procure. We all ate some of this agreeable mixture, and later, with one another, and even with the Indians, we danced gaily to the music of a tom-tom and a drum. The affair was extremely interesting until the whisky entered and did its unpleasant work. When our hosts began to fall over in the dance and slumber where they lay, and when the squaws began to show the same ill effects of their refreshments, we unostentatiously slipped away.

During the winter life offered us few diversions and many hardships. Our creek froze over, and the water problem became a serious one, which we met with increasing difficulty as the temperature steadily fell. We melted snow and ice, and existed through the frozen months, but with an amount of discomfort which made us unwilling to repeat at least that special phase of our experience. In the spring, therefore, I made a well. Long before this, James had gone, and Harry and I were now the only outdoor members of our working-force. Harry was still too small to help with the well; but a young man, who had formed the neighborly habit of riding eighteen miles to call on us, gave me much friendly aid. We located the well with a switch, and when we had dug as far as we could reach with our spades, my assistant descended into the hole and threw the earth up to the edge, from which I in turn removed it. As the well grew deeper we made a halfway shelf, on which I stood, he throwing the earth on the shelf, and I shoveling it up from that point. Later, as he

descended still farther into the hole we were making, he shoveled the earth into buckets and passed them up to me, I passing them on to my sister, who was now pressed into service. When the excavation was deep enough we made the wall of slabs of wood, roughly joined together. I recall that well with calm content. It was not a thing of beauty, but it was a thoroughly practical well, and it remained the only one we had during the twelve years the family occupied the cabin.

During our first year there was no school within ten miles of us, but this lack failed to sadden Harry or me. We had brought with us from Lawrence a box of books, in which, in winter months, when our outdoor work was restricted, we found much comfort. They were the only books in that part of the country, and we read them until we knew them all by heart. Moreover, father sent us regularly the *New York Independent,* and with this admirable literature, after reading it, we papered our walls. Thus, on stormy days, we could lie on the settle or the floor and read the *Independent* over again with increased interest and pleasure.

Occasionally father sent us the *Ledger,* but here mother drew a definite line. She had a special dislike for that periodical, and her severest comment on any woman was that she was the type who would "keep a dog, make saleratus biscuit, and read the *New York Ledger* in the daytime." Our modest library also contained several histories of Greece and Rome, which must have been good ones, for years later, when I entered college, I passed my examination in ancient history with no other preparation than this reading. There were also a few arithmetics and algebras, a historical novel or two, and the inevitable copy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* whose pages I had freely moistened with my tears.

When the advantages of public education were finally extended to me, at thirteen, by the opening of a school three miles from our home, I accepted them with growing reluctance. The teacher was a spinster forty-four years of age — and the only genuine "old maid" I have ever met who was not a married woman or a man. She was the real thing, and her name, Prudence Duncan, seemed the fitting label for her rigidly uncompromising personality. I graced Prudence's school for three months, and then left it at her fervid request. I had walked six miles a day through

trackless woods and Western blizzards to get what she could give me, but she had little to offer my awakened and critical mind. My reading and my Lawrence school-work had already taught me more than Prudence knew — a fact we both inwardly admitted and fiercely resented from our different viewpoints. Beyond doubt I was a pert and trying young person. I lost no opportunity to lead Prudence beyond her intellectual depth and leave her there, and Prudence vented her chagrin not alone upon me, but upon my little brother. I became a thorn in her side, and one day, after an especially unpleasant episode in which Harry also figured, she plucked me out, as it were, and cast me forever from her. From that time I studied at home, where I was a much more valuable economic factor than I had been in school.

The second spring after our arrival Harry and I extended our operations by tapping the sugar-bushes, collecting all the sap, and carrying it home in pails slung from our yoke-laden shoulders. Together we made one hundred and fifty pounds of sugar and a barrel of syrup, but here again, as always, we worked in primitive ways. To get the sap we chopped a gash in the tree and drove in a spile. Then we dug out a trough to catch the sap. It was no light task to lift these troughs full of sap and empty the sap into buckets, but we did it successfully, and afterward built fires and boiled it down. By this time we had also cleared some of our ground, and during the spring we were able to plow, dividing the work in a way that seemed fair to us both. These were strenuous occupations for a boy of nine and a girl of thirteen, but, though we were not inordinately good children, we never complained; we found them very satisfactory substitutes for more normal bucolic joys. Inevitably, we had our little tragedies. Our cow died, and for an entire winter we went without milk. Our coffee soon gave out, and as a substitute we made and used a mixture of browned peas and burnt rye. In the winter we were always cold, and the water problem, until we had built our well, was ever with us.

Father joined us at the end of eighteen months, but though his presence gave us pleasure and moral support, he was not an addition to our executive staff. He brought with him a rocking-chair for mother and a new supply of books, on which I fell as a starving

man falls upon food. Father read as eagerly as I, but much more steadily. His mind was always busy with problems, and if, while he was laboring in the field, a new problem presented itself to him, the imperishable curiosity that was in him made him scurry at once to the house to solve it. I have known him to spend a planting season in figuring on the production of a certain number of kernels of corn, instead of planting the corn and raising it. In the winter he was supposed to spend his time clearing land for orchards and the like, but instead he pored over his books and problems day after day and often half the night as well. It soon became known among our neighbors, who were rapidly increasing in number, that we had books and that father liked to read aloud, and men walked ten miles or more to spend the night with us and listen to his reading. Often, as his fame grew, ten or twelve men would arrive at our cabin on Saturday and remain over Sunday. When my mother once tried to check this influx of guests by mildly pointing out, among other things, the waste of candles represented by frequent all-night readings, every man humbly appeared again on the following Saturday with a candle in each hand. They were not sensitive; and, as they had brought their candles, it seemed fitting to them and to father that we girls should cook for them and supply them with food.

Father's tolerance of idleness in others, however, did not extend to tolerance of idleness in us, and this led to my first rebellion, which occurred when I was fourteen. For once, I had been in the woods all day, buried in my books; and when I returned at night, still in the dream world these books had opened to me, father was awaiting my coming with a brow dark with disapproval. As it happened, mother had felt that day some special need of me, and father reproached me bitterly for being beyond reach — an idler who wasted time while mother labored. He ended a long arraignment by predicting gloomily that with such tendencies I would make nothing of my life.

The injustice of the criticism cut deep; I knew I had done and was doing my share for the family, and already, too, I had begun to feel the call of my career. For some reason I wanted to preach — to talk to people, to tell them things. Just why, just what, I did not yet know — but I had begun to preach in the silent woods,

to stand up on stumps and address the unresponsive trees, to feel the stir of aspiration within me.

When my father had finished all he wished to say, I looked at him and answered, quietly, " Father, some day I am going to college."

I can still see his slight, ironical smile. It drove me to a second prediction. I was young enough to measure success by material results, so I added, recklessly:

" And before I die I shall be worth ten thousand dollars! "

The amount staggered me even as it dropped from my lips. It was the largest fortune my imagination could conceive, and in my heart I believed that no woman ever had possessed or would possess so much. So far as I knew, too, no woman had gone to college. But now that I had put my secret hopes into words, I was desperately determined to make these hopes come true. After I became a wage-earner I lost my desire to make a fortune, but the college dream grew with the years; and though my college career seemed as remote as the most distant star, I hitched my little wagon to that star and never afterward wholly lost sight of its friendly gleam.

When I was fifteen years old I was offered a situation as school-teacher. By this time the community was growing around us with the rapidity characteristic of these Western settlements, and we had nearer neighbors whose children needed instruction. I passed an examination before a school board consisting of three nervous and self-conscious men whose certificate I still hold, and I at once began my professional career on the modest salary of two dollars a week and my board. The school was four miles from my home, so I " boarded round " with the families of my pupils, staying two weeks in each place, and often walking from three to six miles a day to and from my little log schoolhouse in every kind of weather. During the first year I had about fourteen pupils, of varying ages, sizes, and temperaments, and there was hardly a book in the schoolroom except those I owned. One little girl, I remember, read from an almanac, while a second used a hymn book.

In winter the schoolhouse was heated by a wood-stove, to which the teacher had to give close personal attention. I could

not depend on my pupils to make the fires or carry in the fuel; and it was often necessary to fetch the wood myself, sometimes for long distances through the forest. Again and again, after miles of walking through winter storms, I reached the schoolhouse with my clothing wet through, and in these soaked garments I taught during the day. In " boarding round " I often found myself in one-room cabins, with bunks at the end and the sole partition a sheet or a blanket, behind which I slept with one or two of the children. It was the custom on these occasions for the man of the house to delicately retire to the barn while we women got to bed, and to disappear again in the morning while we dressed. In some places the meals were so badly cooked that I could not eat them, and often the only food my poor little pupils brought to school for their noonday meal was a piece of bread or a bit of raw pork.

I earned my two dollars a week that year, but I had to wait for my wages until the dog tax was collected in the spring. When the money was thus raised, and the twenty-six dollars for my thirteen weeks of teaching were graciously put into my hands, I went " outside " to the nearest shop and joyously spent almost the entire amount for my first " party dress." The gown I bought was, I considered, a beautiful creation. In color it was a rich magenta, and the skirt was elaborately braided with black cable-cord. My admiration for it was justified, for it did all a young girl's eager heart could ask of any gown — it lead to my first proposal.

The youth who sought my hand was about twenty years old, and by an unhappy chance he was also the least attractive young person in the countryside — the laughing-stock of the neighbors, the butt of his associates. The night he came to offer me his heart there were already two young men at our home calling on my sisters, and we were all sitting around the fire in the living-room when my suitor appeared. His costume, like himself, left much to be desired. He wore a blue flannel shirt and a pair of trousers made of flour-bags. Such trousers were not uncommon in our region, and the boy's mother, who had made them for him, had thoughtfully selected a nice clean pair of sacks. But on one leg was the name of the firm that made the flour — A. and G. W. Green — and by a charming coincidence A. and G. W. Green hap-

pened to be the two young men who were calling on my sisters! On the back of the bags, directly in the rear of the wearer, was the simple legend, " 96 pounds "; and the striking effect of the young man's costume was completed by a bright yellow sash which held his trousers in place.

The vision fascinated my sisters and their two guests. They gave it their entire attention, and when the newcomer signified with an eloquent gesture that he was calling on me, and beckoned me into the inner room, the quartet arose as one person and followed us to the door. Then, as we inhospitably closed the door, they fastened their eyes to the cracks in the living-room wall, that they might miss none of the entertainment. When we were alone my guest and I sat down in facing chairs and in depressed silence. The young man was nervous, and I was both frightened and annoyed. I had heard suppressed giggles on the other side of the wall, and I realized, as my self-centered visitor failed to do, that we were not enjoying the privacy the situation seemed to demand. At last the youth informed me that his " dad " had just given him a cabin, a yoke of steers, a cow, and some hens. When this announcement had produced its full effect, he straightened up in his chair and asked, solemnly, " Will ye have me? "

An outburst of chortles from the other side of the wall greeted the proposal, but the ardent youth ignored it, if indeed he heard it. With eyes staring straight ahead, he sat rigid, waiting for my answer; and I, anxious only to get rid of him and to end the strain of the moment, said the first thing that came into my head. " I can't," I told him. " I'm sorry, but — but — I'm engaged."

He rose quickly, with the effect of a half-closed jackknife that is suddenly opened, and for an instant stood looking down upon me. He was six feet two inches tall, and extremely thin. I am very short, and, as I looked up, his flour-bag trousers seemed to join his yellow sash somewhere near the ceiling of the room. He put both hands into his pockets and slowly delivered his valedictory. " That's darned disappointing to a fellow," he said, and left the house.

After a moment devoted to regaining my maidenly composure I returned to the living-room, where I had the privilege of observing the enjoyment of my sisters and their visitors. Helpless

with mirth and with tears of pleasure on their cheeks, the four rocked and shrieked as they recalled the picture my gallant had presented. For some time after that incident I felt a strong distaste for sentiment.

Clad royally in the new gown, I attended my first ball in November, going with a party of eight that included my two sisters, another girl, and four young men. The ball was at Big Rapids, which by this time had grown to be a thriving lumber town. It was impossible to get a team of horses or even a yoke of oxen for the journey, so we made a raft and went down the river on that, taking our party dresses with us in trunks. Unfortunately, the raft " hung up " in the stream, and the four young men had to get out into the icy water and work a long time before they could detach it from the rocks. Naturally, they were soaked and chilled through, but they all bore the experience with a gay philosophy.

When we reached Big Rapids we dressed for the ball, and, as in those days it was customary to change one's gown again at midnight, I had an opportunity to burst on the assemblage in two costumes — the second made of bedroom chintz, with a low neck and short sleeves. We danced the " money musk," and the " Virginia reel," " hoeing her down " (which means changing partners) in true pioneer style. I never missed a dance at this or any subsequent affair, and I was considered the gayest and the most tireless young person at our parties until I became a Methodist minister and dropped such worldly vanities. The first time I preached in my home region all my former partners came to hear me, and listened with wide, understanding, reminiscent smiles which made it very hard for me to keep soberly to my text.

In the near future I had reason to regret the extravagant expenditure of my first earnings. For my second year of teaching, in the same school, I was to receive five dollars a week and to pay my own board. I selected a place two miles and a half from the schoolhouse, and was promptly asked by my host to pay my board in advance. This, he explained, was due to no lack of faith in me; the money would enable him to go " outside " to work, leaving his family well supplied with provisions. I allowed him to go to the school committee and collect my board in advance, at the rate of three dollars a week for the season. When I pre-

sented myself at my new boarding-place, however, two days later, I found the house nailed up and deserted; the man and his family had departed with my money, and I was left, as my committeemen sympathetically remarked, "high and dry." There were only two dollars a week coming to me after that, so I walked back and forth between my home and my school, almost four miles, twice a day; and during this enforced exercise there was ample opportunity to reflect on the fleeting joy of riches.

In the meantime war had been declared. When the news came that Fort Sumter had been fired on, and that Lincoln had called for troops, our men were threshing. There was only one threshing-machine in the region at that time, and it went from place to place, the farmers doing their threshing whenever they could get the machine. I remember seeing a man ride up on horseback, shouting out Lincoln's demand for troops and explaining that a regiment was being formed at Big Rapids. Before he had finished speaking the men on the machine had leaped to the ground and rushed off to enlist, my brother Jack, who had recently joined us, among them. In ten minutes not one man was left in the field. A few months later my brother Tom enlisted as a bugler — he was a mere boy at the time — and not long after that my father followed the example of his sons and served until the war was ended. He had entered on the twenty-ninth of August, 1862, as an army steward; he came back to us with the rank of lieutenant and assistant surgeon of field and staff.

Between those years I was the principal support of our family, and life became a strenuous and tragic affair. For months at a time we had no news from the front. The work in our community, if it was done at all, was done by despairing women whose hearts were with their men. When care had become our constant guest, Death entered our home as well. My sister Eleanor had married, and died in childbirth, leaving her baby to me; and the blackest hours of those black years were the hours that saw her passing. I can see her still, lying in a stupor from which she roused herself at intervals to ask about her child. She insisted that our brother Tom should name the baby, but Tom was fighting for his country, unless he had already preceded Eleanor through the wide portal that was opening before her. I could only tell her that I had written to him; but before the assurance was an hour

old she would climb up from the gulf of unconsciousness with infinite effort to ask if we had received his reply. At last, to calm her, I told her it had come, and that Tom had chosen for her little son the name of Arthur. She smiled at this and drew a deep breath; then, still smiling, she passed away. Her baby slipped into her vacant place and almost filled our heavy hearts, but only for a short time; for within a few months after his mother's death his father married again and took him from me, and it seemed that with his going we had lost all that made life worth while.

The problem of living grew harder with every day. We eked out our little income in every way we could, taking as boarders the workers in the logging-camps, making quilts, which we sold, and losing no chance to earn a penny in any legitimate manner. Again my mother did such outside sewing as she could secure, yet with every month of our effort the gulf between our income and our expenses grew wider, and the price of the bare necessities of existence climbed up and up. The largest amount I could earn at teaching was six dollars a week, and our school year included only two terms of thirteen weeks each. It was an incessant struggle to keep our land, to pay our taxes, and to live. Calico was selling at fifty cents a yard. Coffee was one dollar a pound. There were no men left to grind our corn, to get in our crops, or to care for our live stock; and all around us we saw our struggle reflected in the lives of our neighbors.

At long intervals word came to us of battles in which my father's regiment — the Tenth Michigan Cavalry Volunteers — or those of my brothers were engaged, and then longer intervals followed in which we heard no news. After Eleanor's death my brother Tom was wounded, and for months we lived in terror of worse tidings, but he finally recovered. I was walking seven and eight miles a day, and doing extra work before and after school hours, and my health began to fail. Those were years I do not like to look back upon — years in which life had degenerated into a treadmill whose monotony was broken only by the grim messages from the front. My sister Mary married and went to Big Rapids to live. I had no time to dream my dream, but the star of my one purpose still glowed in my dark horizon. It seemed that nothing short of a miracle could lift my feet from their plodding way and set them on the wider path toward which my eyes

were turned, but I never lost faith that in some manner the miracle would come to pass. As certainly as I have ever known anything, I knew that I was going to college!

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

a. Life in the wilderness was (easy, enjoyable, difficult and full of danger).
b. Dr. Shaw (had good public school instruction, received most of her early education at home, had a private tutor).
c. She faced her new life (dismayed, terrified, with courage).
d. She (loved to read, disliked books, did not do much reading).
e. The young man who courted her (was extremely well dressed, was modestly dressed, presented a laughable spectacle).

2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.

a. The Shaws were constantly afraid of —— ——.
b. They had —— encounters with them.
c. The —— —— was the more dangerous.
d. Prudence Duncan was a genuine —— ——.
e. At fifteen years of age Anna H. Shaw became a —— ——.
f. During the Civil War she was the —— —— of her family.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Read aloud to the class the section of this selection which you enjoyed most.
2. Tell the class briefly the life story of another famous person whose early life was spent "in the wilderness."
3. What was the severest criticism Anna Howard Shaw's mother could make of another woman?
4. How old was Anna Howard Shaw when she began to teach school? What sort of equipment did she have, in books, etc.?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Dramatize part of the scene in which the second visit of the Indians is described.

Read the rest of *The Story of a Pioneer* and find out how Anna Howard Shaw became a preacher; what her difficulties were; how she turned lecturer; how she became connected with Susan B. Anthony, the great suffrage leader; and of her life as an exponent of woman suffrage.

Give a brief talk to the class in which you speak on one of the subjects presented above.

LOUIS PASTEUR, HERO OF PEACE *

By Floyd L. Darrow

In the literature of the past great deeds of courage and heroism were told of soldiers, sailors, and men of the frontier. Did you ever realize that there are just as thrilling accounts of scientific achievements? Louis Pasteur is called one of the great heroes of the world of peace. He was a man who devoted his keen mind and his untiring energy to ministering to man's ills. His discoveries in medicine and his fight against disease germs have meant the saving of millions of lives. His service marks a revolution in the field of medical and kindred sciences, for many of our modern achievements and discoveries in these lines can be traced directly to him.

In 1885 in a Paris hospital one might have seen an old man keeping anxious watch over the life of a peasant lad. Eagerly he observed every symptom. For two weeks he had scarcely eaten or slept. Life was precious to him, and this was to be his crowning achievement in snatching men from death. Would the crucial test of this new treatment fail? Or would the dreaded malady of rabies come under the control of preventive medicine, even as anthrax and other contagious diseases had done? He had applied his new-found vaccine to the young victim of a mad dog's bite. This man, old before his time in the service of his country, was Louis Pasteur, the father of the germ theory of disease, and acclaimed by the populace of France as its most illustrious citizen. The lad lived, and thousands in every part of the world have since owed their lives to the Pasteur treatment.

As a boy Pasteur possessed considerable talent for drawing, was exceedingly conscientious, and never guessed at conclusions. Here were the very characteristics that in later years were to

* From *Masters of Science and Invention* by Floyd L. Darrow, used by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, publishers.

make him the foremost scientist of France. That dogged persistence, that clearness of judgment, that keenness of vision, which led him from conquest to conquest, were all to be seen in the boy. The father, a soldier of the Third Regiment under the first Napoleon, was his constant companion, guarding him from the temptations of youth and firing him with an unquenchable love of country. Pasteur was born at Dôle, in 1822. When sixteen, his parents at some sacrifice sent him to a school in Paris, but extreme homesickness soon brought him back. A little later he attended colleges at Arbois and at Besonçon, from which he received the degrees of bachelor of letters and bachelor of science. Just as Berzelius had been set down as mediocre in chemistry, so was Pasteur. In 1843 he entered the École Normale at Paris. It was there that he formed the determination to devote his life to science. At the Sorbonne he came under the influence of Jean Baptiste Dumas, the foremost scientist of the French capital. The charm and eloquence of Dumas' lectures in chemistry captivated the impressionable mind of young Pasteur. From this he gained an undying enthusiasm for research, and the spirit that made him cry out that the days were too short and the nights too long.

During these days Pasteur acquired his deep interest in the rare beauty of crystal forms. His first important work was to be in this field, and curiously enough it was to be assisted by the microscope, an instrument which became his life-long guide to discoveries. Having reviewed the pioneer work of Mitscherlich on the microscopic study of crystals, Pasteur began a critical examination of the salts of tartaric and racemic acids. The crystallized sodium and ammonium salts of these two acids were identical in every respect, except that the tartrate deviated the plane of a beam of light passed through it to the right, while the racemate had no effect upon it. This was apparently a trivial difference. A number of Pasteur's friends told him that it was not worth serious attention. But the young scientist could not rest until the cause had been discovered. And, little knowing it, he was to open a vast new field of chemical research.

Under the microscope Pasteur observed that these crystals were not symmetrical. The tartrate crystals had facets, or tiny faces,

on one side. So did the racemate crystals. But — and here was the difference — the facets were all on the right-hand side in the tartrate crystals, while in the racemate crystals they were on both sides. Patiently Pasteur separated the crystals from the racemate salt into two piles. Those having the facets on the right-hand side were identical with the tartrate and now rotated the beam of light to the right just as the tartrate did. Those having the facets on the left-hand side rotated the beam of light to the left. Rushing into the corridor, Pasteur embraced the first passer-by and pulled him into the laboratory that he might explain to him his discovery. Thus it is often in the first moments of a great triumph. Pasteur soon learned how to transform tartaric acid into racemic acid, and by these researches laid the foundation for the important work of Van't Hoff and Le Bel a generation later on the structure of the molecule of carbon compounds. For Pasteur himself they won instant recognition and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Pasteur's first professorship was that of physics on the faculty of Dijon, which he soon left for the chair of chemistry at Strasburg. In 1854 he became dean of the Faculty of Sciences at Lille. Three years later he returned to the École Normale at Paris, with which he was associated for many years. Into the laboratory and lecture hall he brought the enthusiasm of his own keen interest, and inspired his students with the spirit and love of science. He was a marvelous teacher. Hundreds from his own and other lands flocked to his lectures. He was a consummate master of the scientific method of observation and with it he united an unquenchable thirst for truth. And yet he demanded that all scientific discovery have practical application.

At Lille Pasteur began those researches on microörganisms that were to lead him step by step to the conquest of infectious and contagious diseases. Located in the midst of the great distilleries of northern France, he turned to the study of fermented liquors. Wine frequently " went bad." It became sour. What was the cause? Could it be prevented? These were the questions asked him by the wine-makers of France. Fermentation had been known from the earliest times, and chemists thought they understood its cause. Berzelius and Liebig, who dominated the scien-

tific thinking of Europe, had taught that the fermentation of sugar to form alcohol and carbon dioxide was a purely mechanical process. Pasteur determined to go to the bottom of this question. With his ever-present microscope, he studied every step of the process. Gradually he became convinced that fermentation is the result of a vital change associated with the life of the yeast cells, which are always present in the production of alcohol. He proceeded to prove it. In a series of experiments, now classic, Pasteur demonstrated that alcoholic fermentation can never be set up in fermentable juices which have been sterilized by heating and afterwards protected from the germ-laden dust of the air. This precipitated a battle royal with Liebig, but the facts were against the German autocrat, and he was compelled to surrender. Pasteur did more than this. He showed that every kind of fermentation, as well as alcoholic, is due to a specific microörganism. The souring of wine he traced to an organism which develops in the wine upon long standing. To destroy it, he introduced the practice, known everywhere now as pasteurization, by which he heated the wine at a definite temperature for several minutes, out of contact with the air. The wine might then be kept in sterilized casks indefinitely, if contamination from the air were prevented. We now know that fermentation is caused by inorganic principles called enzymes which are secreted by living organisms. Still Pasteur was essentially correct.

Later Pasteur was called upon to perform a similar service for the brewing industry. Just as wine soured, beer became bitter. Pasteurization did not solve the problem. Beer that had been heated soon became bitter again. This led Pasteur to set his "culture mediums" for catching and growing bacteria in the breweries themselves, especially near dusty walls and rafters. He soon found them infected with the same germs that were in the bitter beer. But beer that had been heated and sealed from the dust-laden air with sterilized cotton plugs remained sweet. There was the answer. He taught the brewers to wash down the brewery walls and to keep their product free from dust. The cause was removed and bitter beer became a thing of the past.

These studies in microörganisms led Pasteur to ask whether the universal belief in spontaneous generation was not a scientific fic-

tion. Again he determined to answer the question by a series of experiments that should leave no doubt. According to the current belief, organic matter in a state of putrefaction was transformed into living organisms. At the end of a year of patient work, Pasteur had his answer. In his memorable lecture delivered at the Sorbonne on April 7, 1864, he vanquished the ghost of spontaneous generation for all time. After detailing his exhaustive experiments, showing conclusively that the source of these organisms is the dust of the air, Pasteur produced a flask of putrescible matter, which had been sterilized and sealed to prevent the entrance of dust. There was the liquid after several months, pure and limpid as distilled water, because, as Pasteur then stated, " I have kept it from the only thing that man can produce, from the germs that float in the air, from Life, for Life is a germ, and a germ is Life. Never will the doctrine of spontaneous generation recover from the mortal blow of this simple experiment."

Early in 1865 Pasteur was called upon by Dumas to go to the south of France and study the silkworm disease, which was threatening to destroy the industry, and an annual revenue of one hundred million francs. Pasteur knew nothing of silkworms and he disliked to leave his work in Paris, but his patriotism would not permit him to refuse. For nearly six years he battled with this obscure problem. In the midst of it he was stricken with partial paralysis and for days lay at death's door. To a friend at his bedside, he said, " I am sorry to die; I should have liked to render further services to my country." He did not know that his greatest services were yet to come. He rallied and returned to his work. Following out his theory of microörganisms, he found the germ that killed the silkworms and prescribed the remedy. It was a Herculean task and was achieved only after many bitter discouragements and a prodigious amount of work. No soldier on the field of battle ever served his country with a finer sense of devotion or won a more glorious triumph than did Pasteur in this research.

In the Franco-Prussian War, he tried to enlist and had to be reminded that a paralytic could not perform the duties of a soldier. But he gave his son, and at the close of the war, he turned

with passionate devotion to the cause of science, in the hope that he might thereby assist in retrieving the fortunes of his country. He had been elected to the Academy of Sciences, and in 1873 he was elected to the Academy of Medicine. Gradually a great thought had been taking shape in his mind. His work on micro-organisms led him to ask why the diseases of humankind might not also be caused by germs floating in the air, and carried from individual to individual. No question more momentous to the welfare and happiness of the race has ever been asked. It was a lightning flash of genius leaping from the trained imagination of this great scientist. To the solution of the problem Pasteur applied himself with that breadth of knowledge, that rare insight, that skill which a quarter of a century of scientific achievement had given to him. His goal was now preventive medicine. "Perhaps," he said, "I can save more lives than were lost in the Franco-Prussian War."

Surgeons looked on with impatient amazement when Pasteur went into the hospitals and snatching the instruments from their hands passed them through the sterilizing flame. It had never been done. Why must they submit to the faddish notion of this crazy old paralytic? But Pasteur would not be thrust aside. The frightful loss of life in the French hospitals was needless. Of that he felt certain, and he was determined that it must cease. In 1871 he had cried out against the enormous sacrifice of life from gangrene, which he believed was due to air-borne germs. He forced the use of sterilized bandages and with all the energy of his soul sought to overcome the skepticism of the medical profession and to gain their acceptance of his revolutionizing ideas. More than a decade before, Lord Lister, the real father of antiseptic surgery, had brought these methods of a triumph across the Channel. For the first time he used drugs to cleanse a wound and keep it free from the entrance of infectious germs. Now Pasteur, with little, if any, knowledge of Lister and his work won an even greater victory on the Continent.

In 1877 Pasteur began his investigation of anthrax, that insidious disease which each year took frightful toll of the cattle, horses, pigs, and sheep of France. From examination of the blood of animals that had died of this disease, he found the germ which

caused it. Familiar with the methods of inoculating against smallpox, Pasteur sought to apply similar means to the conquest of anthrax. His first triumph was a by-product of this work. He developed a virus, which, injected into the blood of a fowl, rendered it immune from the germ disease known as "chicken cholera." This was the first step, and Pasteur felt that he was on the right path. He next discovered that the anthrax germ lived and multiplied in the blood of sheep, and other domestic animals, but that it would not cause the disease in fowls. Pasteur sought the reason and found it in that the blood of fowls is four degrees warmer than that of the other animals. Therefore, by cultivating this germ at temperatures slightly above that at which it thrives best, he obtained a vaccine, which by inoculation would produce the disease in a mild form and render the animal immune from further attack.

In 1881 Pasteur laid his discovery before his associates in the Academy of Sciences. Immediately it was put to test in a most dramatic way. The president of an agricultural society offered forty-eight sheep, two goats, and ten cattle for demonstration purposes. Pasteur accepted. On May 5th, half of these were inoculated with the preventive vaccine. Two weeks later these same ones were inoculated again with the preventive vaccine. Then on the thirty-first of the month all sixty of the animals were inoculated with the virulent, disease-producing microbes of anthrax. Two days later a vast crowd of veterinary surgeons, newspaper correspondents, and farmers gathered to witness the closing act of the experiment. What they saw was a scene which, as Pasteur said, "amazed the assembly." Each and every one of the unprotected animals was either dead or dying, while the thirty that had been inoculated moved about with every appearance of perfect health. The scourge of anthrax was no longer to be dreaded, and its passing marked the beginning of a new era in preventive medicine.

Pasteur had demonstrated that disease is caused by germs. Following up these investigations, he achieved the crowning triumph of his life. In 1885 he produced a vaccine which robbed of its terrors that most fatal of maladies, hydrophobia, the disease resulting from the bite of a mad dog. He obtained this vaccine

from the spinal cord of a guinea-pig which he had inoculated with the virus of hydrophobia. Pasteur found the spinal cord rich in these germs, and also discovered that they gradually lost their virulent power upon exposure to the air. By varying the length of exposure he obtained the preventive virus in differing degrees of strength, from very violent to very weak.

The fame of Pasteur's work had spread abroad. Just as success smiled upon him in this last great achievement, he received word from the mayor of a country town that a shepherd boy had been bitten by a mad dog. Without immediate aid death would be certain. Pasteur sent for the boy. He had never tried his vaccine on a human being. But, with the faith of one who knows his ground, Pasteur applied his remedy. He began with the mildest vaccine and inoculated with a stronger one each day until at the end of fourteen days he used the virus in its most powerful form. These were anxious days for the aged scientist. Would the treatment prove a success? Would this young life be saved? Had he led his fellowmen past one more milestone in the conquest of human disease? The complete recovery of the lad gave the answers.

But more than this, the pioneer work of Pasteur inspired the more recent achievements of a host of others in combating tetanus, cholera, diphtheria, typhoid, yellow fever, malaria, bubonic plague, leprosy, pneumonia, and many other ills. It founded the new branch of medicine known as serum-therapy, by which antitoxins are developed in the blood of animals, with which to inoculate against disease.

On the sixty-fourth anniversary of his birth Pasteur was awarded the Jean Reynard Prize for his conquest of rabies, and at that same time a subscription list was opened for the building of the Pasteur Institute. Contributions came from every part of the world, and it was opened two years later. Here during the last seven years of his life, Pasteur, with an able corps of assistants, organized the wonderful work in bacteriology now carried on there. In a crypt at its base he rests from his labors.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. Pasteur's views on sterilization were (immediately accepted, wrong, rejected, finally accepted).
   b. Pasteur's discoveries (are of slight value, have revolutionized the treatment of disease, have been found incorrect).
2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.
   a. One of the most important contributions of Pasteur was the discovery of a —— for ——.
   b. While seeking a cure for the souring of wine he discovered and introduced the practice now known as ——.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What three characteristics, possessed by Pasteur as a boy, helped to make him the foremost scientist of France?
2. In what field of scientific research did Pasteur do his first important work? What reward did this bring him?
3. Was Pasteur successful or unsuccessful as a teacher? Why?
4. Describe the process known as pasteurization. In what connection do we use this word most frequently?
5. Name three industries of France that were helped by Pasteur's researches.
6. Name three diseases that attack men or domestic animals, for which Pasteur worked out preventive measures or a remedy.

THE LURE OF THE LABRADOR *

By Wilfred Thomason Grenfell (1865–)

Life in a new country is always full of hardships and privations. When the country is cold and bleak, like the Labrador region, the suffering is doubly great because the inhabitants are in many cases woefully poverty-stricken and lack even what seem to us the barest necessities of food and clothing. Theirs is an eternal struggle to wrest a living from a harsh environment. The following is an account of such a region and its inhabi-

* Copyright, 1919, by Wilfred T. Grenfell. Used by permission of and by arrangement with the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company.

tants, told by a physician who went there in 1889 as a member of a medical mission sent to alleviate suffering and disease. He became so interested in the work that he has since devoted his life to it.

Twenty years have passed away since that day, and a thousand more important affairs which have occurred in the meantime have faded from my memory; but still its events stand out clear and sharp. The large and lofty island, its top covered with green verdure, so wonderful a landmark from the sea, its peaks capped with the fleecy mist of early morning, rose in a setting of the purest azure blue. For the first time I saw the faces of its ruddy cliffs, their ledges picked out with the homes of myriad birds. Its feet were bathed in the dark, rich green of the Atlantic water, edged by the line of pure white breakers, where the gigantic swell lazily hurled immeasurable mountains of water against its titanic bastions, evoking peals of sound like thunder from its cavernous recesses — a very riot of magnificence. The great schools of whales, noisily slapping the calm surface of the sea with their huge tails as in an *abandon* of joy, dived and rose, and at times threw the whole of their mighty carcasses right out of water for a bath in the glorious morning sunshine. The shoals of fish everywhere breaching the water, and the silver streaks which flashed beneath our bows as we lazed along, suggested that the whole vast ocean was too small to hold its riches.

When we realized that practically no man had ever lived there, and few had even seen it, it seemed to overwhelm us, coming as we did from the crowded Island of our birth, where notices not to trespass haunted even the dreams of the average man.

A serried rank of range upon range of hills, reaching north and south as far as the eye could see from the masthead, was rising above our horizon behind a very surfeit of islands, bewildering the minds of men accustomed to our English and North Sea coastlines.

In a ship just the size of the famous *Matthew*,[1] we had gone west, following almost the exact footsteps of the great John Cabot when just four hundred years before he had fared forth on his famous venture of discovery. We seemed now almost able to

[1] The vessel in which John Cabot sailed for America.

share the exhilaration which only such experiences can afford the human soul, and the vast potential resources for the blessing of humanity of this great land still practically untouched.

At last we came to anchor among many schooners in a wonderful natural harbor called Domino Run, so named because the Northern fleets all pass through it on their way north and south. Had we been painted scarlet, and flown the Black Jack instead of the Red Ensign, we could not have attracted more attention. Flags of greeting were run up to all mastheads, and boats from all sides were soon abroad inquiring into the strange phenomenon. Our object explained, we soon had calls for a doctor, and it has been the experience of almost every visitor to the coast from that day to this that he is expected to have a knowledge of medicine.

One impression made on my mind that day undoubtedly influenced all my subsequent actions. Late in the evening, when the rush of visitors was largely over, I noticed a miserable bunch of boards, serving as a boat, with only a dab of tar along its seams, lying motionless a little way from us. In it, sitting silent, was a half-clad, brown-haired, brown-faced figure. After long hesitation, during which time I had been watching him from the rail, he suddenly asked:

"Be you a real doctor?"

"That's what I call myself," I replied.

"Us hasn't got no money," he fenced, "but there's a very sick man ashore, if so be you'd come and see him."

A little later he led me to a tiny sod-covered hovel, compared with which the Irish cabins were palaces. It had one window of odd fragments of glass. The floor was of pebbles from the beach; the earth walls were damp and chilly. There were half a dozen rude wooden bunks built in tiers around the single room, and a group of some six neglected children, frightened by our arrival, were huddled together in one corner. A very sick man was coughing his soul out in the darkness of a lower bunk, while a pitiably covered woman gave him cold water to sip out of a spoon. There was no furniture except a small stove with an iron pipe leading through a hole in the roof.

My heart sank as I thought of the little I could do for the sufferer in such surroundings. He had pneumonia, a high fever, and

was probably tubercular. The thought of our attractive little hospital on board at once rose to my mind; but how could one sail away with this husband and father, probably never to bring him back? Advice, medicine, a few packages of food were only temporizing. The poor mother could never nurse him and tend the family. Furthermore, their earning season, " while the fish were in," was slipping away. To pray for the man, and with the family, was easy, but scarcely satisfying. A hospital and a trained nurse was the only chance for this breadwinner — and neither was available.

I called in a couple of months later as we came South before the approach of winter. Snow was already on the ground. The man was dead and buried; there was no provision whatever for the family, who were destitute, except for the hollow mockery of a widow's grant of twenty dollars a year. This, moreover, had to be taken up in goods at a truck store, less debts *if* she owed any.

Among the nine hundred patients that still show on the records of that long-ago voyage, some stand out more than others for their peculiar pathos and their utter helplessness. I shall never forget one poor Eskimo. In firing a cannon to salute the arrival of the Moravian Mission ship, the gun exploded prematurely, blowing off both the man's arms below the elbows. He had been lying on his back for a fortnight, the pathetic stumps covered only with far from sterile rags dipped in cold water. We remained some days, and did all we could for his benefit; but he too joined the great host that is forever " going west," for want of what the world fails to give them.

It is not given to every member of our profession to enjoy the knowledge that he alone stands between the helpless and suffering or death, for in civilization modern amenities have almost annihilated space and time, and the sensations of the Yankee at the Court of King Arthur are destroyed by the realization of competitors, " just as good," even if it often does leave one conscious of limitations. The successful removal of a molar which has given torture for weeks in a dentistless country, gains one as much gratitude as the amputation of a limb. One mere boy came to me with necrosis of one side of his lower jaw due to nothing but neglected toothache. It had to be dug out from the new covering of

bone which had grown up all around it. The whimsical expression of his lop-sided face still haunts me.

Deformities went untreated. The crippled and blind halted through life, victims of what "the blessed Lord saw best for them." The torture of an ingrowing toenail, which could be relieved in a few minutes, had incapacitated one poor father for years. Tuberculosis and rickets carried on their evil work unchecked. Preventable poverty was the efficient handmaid of these two latter diseases.

There was also much social work to be done in connection with the medical. Education in every one of its branches — especially public health — was almost nonexistent — as were many simple social amenities which might have been so easily induced.

At one village a woman with five children asked us if we could marry her to her husband. They had never been together when a parson happened along, and they now lived in a lonely cove three miles away. This seemed a genuine case of distress; and as it happened a parson was taking a passage with us, we sent two of our crew over in a boat to round up the groom. Apparently he was not at all anxious, but being a very small man and she a large woman, he discreetly acquiesced. The wedding was held on board our ship, every one entering into the spirit of the unusual occasion. The main hold was crammed with guests, bells were rung and flags flown, guns fired, and at night distress rockets were sent up. We kept in touch with the happy couple for years, till once more they moved away to try their luck elsewhere.

Obviously the coast offered us work that would not be done unless we did it. Here was real need along any line on which one could labor, in a section of our own Empire, where the people embodied all our best sea-traditions. They exhibited many of the attractive characteristics which, even when buried beneath habits and customs the outcome of their environment, always endear men of the sea to the genuine Anglo-Saxon. They were uncomplaining, optimistic, splendidly resourceful, cheerful and generous — and after all, in one sense, soap and water only makes the outside of the platter clean.

I confess that we had greatly enjoyed the adventure *qua* adventure. Mysterious fjords which wound out of sight into the

fastness of unknown mountains, and which were entirely uncharted, fairly shouted an invitation to enter and discover what was round the next corner. Islands by the hundred, hitherto never placed on any map, challenged one's hydrographic skill. Families of strange birds, which came swinging seaward as the season advanced, sugested a virgin field for hunting. Berries and flowering plants, as excellent as they were unfamiliar, appealed for exploration. Great boulders perched on perilous peaks, torn and twisted strata, with here and there raised beaches, and great outcrops of black traprock piercing through red granite cliffs in giant vertical seams — all piqued one's curiosity to know the geology of this unknown land. Some stone arrowheads and knives, brought to me by a fisherman, together with the memories that the Norse Vikings and their competitors on the scroll of discovery made their first landfall on this the nearest section of the American coast to Europe, excited one's curiosity to know more of these shores. The dense growth of evergreen trees abounding in every river valley, and the exquisite streams with trout and salmon and seals attracted one whose familiarity with sport and forests was inseparately connected with notices to trespassers.

It only wanted an adventure such as we had one day while sailing up a fjord on a prosaic professional call, when we upset our cutter and had to camp for the night, to give spice to our other experiences, and made us wish to return another year, better equipped, and with a more competent staff.

I am far from being the only person from the outside world who has experienced what Wallace describes as " the Lure of the Labrador." It was a genuine surprise to me one morning to find ice on deck — a scale of sparkling crystals most beautifully picking out the waterline of our little craft. It was only then that I realized that October had come. The days, so full of incident, had passed away like ships in the night. Whither away? was the question. We could not stay even though we felt the urgent call to remain. So " Heigho for the southward bar " and a visit to St. John's to try and arouse interest in the new-discovered problems, before we should once more let go our stern lines and be bowling homeward before the fall nor'westers to dear old England.

Home-going craft had generously carried our story before us to

the city of St. John's. The Board of Trade commended our effort. The papers had written of the new phenomenon; the politicians had not refrained from commendation. His Excellency the Governor made our path plain by calling a meeting in Government House, where the following resolution was passed:

"That this meeting, representing the principal merchants and traders carrying on the fisheries, especially on the Labrador coast, and others interested in the welfare of this colony, desires to tender its warmest thanks to the directors of the Deep-Sea Mission for sending their hospital ship *Albert* to visit the settlement on the Labrador coast.

"Much of our fishing industry is carried on in regions beyond the ordinary reach of medical aid, or of charity, and it is with the deepest sense of gratitude that this meeting learns of the amount of medical and surgical work done. . . .

"This meeting also desires to express the hope that the directors may see their way to continue the work thus begun, and should they do so, they may be assured of the earnest coöperation of all classes of this community."

When at last we said good-by on our homeward voyage, our cabins were loaded with generous souvenirs for the journey, and no king on his throne was happier than every man of the crew of the good ship *Albert*.

Our report to the Council in London, followed by the resolution sent by the Newfoundland Committee, induced the Society to repeat the experiment on a larger scale the following spring. Thus, with two young doctors, Elliott Curwen of Cambridge and Arthur Bobardt from Australia, and two nurses, Miss Cawardine and Miss Williams, we again set out the following June.

The voyage was uneventful except that I was nearly left behind in mid-Atlantic. While playing cricket on deck our last ball went over the side, and I after it, shouting to the helmsman to tack back. This he did, but I failed to cut him off the first time, as he got a bit rattled. However, we rescued the ball.

We had chosen two islands two hundred miles apart for cottage hospitals, one at Battle Harbor, on the north side of the entrance of the St. Lawrence (Straits of Belle Isle), and the other at Indian Harbor, out in the Atlantic at the mouth of the great Hamilton

Inlet. Both places were the centers of large fisheries, and were the "bring-ups" for numberless schooners of the Labrador fleet on their way north and south. The first, a building already half finished, was donated by a local fishery firm by the name of Baine, Johnston and Company. This was quickly made habitable, and patients were admitted under Dr. Bobardt's care. The second building, assembled at St. John's, was shipped by the donors, who were the owners of the Indian Harbor fishery, Job Brothers and Company. Owing to difficulties in landing, this building was not completed and ready for use until the following year, so Dr. Curwen took charge of the hospital ship *Albert,* and I cruised as far north as Okkak (lat. 57°) in the *Princess May,* a midget steam launch, eight feet wide, with a cook and an engineer. As there was no coal obtainable in the North, we used wood, and her firebox being small the amount of cutting entailed left a permanent impression on our biceps.

A friend from Ireland had presented this little boat, which I found lying up on the Chester Race-Course, near our home on the Sands of Dee. We had repaired her and steamed her through the canal into the Mersey, where, somewhat to our humiliation, she had been slung up onto the deck of an Allan liner for her transatlantic passage, as if she were nothing but an extra band satchel. Nor was our pride restored when on her arrival it was found that her funnel was missing among the general baggage in the hold. We had to wait in St. John's for a new one before starting on our trip north. The close of the voyage proved a fitting corollary. In crossing the Straits of Belle Isle, the last boat to leave the Labrador, we ran short of fuel, and had to burn our cabin-top to make the French shore, having also lost our compass overboard. Here we delayed repairing and refitting so long that the authorities in St. John's became alarmed and dispatched their mail steamer in search of us. I still remember my astonishment, when, on boarding the steamer, the lively skipper, a very tender-hearted father of a family, threw both arms around me with a mighty hug and exclaimed "Thank God, we all thought you were gone. A schooner picked up your flagpole at sea." Poor fellow, he was a fine Christian seaman, but only a year or two later he perished with his large steamer while I still rove this rugged coast.

That summer we visited the stations of the Moravian Brethren, who were kindness personified to us. Their stations, five in number, dated back over a hundred and thirty years, yet they had never had a doctor among them. It would scarcely be modest for me to protest that they were the worse off for that circumstance. Each station was well armed with homeopathic pills, and at least those do no harm; while one old German house-father had really performed with complete success craniotomy and delivery of a child *en morcellement*, in the case of a colleague's wife. During our stay they gave us plenty of work among their Eskimos, and were good enough to report most favorably of our work to their home Committee.

With October came the necessity for returning South, and the long dark nights spent at the little fishing stations as we journeyed from place to place proved all too short. The gatherings for lantern meetings, for simple services, for spinning yarns, together with medicine and such surgery as we could accomplish under the circumstances, made every moment busy and enjoyable. One outstanding feature, however, everywhere impressed an Englishman — the absolute necessity for some standard medium of exchange. Till one has seen the truck system at work, its evil effects in enslaving and demoralizing the poor are impossible to realize.

All the length and breadth of the coast, the poorer people would show me their " settling up " as they called their account, though many never got as far as having any " settling up " given them — so they lived and died in debt to their merchant. They never knew the independence of a dollar in their pockets and the consequent incentive and value of thrift.

It was incredible to me that even large concerns like the Hudson's Bay Company would not pay in cash for valuable furs, and that so many dealers in the necessities of life should be still able to hold free men in economic bondage. It seemed a veritable chapter from *Through the Looking Glass*,[2] to hear the " grocer " and " haberdasher " talking of " my people," meaning their patrons,

[2] A continuation of *Alice in Wonderland*, full of the same delightful absurdities.

and holding over them the whip of refusal to sell them necessities in their hour of need if at any time they dealt with outsiders, however much to their advantage such a course might be.

This fact was first impressed upon me in an odd way. Early in the summer an Eskimo had come aboard the hospital ship with a bearskin and a few other furs to sell. We had not only been delighted with the chance to buy them, but had spread them all around the cabin and taken a picture of him in the middle. Later in the season, while showing my photograph album to a trader, he had suddenly remarked, " Why, what's —— doing here? "

" Selling me some beautiful furs," I replied.

" Oh! was he? " said the man. " I'll make him sing for selling the furs for which I supplied him."

It was no salve to his fretfulness when I assured him that I had paid in good English gold, and that his " dealer " would be as honest with the money as the system had made him. But the trader knew that the truck system creates slippery, tricky men; and the fisherman openly declares war on the merchant, making the most of his few opportunities to outwit his opponent.

A few years later a man brought a silver fox skin aboard my ship, just such a one as I had been requested by an English lady to secure for her. As fulfilling such a request would involve me in hostilities (which, however, I do not think were useless), I asked the man, who was wretchedly poor, if he owed the skin to the trader.

" I am in debt," he replied, " but they will only allow me eight dollars off my account for this skin, and I want to buy some food."

" Very well," I answered. " If you will promise to go at once and pay eight dollars off your debt, I will give you eight gold sovereigns for this skin."

To this he agreed, and faithfully carried out the agreement — while the English lady scored a bargain, and I a very black mark in the books of my friend the trader.

On another occasion my little steamer had temporarily broken down, and to save time I had journeyed on in the jolly-boat, leaving the cook to steer the vessel after me. I wanted to visit a very poor family, one of whose eight children I had taken to a hospital for bone turberculosis the previous year, and to whom the Mis-

sion had made a liberal grant of warm clothing. As the steamer had not come along by night, I had to sleep in the tiny one-roomed shack which served as a home. True, since it stood on the edge of the forest, there was little excuse that it was no larger; but the father, a most excellent, honest, and faithful worker, was obviously discouraged. He had not nearly enough proper food for his family; clothing was even more at a discount; tools with which to work were almost as lacking as in a cave man's dwelling; the whole family was going to pieces from sheer discouragement. The previous winter on the opposite bank of the same river, called Big River, a neighbor had in desperation sent his wife and eldest boy out of the house, killed his young family, and then shot himself.

When night came five of the children huddled together for warmth in one bed, and the parents and balance of the family in the other. I slept on the floor near the door in my sleeping-bag, with my nose glued to the crack to get a breath of God's cold air, in spite of the need for warmth — for not a blanket did the house possess. When I asked, a little hurt, where were the blankets which we had sent last year, the mother somewhat indignantly pointed to various trousers and coats which betrayed their final resting-place, and remarked, " If you'se had five lads all trying to get under one covering to onct, Doctor, you'd soon know what would happen to that blanket."

Early in the morning I made a boiling of cocoa, and took the two elder boys out for a seal hunt while waiting for my steamer. I was jŭst in time to see one boy carefully upset his mug of cocoa, when he thought I was not looking, and replace it with cold spring water. " I 'lows I'se not accustomed to no sweetness," was his simple explanation. It was raw and damp as we rowed into the estuary at sunrise in search of the seals. I was chilly even in a well-lined leather coat. But the two shock-headed boys, clad in ancient cotton shirts, and with what had once been only cotton overall jackets, were as jolly as crickets, and apparently almost unduly warm. The Labrador has taught me one truth, which as a physician I never forget, that is, coddling is the terrible menace of civilization, and " to endure hardness " is the best preparation for a " good soldier." On leaving, I promised to send to those boys, whose contentment and cheerfulness greatly endeared them

to me, a dozen good fox traps in order to give them a chance for the coming winter. Such a gift as those old iron rat traps seemed in their eyes! When at last they arrived, and were really their own possessions, no prince could have been prouder than they. The next summer as I steamed north, we called in at D—— B——'s house. The same famine in the land seemed to prevail; the same lack of apparently everything which I should have wanted. But the old inffective smile was still presented with an almost religious ceremonial, and my friend produced from his box a real silver fox skin. " I kept it for you'se, Doctor," he said, " though us hadn't ne'er a bit in t' house. I know'd you'd do better'n we with he."

I promised to try, and on my way called in at some northern islands where my friend, Captain Bartlett, father of the celebrated " Captain Bob " of North Pole fame, carried on a summer trade and fishery. He himself was a great seal and cod fisherman, and a man known for his generous sympathy for others.

" Do your best for me, Captain Will," I asked as I handed over the skin — and on coming south I found a complete winter diet laid out for me to take to D—— B——'s house. It was a veritable full load for the small carrying capacity of my little craft.

When we arrived at the house on the promontory, however, it was locked up and the family gone. They were off fishing on the outer islands, so all we could do was to break in the door, pile up the things inside, bar it up again, affixing a notice warning off bears, dogs, and all poachers, and advising Dick that it was the price of his pelt. In the note we also told him to put all the fur he caught the following winter in a barrel and " sit on it " till we came along, if he wanted a chance to get ahead. This he did almost literally. We ourselves took his barrel to the nearest cash buyer, and ordered for him goods for cash in St. John's to the full amount realized. The fur brought more than his needs, and he was able to help out neighbors by reselling at cash prices. This he did till the day of his death, when he left me, as his executor, with a couple of hundred good dollars in cash to divide among his children.

It was experiments like this which led me in later years to start the small coöperative distributive stores, in spite of the knowledge

of the opposition and criticism it would involve. How can one preach the gospel of love to a hungry people by sermons, or a gospel of healing to underfed children by pills, while one feels that practical teaching in home economics is what one would most wish if in their position? The more broad-minded critics themselves privately acknowledged this to me. One day a Northern furrier, an excellent and more intelligent man than ordinary, came to me as a magistrate to insist that a trading company keep its bargain by paying him in cash for a valuable fox skin. They were trying to compel him to take flour and supplies from them at prices far in excess of those at which he could purchase the goods in St. John's, *via* the mail steamer.

When asked to act as a justice of the peace for the Colony, I had thought it my duty to accept the responsibility. Already it had led me into a good deal of trouble. But that I should be forced to seize the large store of a company, and threaten an auction of goods for payment, without even a policeman to back me up, had never entered my mind. It was, however, exactly what I now felt called upon to do. To my intense surprise and satisfaction the trader immediately turned round and said: "You are quite right. The money shall be paid at once. The truck system is a mistaken policy, and loses us many customers." It was Saturday night. We had decided to have a service for the fishermen the next day, but had no place in which to gather. Therefore, after we had settled the business I took my pluck in my hands, and said:

"It's Sunday tomorrow. Would you lend us your big room for prayers in the morning?"

"Why, certainly," he replied; and he was present himself and sang as heartily as any man in the meeting. Nor did he lose a good customer on account of his openmindedness.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. Dr. Grenfell (aided the dwellers in the Labrador, could not do much to lessen the suffering of the Labrador people, did not try to help the Labrador people).
   b. Life in the Labrador is (easy, charming, not possible, difficult).
   c. The inhabitants are (well-to-do, comfortable, poverty-stricken).
2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.
   a. The people of the Labrador are always in —— to the traders.
   b. While up north, Dr. Grenfell experienced what Wallace, the author, calls —— —— —— —— ——.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe the home to which the man in the boat led Dr. Grenfell when he visited his first patient in the Labrador.
2. What qualities in the people of the Labrador does Dr. Grenfell mention as attractive?
3. Why is the work of Dr. Grenfell and others like him so important?
4. What was one outstanding cause for the poverty of the inhabitants? How was it remedied?
5. What is the "Lure of the Labrador"?
6. What do you think of men like Grenfell who devote themselves to the work of lessening pain and suffering?

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

By Helen Keller (1880–)

Close your eyes tight for a few minutes and see how much of the world is at once shut off from you. Then if you will also put your hands over your ears and completely shut out any sounds that you might hear, you will better appreciate this account of Helen Keller's life. It should encourage all of us to make the most of our senses of sight and hearing.

Though born a normal child, Helen Keller became blind, deaf, and dumb at the age of two. Her education began when her famous teacher Miss Sullivan arrived. Today she is an educated cultured woman, — a college graduate and a writer of books and articles. She has told of her afflictions

and the surmounting of her difficulties in a little book called *The Story of My Life*. The following selection is taken from this autobiography and describes the first few years of her life.

The beginning of my life was simple and much like every other little life. I came, I saw, I conquered, as the first baby in the family always does. There was the usual amount of discussion as to a name for me. The first baby in the family was not to be lightly named, every one was emphatic about that. My father suggested the name of Mildred Campbell, an ancestor whom he highly esteemed, and he declined to take any further part in the discussion. My mother solved the problem by giving it as her wish that I should be called after her mother, whose maiden name was Helen Everett. But in the excitement of carrying me to church my father lost the name on the way, very naturally, since it was one in which he had declined to have a part. When the minister asked him for it, he just remembered that it had been decided to call me after my grandmother, and he gave her name as Helen Adams.

I am told that while I was still in long dresses I showed many signs of an eager, self-asserting disposition. Everything that I saw other people do I insisted upon imitating. At six months I could pipe out " How d'ye," and one day I attracted every one's attention by saying " Tea, tea, tea " quite plainly. Even after my illness I remembered one of the words I had learned in these early months. It was the word " water," and I continued to make some sound for that word after all other speech was lost. I ceased making that sound " wah-wah " only when I learned to spell the word.

They tell me I walked the day I was a year old. My mother had just taken me out of the bathtub and was holding me in her lap, when I was suddenly attracted by the flickering shadows of leaves that danced in the sunlight on the smooth floor. I slipped from my mother's lap and almost ran toward them. The impulse gone, I fell down and cried for her to take me up in her arms.

These happy days did not last long. One brief spring, musical with the song of robin and mocking-bird, one summer rich in fruit and roses, one autumn of gold and crimson sped by and left their gifts at the feet of an eager, delighted child. Then, in the dreary

month of February, came the illness which closed my eyes and ears and plunged me into the unconsciousness of a new-born baby. They called it acute congestion of the stomach and brain. The doctor thought I could not live. Early one morning, however, the fever left me as suddenly and mysteriously as it had come. There was great rejoicing in the family that morning, but no one, not even the doctor, knew that I should never see or hear again.

I fancy I still have confused recollections of that illness. I especially remember the tenderness with which my mother tried to soothe me in my waking hours of fret and pain, and the agony and bewilderment with which I awoke after a tossing half sleep, and turned my eyes, so dry and hot, to the wall, away from the once-loved light, which came to me dim and yet more dim each day. But, except for these fleeting memories, if, indeed, they be memories, it all seems very unreal, like a nightmare. I got used to the silence and darkness that surrounded me and forgot that it had ever been different, until she came — my teacher — who was to set my spirit free. But during the first nineteen months of my life I had caught glimpses of broad, green fields, a luminous sky, trees and flowers which the darkness that followed could not wholly blot out. If we have once seen, " the day is ours, and what the day has shown."

I cannot recall what happened during the first months after my illness. I only know that I sat in my mother's lap or clung to her dress as she went about her household duties. My hands felt every object and observed every motion, and in this way I learned to know many things. Soon I felt the need of some communication with others and began to make crude signs. A shake of the head meant " No " and a nod, " Yes," a pull meant " Come " and a push, " Go." Was it bread that I wanted? Then I would imitate the acts of cutting the slices and buttering them. If I wanted my mother to make ice cream for dinner I made the sign for working the freezer and shivered, indicating cold. My mother, moreover, succeeded in making me understand a good deal. I always knew when she wished me to bring her something, and I would run upstairs or anywhere else she indicated. Indeed, I owe to her loving wisdom all that was bright and good in my long night.

I understood a good deal of what was going on about me. At five I learned to fold and put away the clean clothes when they were brought in from the laundry, and I distinguished my own from the rest. I knew by the way my mother and aunt dressed when they were going out, and I invariably begged to go with them. I was always sent for when there was company, and when the guests took their leave, I waved my hand to them, I think with a vague remembrance of the meaning of the gesture. One day some gentlemen called on my mother, and I felt the shutting of the front door and other sounds that indicated their arrival. On a sudden thought I ran upstairs before any one could stop me, to put on my idea of a company dress. Standing before the mirror, as I had seen others do, I anointed mine head with oil and covered my face thickly with powder. Then I pinned a veil over my head so that it covered my face and fell in folds down to my shoulders, and tied an enormous bustle round my small waist, so that it dangled behind, almost meeting the hem of my skirt. Thus attired I went down to help entertain the company.

I do not remember when I first realized that I was different from other people; but I knew it before my teacher came to me. I had noticed that my mother and my friends did not use signs as I did when they wanted anything done, but talked with their mouths. Sometimes I stood between two persons who were conversing and touched their lips. I could not understand, and was vexed. I moved my lips and gesticulated frantically without result. This made me so angry at times that I kicked and screamed until I was exhausted.

I think I knew when I was naughty, for I knew that it hurt Ella, my nurse, to kick her, and when my fit of temper was over I had a feeling akin to regret. But I cannot remember any instance in which this feeling prevented me from repeating the naughtiness when I failed to get what I wanted.

In those days a little colored girl, Martha Washington, the child of our cook, and Belle, an old setter and a great hunter in her day, were my constant companions. Martha Washington understood my signs, and I seldom had any difficulty in making her do just as I wished. It pleased me to domineer over her, and she generally submitted to my tyranny rather than risk a hand-to-

hand encounter. I was strong, active, indifferent to consequences. I knew my own mind well enough and always had my own way, even if I had to fight tooth and nail for it. We spent a great deal of time in the kitchen, kneading dough balls, helping make ice cream, grinding coffee, quarreling over the cake-bowl, and feeding the hens and turkeys that swarmed about the kitchen steps. Many of them were so tame that they would eat from my hand and let me feel them. One big gobbler snatched a tomato from me one day and ran away with it. Inspired, perhaps, by Master Gobbler's success, we carried off to the woodpile a cake which the cook had just frosted, and ate every bit of it. I was quite ill afterward, and I wonder if retribution also overtook the turkey.

The guinea-fowl likes to hide her nest in out-of-the-way places, and it was one of my greatest delights to hunt for the eggs in the long grass. I could not tell Martha Washington when I wanted to go egg-hunting, but I would double my hands and put them on the ground, which meant something round in the grass, and Martha always understood. When we were fortunate enough to find a nest I never allowed her to carry the eggs home, making her understand by emphatic signs that she might fall and break them.

The sheds where the corn was stored, the stable where the horses were kept, and the yard where the cows were milked morning and evening were unfailing sources of interest to Martha and me. The milkers would let me keep my hands on the cows while they milked, and I often got well switched by the cow for my curiosity.

The making ready for Christmas was always a delight to me. Of course I did not know what it was all about, but I enjoyed the pleasant odors that filled the house and the tidbits that were given to Martha Washington and me to keep us quiet. We were sadly in the way, but that did not interfere with our pleasure in the least. They allowed us to grind the spices, pick over the raisins and lick the stirring spoons. I hung my stocking because the others did; I cannot remember, however, that the ceremony interested me especially, nor did my curiosity cause me to wake before daylight to look for my gifts.

Martha Washington had as great a love of mischief as I. Two little children were seated on the veranda steps one hot July afternoon. One was black as ebony, with little bunches of fuzzy hair

tied with shoestrings sticking out all over her head like corkscrews. The other was white, with long golden curls. One child was six years old, the other two or three years older. The younger child was blind — that was I — and the other was Martha Washington. We were busy cutting out paper dolls; but we soon wearied of this amusement, and after cutting up our shoestrings and clipping all the leaves off the honeysuckle that was within reach, I turned my attention to Martha's corkscrews. She objected at first, but finally submitted. Thinking that turn and turn about is fair play, she seized the scissors and cut off one of my curls, and would have cut them all off but for my mother's timely interference.

Belle, our dog, my other companion, was old and lazy and liked to sleep by the open fire rather than to romp with me. I tried hard to teach her my sign language, but she was dull and inattentive. She sometimes started and quivered with excitement, then she became perfectly rigid, as dogs do when they point a bird. I did not then know why Belle acted in this way; but I knew she was not doing as I wished. This vexed me and the lesson always ended in a one-sided boxing match. Belle would get up, stretch herself lazily, give one or two contemptuous sniffs, go to the opposite side of the hearth and lie down again, and I, wearied and disappointed, went off in search of Martha.

Many incidents of those early years are fixed in my memory, isolated, but clear and distinct, making the sense of that silent, aimless, dayless life all the more intense.

One day I happened to spill water on my apron, and I spread it out to dry before the fire which was flickering on the sitting-room hearth. The apron did not dry quickly enough to suit me, so I drew nearer and threw it right over the hot ashes. The fire leaped into life; the flames encircled me so that in a moment my clothes were blazing. I made a terrified noise that brought Viny, my old nurse, to the rescue. Throwing a blanket over me, she almost suffocated me, but she put out the fire. Except for my hands and hair I was not badly burned.

About this time I found out the use of a key. One morning I locked my mother up in the pantry, where she was obliged to remain three hours, as the servants were in a detached part of the

house. She kept pounding on the door, while I sat outside on the porch steps and laughed with glee as I felt the jar of the pounding. This most naughty prank of mine convinced my parents that I must be taught as soon as possible. After my teacher, Miss Sullivan, came to me, I sought an early opportunity to lock her in her room. I went upstairs with something which my mother made me understand I was to give to Miss Sullivan; but no sooner had I given it to her than I slammed the door to, locked it, and hid the key under the wardrobe in the hall. I could not be induced to tell where the key was. My father was obliged to get a ladder and take Miss Sullivan out through the window — much to my delight. Months after I produced the key.

When I was about five years old we moved from the little vine-covered house to a large new one. The family consisted of my father and mother, two older half-brothers, and, afterward, a little sister, Mildred. My earliest distinct recollection of my father is making my way through great drifts of newspapers to his side and finding him alone, holding a sheet of paper before his face. I was greatly puzzled to know what he was doing. I imitated this action, even wearing his spectacles, thinking they might help solve the mystery. But I did not find out the secret for several years. Then I learned what those papers were, and that my father edited one of them.

My father was most loving and indulgent, devoted to his home, seldom leaving us, except in the hunting season. He was a great hunter, I have been told, and a celebrated shot. Next to his family he loved his dogs and gun. His hospitality was great, almost to a fault, and he seldom came home without bringing a guest. His special pride was the big garden where, it was said, he raised the finest watermelons and strawberries in the county; and to me he brought the first ripe grapes and the choicest berries. I remember his caressing touch as he led me from tree to tree, from vine to vine, and his eager delight in whatever pleased me.

He was a famous story-teller; after I had acquired language he used to spell clumsily into my hand his cleverest anecdotes, and nothing pleased him more than to have me repeat them at an opportune moment.

I was in the North, enjoying the last beautiful days of the sum-

mer of 1896, when I heard the news of my father's death. He had had a short illness, there had been a brief time of acute suffering, then all was over. This was my first great sorrow — my first personal experience with death.

How shall I write of my mother? She is so near to me that it almost seems indelicate to speak of her.

For a long time I regarded my little sister as an intruder. I knew that I had ceased to be my mother's only darling, and the thought filled me with jealousy. She sat in my mother's lap constantly, where I used to sit, and seemed to take up all her care and time. One day something happened which seemed to me to be adding insult to injury.

At that time I had a much-petted, much-abused doll, which I afterward named Nancy. She was, alas, the helpless victim of my outbursts of temper and of affection, so that she became much the worse for wear. I had dolls which talked, and cried, and opened and shut their eyes; yet I never loved one of them as I loved poor Nancy. She had a cradle and I often spent an hour or more rocking her. I guarded both doll and cradle with the most jealous care; but once I discovered my little sister sleeping peacefully in the cradle. At this presumption on the part of one to whom as yet no tie of love bound me I grew angry. I rushed upon the cradle and overturned it, and the baby might have been killed had my mother not caught her as she fell. Thus it is that when we walk in the valley of twofold solitude we know little of the tender affections that grow out of endearing words and actions and companionship. But afterward, when I was restored to my human heritage, Mildred and I grew into each other's hearts, so that we were content to go hand-in-hand wherever caprice led us, although she could not understand my finger language, nor I her childish prattle.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

   a. Before her illness Helen Keller was (able to see and hear, unable to see and hear).

   b. Her illness (left her blind, deaf and dumb; left her blind and deaf, and she lost the power of speech as a result of these afflictions).

c. She (learned to adapt herself to new conditions, was entirely helpless).

d. She was (very mischievous, well-behaved, dutiful) as a child.

2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.

a. At the age of —— Helen Keller contracted the disease which caused her to lose her —— and ——.

b. Her childhood companions were a little —— girl named —— —— and an old —— named ——.

c. When she was about —— years old the family moved from their little —— —— house to a —— —— one.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe Helen Keller's babyhood. What facts show that she was an unusually bright baby? How did she lose her sight and hearing?

2. What incidents stand out most clearly in her life immediately after her sickness? How did she learn to adjust herself to her new life? Who was it that set her spirit free?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Read the remainder of the book and find out how she finally learned to talk and read.

Come to class prepared to give a little talk on the hardships of blind people.

Read to the class a selection from the book that you enjoyed for its truth or its beauty.

HOME READING

Abbott, John S. C. . . .	*Kit Carson*
Allen, C. F.	*David Crockett, Scout*
Antin, Mary	*Promised Land*
Bok, Edward	*A Dutch Boy Fifty Years After*
Brower, H.	*Story Lives of Master Musicians*
Custer, Elizabeth . . .	*Boots and Saddles*
Darrow, Floyd L. . . .	*Masters of Science and Invention*
Driggs, L. L.	*Heroes of Aviation*
Eastman, Charles A. . . .	*Indian Boyhood*
Gilbert, Ariadne . . .	*More than Conquerors*
Hammond, John Winthrop . .	*Magician of Science, (Steinmetz)*
Judd, Alfred	*Conquest of the Poles*
Larcom, Lucy	*New England Girlhood*
Madison, Lucy F. . . .	*Joan of Arc*

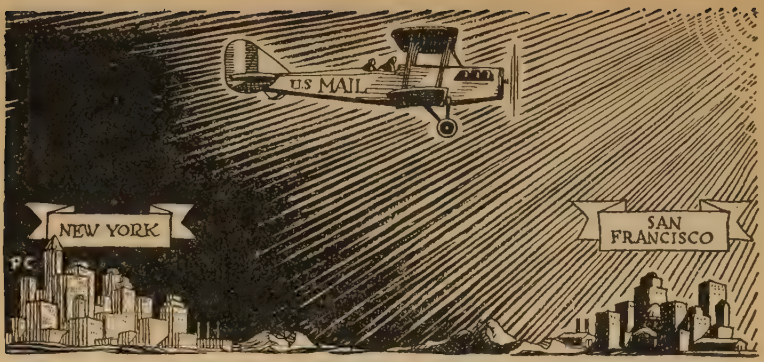
Muir, John	*Story of My Boyhood and Youth*
Newbolt, H. J.	*Book of the Long Trail*
Nicolay, Helen	*Boy's Life of U. S. Grant*
Nicolay, Helen	*Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln*
Overton, Jacqueline	*Life of Stevenson*
Parkman, Mary Rosetta	*Heroes of Today*
Paine, Albert Bigelow	*Boy's Life of Mark Twain*
Pupin, Michael	*From Immigrant to Inventor*
Richards, Laura E.	*Florence Nightingale*
Riis, Jacob	*The Making of an American*
Smith, E. S. (Ed)	*Heroines of History and Legend*
Stengel, H. Oxley	*Mary Lyon*
Tappan, Eva March	*Heroes of Progress*
Warner, Charles Dudley	*Being a Boy*
Washington, Booker T.	*Up From Slavery*
Young, S. H.	*Alaska Days with John Muir*

GENERAL REVIEW TOPICS ON BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

1. Appoint a committee and let each member tell of the favorite recreation of some famous person whose biography or autobiography he has read.

2. Look up further facts about the lives of the men and women whose brief biographies are given at the end of this book and present reports in class.

3. Appoint a committee and let each member tell about the boyhood or girlhood of a famous American.



A BUNDLE OF LETTERS

From the Pens of Famous Men and Women

Do you get a thrill of pleasure when you receive a letter — one that tells of some visit to another city, or just one that tells of a friend's daily life? Most of us do.

It often happens that great men and women express themselves so well in the letters they write that even strangers enjoy them, and when the letters are published they are often as interesting as any book written especially for publication. That is the reason for including letters in this volume.

The letters chosen have all been written by famous men and women. Some are full of fun, others full of serious thoughts; many are an expression of the courage and character of the writers. Robert E. Lee, Robert Louis Stevenson, Theodore Roosevelt, Helen Keller, Louisa M. Alcott, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Carlyle, Edward Everett Hale, are the authors of some of the finest letters ever written. The reading of such letters comes nearest to intimate conversation with the great.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO THE AMERICAN DEFENSE SOCIETY

This is the last public message of Theodore Roosevelt (1858–1919), Honorary President of the American Defense Society. It was addressed to the Society and was read at its meeting in the New York Hippodrome, on January 5, 1919. It was only a few hours later that death deprived us of one of the most outstanding figures of our country.

I cannot be with you and so all I can do is to wish you Godspeed. There must be no sagging back in the fight for Americanism merely because the war is over. There are plenty of persons who have already made the assertion that they believe the American people have a short memory and that they intend to revive all the foreign associations which most directly interfere with the complete Americanization of our people.

Our principle in this matter should be absolutely simple. In the first place we should insist that if the immigrant who comes here in good faith becomes an American and assimilates himself to us, he shall be treated on an exact equality with every one else, for it is an outrage to discriminate against any such man because of creed or birthplace or origin.

But this is predicated upon the man's becoming in very fact an American and nothing but an American. If he tries to keep segregated with men of his own origin and separated from the rest of America, then he isn't doing his part as an American.

There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American but something else also, isn't an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile.

We have room for but one language here and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house; and we have room for but one soul loyalty and that is a loyalty to the American people.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO THE HEAD OF THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT

Theodore Roosevelt is noted for the high ideals of conduct and citizenship which he always held up before him as the guide posts to his thoughts and actions. In this letter to the head of the Boy Scout Movement in America, he gives us his conception of what an American should be. He himself always practised what he preached and the letter gives us a fine picture of Roosevelt, the man and the citizen.

My Dear Sir:

I quite agree with Judge Ben Lindsey that the Boy Scout Movement is of peculiar importance to the whole country. It has already done much good, and it will do far more. It is in its essence a practical scheme through which to impart a proper standard of ethical conduct, proper standards of fair play and consideration for others, and courage and decency, to boys who have never been reached and never will be reached by the ordinary type of preaching, lay or clerical. I have been particularly interested in that extract of a letter from a scoutmaster in the Philippines, which runs as follows:

" It might interest you to know that at a recent fire in Manila, which devastated acres of ground and rendered three thousand people homeless, two patrols of the Manila scouts reached the fire almost with the fire companies, reported to the proper authorities and worked for hours under very trying conditions helping frightened natives into places of safety, removing valuables and other articles from houses that apparently were in the path of the flames, and performing cheerfully and efficiently all the tasks given to them by the firemen and scoutmaster. They were complimented in the public press, and in a kind editorial about their work.

" During the recent Carnival the services of the boys were requested by the Carnival officers, and for a period of ten days they were on duty performing all manners of service in the Carnival grounds, directing strangers to hotels, and acting as guides and helpers in a hundred ways."

What these boy scouts of the Philippines have just done I think our boy scouts in every town and country district should train themselves to be able to do. The movement is one for efficiency and patriotism. It does not try to make soldiers of boy scouts, but to make boys who will turn out as men to be fine citizens, and who will, if their country needs them, make better soldiers for having been scouts.

No one can be a good American unless he is a good citizen, and every boy ought to train himself so that as a man he will be able to do his full duty to the community. I want to see the boy scouts not merely utter fine sentiments, but act on them; not merely sing, 'My Country 'Tis of Thee," but act in a way that will give them a country to be proud of. No man is a good citizen unless he so acts as to show that he actually uses the Ten Commandments, and translates the Golden Rule into his life conduct — and I don't mean by this in exceptional cases under spectacular circumstances, but I mean applying the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule in the ordinary affairs of every-day life.

I hope the boy scouts will practice truth and square dealing, and courage and honesty, so that when as young men they begin to take a part not only in earning their own livelihood, but in governing the community, they may be able to show in practical fashion their insistence upon the great truth that the eight and ninth commandments are directly related to every-day life, not only between men as such in their private relations, but between men and the government of which they are part. Indeed the boys even while only boys can have a very real effect upon the conduct of the grown-up members of the community, for decency and square dealing are just as contagious as vice and corruption.

Every healthy boy ought to feel and will feel that in order to amount to anything, it is necessary to have a constructive, and not merely a destructive, nature; and if he can keep this feeling as he grows up he has taken his first step toward good citizenship. The man who tears down and criticizes and scolds may be a good citizen, but only in a negative sense; and if he never does anything else he is apt not to be a good citizen at all. The man who counts, and the boy who counts, are the man and boy who steadily

endeavor to build up, to improve, to better living conditions everywhere and all about them.

But the boy can do an immense amount of right in the present, entirely aside from training himself to be a good citizen in the future; and he can only do this if he associates himself with other boys. Let the boy scouts see to it that the best use is made of the parks and playgrounds in their villages and home towns. A gang of toughs may make a playground impossible; and if the boy scouts in the neighborhood of that particular playground are fit for their work, they will show that they won't permit any such gang of toughs to have its way. Moreover, let the boy scouts take the lead in seeing that the parks and playgrounds are turned to a really good account. I hope, by the way, that one of the prime teachings among the boy scouts will be the teaching against vandalism. Let it be a point of honor to protect birds, trees, and flowers, and so to make our country more beautiful and not more ugly, because we have lived in it.

The same qualities that mean success or failure to the nation as a whole, mean success or failure in men and boys individually. The boy scouts must war against the same foes and vices that most hurt the nation; and they must try to develop the same virtues that the nation most needs. To be helpless, self-indulgent, or wasteful, will turn the boy into a mighty poor kind of a man, just as the indulgence in such vices by the men of a nation means the ruin of the nation. Let the boy stand stoutly against his enemies both from without and from within, let him show courage in confronting fearlessly one set of enemies, and in controlling and mastering the others. Any boy is worth nothing if he has not got the courage, courage to stand up against the forces of evil, and courage to stand up in the right path.

Let him be unselfish and gentle, as well as strong and brave. It should be a matter of pride to him that he is not afraid of any one, and that he scorns not to be gentle and considerate to every one, and especially to those who are weaker than he is. If he doesn't treat his mother and sisters well, then he is a poor creature no matter what else he does; just as a man who doesn't treat his wife well is a poor kind of citizen no matter what his other qualities may be. And, by the way, don't ever forget to let

the boy know that courtesy, politeness, and good manners must not be neglected. They are not little things, because they are used at every turn in daily life.

Let the boy remember also that in addition to courage, unselfishness, and fair dealing, he must have efficiency, he must have knowledge, he must cultivate a sound body and a good mind, and train himself so that he can act with quick decision in any crisis that may arise. Mind, eye, muscle, all must be trained so that the boy can master himself, and thereby learn to master his fate. I heartily wish all good luck to the movement.

Very sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. How can a boy become a good American citizen?
2. What are some of the ideals which he must live up to?
3. Find in the last paragraph of the letter the words that will correctly fill the blanks in the following sentence. Write them on a piece of paper. Do not write in the book. "Let the boy remember also that in addition to —— —— and —— ——, he must have ——, he must have ——, he must cultivate a —— —— and a —— ——.

HENDRIK VAN LOON TO HANSJE AND WILLEM *

Hendrik Van Loon (1882–), born in Holland and living in America, is known the world over for his history, *The Story of Mankind*. The following letter is the introduction to the book and explains the aims that inspired the author to write a masterpiece which has given to both children and adults a clearer and broader understanding of the world in which they live. The author followed *The Story of Mankind* with another popular book, *The Story of the Bible*.

FOR HANSJE AND WILLEM:

When I was twelve or thirteen years old, an uncle of mine who gave me my love for books and pictures promised to take me upon a memorable expedition. I was to go with him to the top of the tower of Old Saint Lawrence in Rotterdam.

* From *The Story of Mankind* by Hendrik Van Loon. Copyrighted by Boni and Liveright, and used with their permission.

And so, one fine day, a sexton with a key as large as that of Saint Peter opened the mysterious door. "Ring the bell," he said, "when you come back and want to get out," and with a great grinding of rusty old hinges he separated us from the noise of the busy street and locked us into a world of new and strange experiences.

For the first time in my life I was confronted by the phenomenon of audible silence. When we had climbed the first flight of stairs, I added another discovery to my limited knowledge of natural phenomena — that of tangible darkness. A match showed us where the upward road continued. We went to the next floor and then to the next and the next until I had lost count and then there came still another floor, and suddenly we had plenty of light. This floor was on an even height with the roof of the church, and it was used as a storeroom. Covered with many inches of dust, there lay the abandoned symbols of a venerable faith which had been discarded by the good people of the city many years ago. That which had meant life and death to our ancestors was here reduced to junk and rubbish. The industrious rat had built his nest among the carved images and the ever watchful spider had opened up shop between the outspread arms of a kindly saint.

The next floor showed us from where we had derived our light. Enormous open windows with heavy iron bars made the high and barren room the roosting place of hundreds of pigeons. The wind blew through the iron bars and the air was filled with a weird and pleasing music. It was the noise of the town below us, but a noise which had been purified and cleansed by the distance. The rumbling of heavy carts and the clinking of horses' hoofs, the winding of cranes and pulleys, the hissing sound of the patient steam which had been set to do the work of man in a thousand different ways — they had all been blended into a softly rustling whisper which provided a beautiful background for the trembling cooing of the pigeons.

Here the stairs came to an end and the ladders began. And after the first ladder (a slippery old thing which made one feel his way with a cautious foot) there was a new and even greater

wonder, the town-clock. I saw the heart of time. I could hear the heavy pulsebeats of the rapid seconds — one — two — three — up to sixty. Then a sudden quivering noise when all the wheels seemed to stop and another minute had been chopped off eternity. Without pause it began again — one — two — three — until at last after a warning rumble and the scraping of many wheels a thunderous voice, high above us, told the world that it was the hour of noon.

On the next floor were the bells. The nice little bells and their terrible sisters. In the center the big bell, which made me turn stiff with fright when I heard it in the middle of the night telling a story of fire or flood. In solitary grandeur it seemed to reflect upon those six hundred years during which it had shared the joys and the sorrows of the good people of Rotterdam. Around it, neatly arranged like the blue jars of an old-fashioned apothecary shop, hung the little fellows, who twice a week played a merry tune for the benefit of the country-folk who had come to market to buy and sell and hear what the big world had been doing. But in a corner — all alone and shunned by the others — a big black bell, silent and stern, the bell of death.

Then darkness once more and other ladders, steeper and even more dangerous than those we had climbed before, and suddenly the fresh air of the wide heavens. We had reached the highest gallery. Above us the sky. Below us the city — a little toy-town, where busy ants were hastily crawling hither and thither, each one intent upon his or her particular business, and beyond the jumble of stones, the wide greenness of the open country.

It was my first glimpse of the big world.

Since then, whenever I have had the opportunity, I have gone to the top of the tower and enjoyed myself. It was hard work, but it repaid in full the mere physical exertion of climbing a few stairs.

Besides, I knew what my reward would be. I would see the land and the sky, and I would listen to the stories of my kind friend the watchman, who lived in a small shack, built in a sheltered corner of the gallery. He looked after the clock and was a father to the bells, and he warned of fires, but he enjoyed many

free hours and then he smoked a pipe and thought his own peaceful thoughts. He had gone to school almost fifty years before and he had rarely read a book, but he had lived on the top of his tower for so many years that he had absorbed the wisdom of that wide world which surrounded him on all sides.

History he knew well, for it was a living thing with him. "There," he would say, pointing to a bend of the river, "there, my boy, do you see those trees? That is where the Prince of Orange cut the dikes to drown the land and save Leyden." Or he would tell me the tale of the old Meuse, until the broad river ceased to be a convenient harbor and became a wonderful highroad, carrying the ships of De Ruyter and Tromp upon that famous last voyage, when they gave their lives that the sea might be free to all.

Then there were the little villages, clustering around the protecting church which once, many years ago, had been the home of their patron Saints. In the distance we could see the leaning tower of Delft. Within sight of its high arches, William the Silent had been murdered and there Grotius had learned to construe his first Latin sentences. And still further away, the long low body of the Church of Gouda, the early home of the man whose wit had proved mightier than the armies of many an emperor, the charity-boy whom the world came to know as Erasmus.

Finally the silver line of the endless sea and as a contrast immediately below us, the patchwork of roofs and chimneys and houses and gardens and hospitals and schools and railways, which we called our home. But the tower showed us the old home in a new light. The confused commotion of the streets and the marketplace, of the factories and the workshops, became the well-ordered expression of human energy and purpose. Best of all, the wide view of the glorious past, which surrounded us on all sides, gave us new courage to face the problems of the future when we had gone back to our daily tasks.

History is the mighty tower of Experience, which Time has built amidst the endless fields of bygone ages. It is no easy task to reach the top of this ancient structure and get the benefit of the full view. There is no elevator, but young feet are strong and it can be done.

Here I give you the key that will open the door.

When you return, you too will understand the reason for my enthusiasm.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What picture of the old tower is given in this letter?
2. Why does the writer tell us of climbing to the top of the tower?
3. To what does the writer compare this climb?
4. What is meant by the "key that will open the door"?

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT TO F. P. TRUE

Louisa May Alcott (1832–1888) is best known as a writer of books dealing with young people. Of these the most popular is *Little Women,* which is based on actual occurrences in her own girlhood. The letter following was written in answer to a request from a young man for advice on how to become an author.

CONCORD, October 24

DEAR SIR, — I never copy or "polish," so I have no old manuscripts to send you; and if I had it would be of little use, for one person's method is no rule for another. Each must work in his own way; and the only drill needed is to keep writing and profit by criticism. Mind grammar, spelling, and punctuation, use short words, and express as briefly as you can your meaning. Young people use too many adjectives and try to "write fine." The strongest, simplest words are best, and no *foreign* ones if it can be helped.

Write, and print if you can; if not, still write, and improve as you go on. Read the best books, and they will improve your style. See and hear good speakers and wise people, and learn of them. Work for twenty years, and then you may some day find that you have a style and place of your own, and can command good pay for the same things no one would take when you were unknown.

I know little of poetry, as I never read modern attempts, but advise any young person to keep to prose, as only once in a cen-

tury is there a true poet; and verses are so easy to do that it is not much help to write them. I have so many letters like your own that I can say no more, but wish you success, and give you for a motto Michael Angelo's wise words: "Genius is infinite patience."

Your friend,

L. M. Alcott

P.S. — The lines you send are better than many I see; but boys of nineteen cannot know much about hearts, and had better write of things they understand. Sentiment is apt to become sentimentality; and sense is always safer, as well as better drill, for young fancies and feelings.

Read Ralph Waldo Emerson, and see what good prose is, and some of the best poetry we have. I much prefer him to Longfellow.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT TO HER FATHER

The life of Louisa May Alcott was full of toil and sacrifice for those she loved. Her father was an impractical philosopher and Louisa was the one upon whom the burden of support fell. However, the love and reverence which each member of the family had for the others was very sincere and touching as the following letter shows.

Boston, Nov. 29, 1856

Dearest Father, — Your little parcel was very welcome to me as I sat alone in my room, with snow falling fast outside, and a few tears in (for birthdays are dismal times to me); and the fine letter, the pretty gift, and, most of all, the loving thought so kindly taken for your old absent daughter, made the cold, dark day as warm and bright as summer to me.

And now, with the birthday pin upon my bosom, many thanks on my lips, and a whole heart full of love for its giver, I will tell you a little about my doings, stupid as they will seem after your own grand proceedings. How I wish I could be with you, enjoying what I have always longed for, — fine people, fine amusements, and fine books. But as I can't, I am glad you are; for I

love to see your paper first among the lecturers, to hear it kindly spoken of in papers and inquired about by good people here, — to say nothing of the delight and pride I take in seeing you at last filling the place you are so fitted for, and which you have waited for so long and patiently.

* * * * * * * *

I am very well and very happy. Things go smoothly, and I think I shall come out right, and prove that though an *Alcott* I *can* support myself. I like the independent feeling; and though not an easy life, it is a free one, and I enjoy it. I can't do much with my hands; so I will make a battering-ram of my head and make a way through this rough-and-tumble world.

Good-by, and a happy birthday from your ever loving child,

LOUISA

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT TO HER SISTER

This letter gives us an insight into Louisa May Alcott's generous and self-sacrificing nature. Though she had to contend with poverty and to struggle hard to get along, yet she never forgot her beloved family and always shared whatever she had with them. Her happy nature is well brought out by her humorous and sprightly style.

Boston Bulletin, — Ninth Issue

Sunday Eve, November, 1858

MY BLESSED NAN, — Having finished my story, I can refresh my soul by a scribble to you, though I have nothing to tell of much interest.

Mrs. L. is to pay me my "celery" each month, as she likes to settle all bills in that way; so yesterday she put $20.85 into my willing hands, and gave me Saturday P.M. for a holiday. This unexpected $20, with the $10 for my story (if I get it) and $5 for sewing, will give me the immense sum of $35. I shall get a second-hand carpet for the little parlor, a bonnet for you, and some shoes and stockings for myself, as three times round the Common in cold weather conduces to chilblains, owing to stockings with a profu-

sion of toe, but no heel, and shoes with plenty of heel, but a paucity of toe. The prejudices of society demand that my feet be covered in the houses of the rich and great; so I shall hose and shoe myself, and if any of my fortune is left, will invest it in the Alcott Sinking Fund, the Micawber R. R., and the Skimpole three per cents.

Tell me how much carpet you need, and T. S. will find me a good one. In December I shall have another $20; so let me know what is wanting, and don't live on "five pounds of rice and a couple of quarts of split pease" all winter, I beg.

I'm disgusted with this letter; for I always begin trying to be proper and neat; but my pen will not keep in order, and ink has a tendency to splash when used copiously and with rapidity. I have to be so moral and so dignified nowadays that the jocosity of my nature will gush out when it gets a chance, and the consequences are, as you see, rubbish. But you like it; so let's be merry while we may, for to-morrow is Monday, and the weekly grind begins again.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON TO HIS MOTHER*

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894) author of *Treasure Island* and a dozen other famous tales, had at first intended to enter the profession of civil engineering, but his poor health prevented him from doing so. He turned to law, but finally found his true place as an author. This letter was written to his mother while he was traveling on the continent as a young man of twenty-two. Notice the vivacious and humorous tone of the letter.

Brussels, Thursday, 25th July, 1872

My dear Mother, — I am here at last, sitting in my room, without coat or waistcost, and with both window and door open, and yet perspiring like a terra-cotta jug or a Gruyère cheese.

We had a very good passage, which we certainly deserved, in compensation for having to sleep on the cabin floor, and finding absolutely nothing fit for human food in the whole filthy embarkation. We made up for lost time by sleeping on deck a good

* Reprinted from *Letters of Stevenson,* edited by Sidney Colvin, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

part of the forenoon. When I woke, Simpson was still sleeping the sleep of the just, on a coil of ropes and (as appeared afterwards) his own hat; so I got a bottle of Bass and a pipe and laid hold of an old Frenchman of somewhat filthy aspect, to try my French upon. I made very heavy weather of it. The Frenchman had a very pretty young wife; but my French always deserted me entirely when I had to answer her, and so she soon drew away and left me to her lord, who talked of French politics, Africa, and domestic economy with great vivacity. From Ostend a smoking-hot journey to Brussels. At Brussels we went off after dinner to the Parc. If any person wants to be happy, I should advise the Parc. You sit drinking iced drinks and smoking penny cigars under great old trees. The band place, covered walks, etc., are all lit up. And you can't fancy how beautiful was the contrast of the great masses of lamplit foliage and the dark sapphire night sky with just one blue star set overhead in the middle of the largest patch. In the dark walks, too, there are crowds of people whose faces you cannot see, and here and there a collossal white statue at the corner of an alley that gives the place a nice, artificial, eighteenth-century sentiment. There was a good deal of summer lightning overhead, and the black avenues and white statues leapt out every minute into short-lived distinctness.

I get up to add one thing more. There is in the hotel a boy in whom I take the deepest interest. I cannot tell you his age, but the very first time I saw him (when I was at dinner yesterday) I was very much struck with his appearance. There is something very leonine in his face, with the dash of the negro especially, if I remember aright, in the mouth. He has a great quantity of dark hair, curling in great rolls, not in little corkscrews, and a pair of large, dark, and very steady, bold, bright eyes. His manners are those of a prince. I felt like an overgrown ploughboy beside him. He speaks English perfectly, but with, I think, sufficient foreign accent to stamp him as a Russian, especially when his manners are taken into account. I don't think I ever saw any one who looked like a hero before. After breakfast this morning I was talking to him in the court, when he mentioned casually that he had caught a snake in the Riesengebirge. "I have it here," he said; "would you like to see it?" I said yes; and putting his

hand into his breast-pocket, he drew forth not a dried serpent skin, but the head and neck of the reptile writhing and shooting out its horrible tongue in my face. You may conceive what a fright I got. I send off this single sheet just now in order to let you know I am safe across; but you must not expect letters often.

R. L. Stevenson

P. S. The snake was about a yard long, but harmless, and now, he says, quite tame.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON TO ALISON CUNNINGHAM *

Alison Cunningham was Stevenson's nurse when he was an ailing child, and between the two grew up a tender love which continued after Stevenson reached maturity. His letters to her make interesting reading and show the depth of their mutual feelings. This letter was written to tell her that he was dedicating to her his book, *A Child's Garden of Verse.*

Nice, February, 1883

My dear Cummy, — You must think, and quite justly, that I am one of the meanest rogues in creation. But though I do not write (which is a thing I hate), it by no means follows that people are out of my mind. It is natural that I should always think more or less about you, and still more natural that I should think of you when I went back to Nice. But the real reason why you have been more in my mind than usual is because of some little verses that I have been writing, and I mean to make a book of; and the real reason of this letter (although I ought to have written to you anyway) is that I have just seen that the book in question must be dedicated to

ALISON CUNNINGHAM,

the only person who will really understand it. I don't know when it may be ready, for it has to be illustrated, but I hope in the meantime you may like the idea of what is to be: and when the

* Reprinted from *Letters of Stevenson*, edited by Sidney Colvin, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

time comes, I shall try to make the dedication as pretty as I can make it. Of course, this is only a flourish, like taking off one's hat; but still, a person who has taken the trouble to write things does not dedicate them to any one without meaning it; and you must just try to take this dedication in place of a great many things that I might have said, and that I ought to have done, to prove that I am not altogether unconscious of the great debt of gratitude I owe you. This little book, which is all about my childhood, should indeed go to no other person but you, who did so much to make that childhood happy.

Do you know, we came near sending for you this winter. If we had not news that you were ill too, I almost believe we should have done so, we were so much in trouble.

I am now very well; but my wife has had a very, very bad spell, through overwork and anxiety, when I was lost! I suppose you heard of that. She sends you her love, and hopes you will write to her, though she no more than I deserves it. She would add a word herself, but she is too played out.

I am, ever your old boy, R. L. S.

ROBERT E. LEE TO HIS SONS

As the leader of the Southern forces during the Civil War, Robert E. Lee (1807–1870) won the love of his own men and the respect and admiration of his foes. He was a product of the best Southern culture and ideals. Today we look on him more as a great American than a great Southerner for he has become a part of America and not merely of the South. The following letter was written to his sons a long time before the Civil War, while he was with General Winfield Scott in Mexico.

Ship Massachusetts, off Lobos,
February 27, 1847

My Dear Boys:

I received your letters with the greatest pleasure, and, as I always like to talk to you both together, I will not separate you in my letters, but write one to you both. I was much gratified to hear of your progress at school, and hope that you will continue to advance and that I shall have the happiness of finding you much

improved in all your studies on my return. I shall not feel my long separation from you if I find that my absence has been of no injury to you, and that you have both grown in goodness and knowledge, as well as stature. But oh, how much will I suffer on my return if the reverse has occurred! You enter into all my thoughts, in all my prayers; and on you, in part, will depend whether I shall be happy or miserable, as you know how much I love you. You must do all in your power to save me pain.

You will learn, by my letter to your grandmother, that I have been to Tampico. I saw many things to remind me of you, though that was not necessary to make me wish that you were with me. The river was so calm and beautiful, and the boys were playing about in boats, and swimming their ponies. Then there were troops of donkeys carrying water through the streets. They had a kind of saddle, something like a cart saddle, though larger, that carried two ten-gallon kegs on each side, which was a load for a donkey. They had no bridles on, but would come along in strings to the river, and as soon as their kegs were filled, start off again. They were fatter and slicker than any donkeys I had ever seen before, and seemed to be better cared for. I saw a great many ponies too. They were much larger than those in the upper country, but did not seem so enduring. I got one to ride around the fortifications. He had a Mexican bit and saddle on, and paced delightfully but every time my sword struck him on the flanks, would jump and try to run off. Several of them had been broken to harness by the Americans and I saw some teams in wagons, driven four in hand, well matched and trotting well. We had a grand parade on General Scott's arrival. The troops were all drawn up on the bank of the river, and fired a salute as he passed them. He landed at the market, where lines of sentinels were placed to keep off the crowd. In front of the landing the artillery was drawn up, which received him in the center of the column and escorted him through the streets to his lodgings. They had provided a handsome gray horse, richly caparisoned, for him to ride, but he preferred to walk with his staff around him, and a dragoon led the horse behind us. The windows along the streets we passed were crowded with people, and the boys and girls were in great glee — the Governor's Island band playing all the time.

There were six thousand soldiers in Tampico. Mr. Barry was the adjutant of the escort. I think you would have enjoyed with me the oranges and sweet potatoes. Major Smith became so fond of the chocolate that I could hardly get him away from the house. We remained there only one day.

* * * * * * * *

Tell Rob he must think of me very often, be a good boy, and always love papa. Take care of "Speck" and the colts. Mr. Sedgwick and all the officers send their love to you.

The ship rolls so I can scarcely write. You must write to me very often. I am always very glad to hear from you. Be sure that I think of you, and that you have the prayers of

Your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What picture of Lee's family life do we get from this letter?
2. Why do you think his boys enjoyed reading his letters?

EDWARD EVERETT HALE TO HIS SONS, PHIL AND BERTY

Edward Everett Hale (1822–1909) was the author of *The Man Without A Country*, a story which has done more, perhaps, to inspire love of country than any other work in American literature. Besides this, he wrote many other stories, tales of travel, and biography. This letter was written to his children while he was in England. Note the simple language and the understanding way in which he writes.

Liverpool, May 5, 1873

Dear Phil and Berty:

This seems a very good country for boys, but I have seen no boys I like near so well as mine. We went on Saturday to a Museum which is like the Natural History rooms only a great deal bigger. We saw there a live chameleon. Now the chameleon is the beast who is one color at one time and another at another. He is not very big, about as long as Phil's hand. When we saw him he was walking up a little bush and he was a greenish yellow. He

had cabbage to eat. There were splendid peacocks and pheasants. When you go to the Natural History Society, I hope you will look for an Argus pheasant. He is called Argus because there was a king Argus who had one hundred eyes. Now this bird's tail is so full of beautiful spots that look like eyes that he is called the Argus pheasant. Is not that a good name?

Then there were live fishes swimming among grass and stones in glass boxes so that we could see them. There were very, very old mummies from the tombs in Egypt. I laughed very much at some tortoises who were not alive but looked very funny. The people wanted to show their breasts, so they set them up in the cases with the breasts in front, and they looked as if they were jumping Jim Crow. Arthur will show you how to jump Jim Crow and perhaps will teach you how. Here is a tortoise jumping Jim Crow (picture). As we approached the land after our voyage we saw a very famous lighthouse, at a place called Holy-head. Holy-head is a cliff, or rocky mountain of which the sides run down into the sea. At the very end of the cliff is a little island and on this island is the lighthouse all alone. There is a little bridge which crosses to the island. But when they carry oil and food to the light house, they do not carry them by the bridge, but in boats. And these boats sail into a deep cave under the lighthouse. Then the people look down through a well into the cave, and lower down ropes and pull up the oil and food. Is not that a good way? All around the lighthouse are ever so many gulls' nests, and the gulls lay their eggs there, and there the little birds are born. And no one is permitted to land or to meddle with the gulls' eggs at all, so they are not frightened. Why do you think they take such care of them? It is because they scream so and make so much noise that in the fog when sailors cannot see the light they can hear the gulls screaming and can keep away from the rocks. Is not that a good way?

Now we are going to Chester, a very old city where you do not have to carry umbrellas, because the side walks have covers over them. Is not that a good way?

Mamma sends love and kisses to you all.

From your own

PAPA

THOMAS JEFFERSON TO THOMAS JEFFERSON SMITH

The character of Thomas Jefferson (1743–1826) is very well brought out in this letter of advice which he wrote to his young friend. It gives us a picture of the old man, at the gates of death, pointing out the road which the righteous must follow.

MONTICELLO, February 21, 1825

This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its counsels. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something which might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run, and I too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

WASHINGTON IRVING TO HIS BROTHER PETER

The first American author of note was Washington Irving (1783–1859). As a humorist, an essayist, and a short story writer, he looms large in the field of American literature. The *Sketch Book*, his best known work, is still read with as much interest and enjoyment as when it first appeared. Irving spent many years in Europe. While traveling in Scotland, he visited Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott the novelist, and this letter gives a picture of the home life of Sir Walter as seen by Irving.

EDINBURGH, September 6, 1817

MY DEAR BROTHER, — . . . I left Abbotsford on Wednesday morning, and never left any place with more regret. The few days that I passed there were among the most delightful of my

life, and worth as many years of ordinary existence. We made a charming excursion to Dryburgh Abbey, but were prevented making our visit to Yarrow by company. I was with Scott from morning to night; rambling about the hills and streams, every one of which would bring to his mind some old tale or picturesque remark. I was charmed with his family. He has two sons and two daughters. Sophie Scott, the eldest, is between seventeen and eighteen, a fine little mountain lassie, with a great deal of her father's character; and the most engaging frankness and naïveté. Ann, the second daughter, is about sixteen; a pleasing girl, but her manner is not so formed as her sister. The oldest lad, Walter, is about fifteen; but surprisingly tall of his age, having the appearance of nineteen. He is quite a sportsman. Scott says he has taught him to ride, to shoot, and to tell the truth. The younger boy, Charles, however, is the inheritor of his father's genius; he is about twelve, and an uncommonly sprightly amusing little fellow. It is a perfect picture to see Scott and his household assembled of an evening — the dogs stretched before the fire; the cat perched on a chair; Mrs. Scott and the girls sewing, and Scott either reading out of some old romance, or telling border stories. Our amusements were occasionally diversified by a border song from Sophia, who is as well versed in border minstrelsy as her father.

I am in too great a hurry, however, to make details. I took the most friendly farewell of them all on Wednesday morning, and had a cordial invitation from Scott to give him another visit on my return from the Highlands; which, I think it probable, I shall do.

Affectionately your brother,

W. I.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What picture do you get of Scott's home life?
2. How many children did he have?
3. How did the members of the household pass the evening?

HELEN KELLER TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Helen Keller's life is an example of how much can be done to surmount difficulties that seem insurmountable. Though she lost her sight and hearing at the age of two, Helen Keller learned to speak, read, and write, and in time she was graduated from Radcliffe College. You will read more about her in another part of this book. Because of the strange circumstances surrounding her life, she had none of the shyness usually found in children and thus could write freely and unaffectedly. This letter, written to a poet, shows her as a child of nine.

Inst. for the Blind, So. Boston, Mass.,
Nov. 27, 1889

DEAR POET, — I think you will be surprised to receive a letter from a little girl whom you do not know, but I thought you would be glad to hear that your beautiful poems make me very happy. Yesterday I read " In School Days " and " My Playmate," and I enjoyed them greatly. I was very sorry that the poor little girl with the browns and the " tangled golden curls " died. It is very pleasant to live in our beautiful world. I cannot see the lovely things with my eyes, but my mind can see them all, and so I am joyful all the day long.

When I walk out in my garden I cannot see the beautiful flowers but I know that they are all around me; for is not the air sweet with their fragrance? I know too that the tiny lily-bells are whispering pretty secrets to their companions else they would not look so happy. I love you very dearly, because you have taught me so many lovely things about flowers, and birds, and people. Now I must say, good-bye. I hope (you) will enjoy the Thanksgiving very much.

From your loving little friend,
HELEN A. KELLER

To Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier.

THOMAS CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881), the famous writer, was born of humble parentage. His father was a stone-mason. The letter indicates the poverty of his early home, yet it also shows the great love and reverence which he held for his parents. It is just the sort of letter any affectionate son might send to his mother.

3 Moray Street, Saturday, (May 1822?)

My dear Mother — . . . You will find here a bonnet of Imperial chip or Simple chip, or Real chip, or whatever it is, which I hope will arrive safely and be found to suit you. I think it looks like your head. I wish it were fifty times better for your sake: it would still be the most feeble testimony of what I owe to your kind affection, which has followed me unweariedly through good and evil fortune, soothing and sweetening all the days of my existence, and which I trust Providence will yet long, long continue for a blessing to us both.

I know you will fret about those things, and talk about expense and so forth. This is quite erroneous doctrine: the few shillings that serve to procure a little enjoyment to your frugal life are as mere *nothing* in the outlay of this luxurious city. If you want any other thing, I do beg you would let me know: there is not any way in which I can spend a portion of my earnings so advantageously. Tell me honestly, Do you get tea and other things comfortably? I should be very sorry if you restricted yourself for any reason but from choice. It would be a fine thing surely, if you that have toiled for almost half a century in nourishing stalwart sons, should not now by this means have a little ease and comfort, when it lies in their power to gain it for you! I again entreat you, if you wish for anything within the reach of my ability, to let me hear of it.

* * * * * * * *

I entrust you with my affectionate remembrances to my Father, and all the family, every one. They owe me letters now, which they cannot pay a minute too soon. Bid the Carrier be sure to ask for the box next time he comes; it will be in readiness for him.

At the present, I do not want anything. I shall give you proper notice when I do.

Farewell, my dear Mother! May all Good be with you always!

Your affectionate Son,

TH. CARLYLE

JACK MORRIS WRIGHT TO HIS MOTHER

Jack Morris Wright (1898–1918) was one of those intrepid airmen who fought and died during the World War. His letters, which have a frankness that makes them doubly interesting, give vivid pictures of the war and of the men who fought in the war. This letter describes his boyish glee at being commissioned as first lieutenant. The next month he was killed in an accident.

January 19, 1918

MY DEAREST MOMMIE,

I have just received my active orders. I can wear all the paraphernalia, silver bars, gold-and-black hat-cord, black braids, gold silk braids, collar decorations, and also the gold aviation eagle on my heart.

Oh yes! I've had my first salute — a beauty, *just the way these privates ought to! ! !* I, who in the French army as poilu covered with dust on a banging truck, and in the American army was a blinking, gawking doorkeeper, jumping up and down to attention for second lieutenants and being kicked from the first to the fifth fight by thousands of corporals, I am now ye honorable and much-respected, much-waited-upon First Lieutenant and pilot. I'll have to grow a beard too, for I look like a baby.

One private guessed immediately that I had just put on my stripes, probably because I had been moving a garbage can with him half an hour previous, and as he saluted a broad grin spread across his tough cheeks — it was beautifully sincere and I couldn't help laughing.

All the boys, as I walk down the barracks, wish me good luck, stand at attention, and jump on me and muss me all up. Confound these lower creatures. I must move immediately to the officers' barracks.

The next thing to do, now that I'm a gentleman again for the first time in many months, was to go and have tea. Imagine having tea, but such is the gentle and civilized custom of the officers; so off I went to the Biltmore — which is the Red Cross. Now the Red Cross is divided distinctly in two. In front of the counter a long line of soldiers and cadets wait to buy a tin cup of coffee and a sandwich, to the worn-out needle of a phonograph. Behind the counter, laughing as easy life permits, sit the favorite privileged few — the officers sipping chocolate, dipping into choice *confitures,* and being waited on with chinaware — that they do not wash afterward, either — at a few long white tables surrounded by a whirligig of white-and-blue nurses.

The tea was just exquisite — a couple of friends, newly commissioned, were with me. It was the first time we had been clean in two months, so we felt as in tuxedos and were immediately very affected in voice, awkward in gesture, and insipid in conversation — fluent chat, such as officers — the higher wits — *always* are supposed to be keeping up among their intellectual circles. Then, oh, wonderful sight of brilliant chandeliers and glistening tables of feasting, I walked over to the officers' mess, much embarrassed and wondering why I wasn't banging my good old mess-kit in a line unending, such as I had always done for the last nine months. Decidedly I had been enthroned, blessed by God, sought by fortune, transported, for some vague but important merits, high into the celestial on the kind wings of smiling, suddenly visible angels from heaven — that is, Headquarters.

I ate on china: I ate a feast and I ate without the forecast of standing in another line out in the cold night to wash a greasy tin dish in cold water and freeze my hands all the way back home to the barracks. The sergeants of the mess addressed me, "Sir." The privates stood silently at attention, daring not to utter so much as the title "Sir" lest it disturb my tranquillity of thought.

The next morning I was awakened by the rush of my friends to stand at roll-call at 5:30 A.M. I grunted and rolled over to doze off another hour or two. Then I proceeded to dress, received the compliments of the morning from the sergeant who, the night before, had had me working on hands and knees all over the barracks

floor, and when he asked me if I would leave everything straight in the bunk when I left for the officers' barracks, I merely remarked, " I'm not living here any more."

Then I brought my baggage over, after a luxurious breakfast, to the new barracks, where an orderly opened the door for me as I entered. At noon a chicken dinner with a fine dessert awaited me, and I sat opposite the next room, where I could watch with a broad grin the boys I had left standing in the winding, serpentine, sleepy line to receive their Sunday beans.

Just heard of a witty trick done recently by a friend. He was doing acrobatics when he went into a *vrille*. That's very bad near the ground if it happens accidently; he came out but to go into another — the ground coming up like lightning — when he kept his calm enough to notice an *aileron* flapping, useless, and traced the break back to a missing bolt, whereupon he — marvelous brain, he must have divine control — undid his belt and stood up a little, full in the dash of a death-spin, a sure, fatal fall, grabbed the disjointed piece, and held it together with one hand over his head while with the other he made his landing safely.

He is a hero whom not only the papers ignore, but most of the camp. He has the compliments of us aviators, and I can assure you that means something.

Great joy! To-morrow morning I enter spirals; that will be the beginning of more rapidly succeeding and more vital events of interest; that is, more dangerous slips and drops to be caught up in true, more business-like, war-like flying.

Now good-by for the while.

Very lovingly,

JACK

HENRY VAN DYKE TO A SCHOOLBOY

Henry Van Dyke (1852–) is a man of many interests and activities. He is a scholar, teacher, minister, diplomat, poet, and has been successful in these many fields of endeavor. However, his success has not lessened his fine and sympathetic interest in children. As this letter shows, he is able to put himself in the place of the schoolboy.

Princeton, New Jersey
December 20, 1912

My Dear Frankie,

It is a long time since we have seen each other, and I so fear that our friendship may grow cold through absence and silence, I think that we ought to exchange letters.

A letter is not so good as a talk, but it is better than nothing at all. The best way to write a letter is to do it almost as if you were talking.

I have made a little story of the things that I have been doing and sent it to you on a separate sheet. Now I wish you to tell me what has happened to you, and whether you have grown in mind as well as in body.

Tell me what was the happiest day that you have had since we went to the picnic together last June — do you remember? Tell me which book you like best of all that you have read, and why you like it. Tell me whether you have made any new friends, and why you have chosen them. Tell me whether any of your studies are too hard for you, and what you are going to do about it. Tell me whether you think that your town where you live is improving, and whether you think that you can do anything to help it. Tell me what you wish to be when you grow up.

Write to me as simply as if we were sitting side by side on a log beside a little river.

Faithfully your friend,
Henry van Dyke

A SHEAF OF ESSAYS

Every one who reads at all reads essays. Even those who read only the newspaper look regularly for some feature in its columns which is really an essay. If they read an editorial or the column of the sporting editor on the probable results of the baseball series they are reading an essay.

What makes an essay? It is a prose discussion upon any topic which, for the moment, appeals to the essayist. It may treat any subject from the light, humorous, trivial things to the deepest thoughts. It may be written to entertain, to inform the mind, or to teach great truths.

There is no definite form which essays must take. They are as varied as the writers and in no other form of literature can we come closer to the personality of the writer.

The essay never gives an exhaustive treatment of a subject but, as its name implies, is an attempt to set forth only those phases of it that the author may choose to express. There are formal and informal essays. Informal essays are written for amusement; formal ones aim to give a fair view of a subject.

The author of an essay is especially particular about his style of writing. Essayists are usually masters of charming prose. The style of the informal essay is easy, conversational, rambling, following the personal whims of the writer. Most of the essays in this book should be read simply for enjoyment.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

By Elbert Hubbard (1859–1915)

During the Spanish-American War, President McKinley found it necessary to communicate with Garcia, the leader of the Cubans in their revolt against Spain. No one knew where General Garcia was located for he was hiding in the mountains of Cuba. Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan, U. S. A., was chosen for the difficult and dangerous task of delivering this important message. The bravery and the efficiency of this army officer inspired the writing of the "Message to Garcia." The success of this selection was so instantaneous that millions of copies were sold and read. See if you can grasp the meaning the author puts into the expression, "Carrying a Message to Garcia." Can you carry a message to Garcia?

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.[1] When war broke out between Spain and the United States it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The president must secure his coöperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Someone said to the president, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia — are things I have no special desire to tell in detail now. The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land! It is not book learn-

[1] The point in the orbit of a planet nearest the sun.

ing young men need, nor instruction about this or that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae that will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing — "Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise wherein many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man — the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless, by hook or crook or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in his goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office — six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum of Correggio." [2]

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go to the task?

On your life he will not! He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shall I bring you the book and let you look it up for yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia — and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average, I will not.

[2] An Italian painter.

Now if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your " assistant " that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, " Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

The dread of " getting the bounce " Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate — and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

" You see that bookkeeper? " said a foreman to me in a large factory.

" Yes; what about him? "

" Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the " downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop " and the " homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with " help " that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away " help " that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on.

No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer — but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best — those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to

oppress him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, " Take it yourself! "

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds — the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it — nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*,[3] in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious [4] and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the " boss " is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but delivering it, never gets " laid off." Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. His kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village — in every office, shop, store, and factory.

The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly — the man who can carry A MESSAGE TO GARCIA.

[3] In itself [4] Greedy.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

a. Rowan's conduct is to be (despised, condemned, imitated).

b. Most employees are (efficient, worthy of trust, able to do only routine tasks).

c. A successful man usually is one who is (able to perform just his daily task, conscientious and eager to do extra work).

2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.

a. Rowan performed his task without asking —— ——.

b. Success depends upon —— and —— to work.

c. The world needs men who can —— —— ——.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What conclusions does the author draw from Rowan's brave performance?

2. What in the author's opinion is the keynote of success? Do you agree with him? Give reasons.

3. What is the meaning of the last paragraph?

4. What is the general meaning the author puts into the expression "Carrying a message to Garcia"?

5. Have you ever "carried a message to Garcia"? What was it? Did you succeed?

6. It is said one railroad gave this message to every employee to read. Can you explain why?

7. Can any of the following "carry a message to Garcia"? What do you think each could do?

a. A doctor.

b. A stenographer.

c. A motorman.

d. A school boy or girl.

e. A policeman.

INGO

"Zum Andenken" [1]

By Christopher Morley (1890–)

Christopher Morley, that charming essayist, presents in this sketch his love for a little German boy whom he met while traveling through Southern Germany. This boy gave Morley an understanding of the true spirit of racial tolerance — the spirit we must all attain if war and its evils are ever to be eradicated.

The first night we sat down at the inn table for supper I lost my heart to Ingo.

Ingo was just ten years old. He wore a little sailor suit of blue and white striped linen; his short trousers showed chubby brown calves above his white socks; his round golden head cropped close in the German fashion. His blue eyes were grave and thoughtful. By great good fortune we sat next each other at table, and in my rather grotesque German I began a conversation. How careful Ingo was not to laugh at the absurdities of my syntax! How very courteous he was!

Looking back into the mysterious panorama of pictures that we call memory, I can see the long dining room of the old gasthaus in the Black Forest, where two Americans on bicycles appeared out of nowhere and asked for lodging. They were the first Americans who had ever been seen in that remote valley, and the Gasthaus zur Krone ("the Crown Inn") found them very amusing. Perhaps you have never seen a country tavern in the Schwarzwald? Then you have something to live for. A long, low building with a moss-grown roof and tremendous broad eaves sheltering little galleries; and the barn under the same roof for greater warmth in winter. One side of the house was always strong with an excellent homely aroma of cow and horse; one had only to open a door in the upper hall, a door that looked just like a bedroom entrance, to find oneself in the haymow. There I used to lie for hours reading, and listening to the summer rain thudding on the shingles. Sitting in the little gallery under the eaves,

[1] For remembrance.

looking happily down the white road where the yellow coach brought the mail twice a day, one could see the long vista of the valley, the women with bright red jackets working in the fields, and the dark masses of forest on the hillside opposite. There was much rain that summer; the mountains were often veiled all day long in misty shreds of cloud, and the two Americans sat with pipes and books at the long dining table, greeted by gales of laughter on the part of the robust landlord's niece when they essayed the native idiom. "*Sie arbeiten immer!*" she used to say; "*Sie werden krank!*" ("You're always working; you'll be ill!")

There is a particular poignance in looking back now on those happy days two years before the war. Nowhere in all the world, I suppose, are there more cordial, warm-hearted, simple, human people than the South Germans. On the front of the inn there was a big yellow metal sign, giving the military number of the district, and the mobilization points for the Lansturm and the Landwehr, and we realized that even here the careful organization of the military power had numbered and ticketed every village. But what did it mean to us? War was a thing unthinkable in those days. We bicycled everywhere, climbed mountains, bathed in waterfalls, chatted fluent and unorthodox German with every one we met, and played with Ingo.

Dear little Ingo! At the age when so many small boys are pert, impudent, self-conscious, he was the simplest, happiest, gravest little creature. His hobby was astronomy, and often I would find him sitting quietly in a corner with a book about the stars. On clear evenings we would walk along the road together, in the mountain hush that was only broken by the brook tumbling down the valley, and he would name the constellations for me. His little round head was thrilled through and through by the immense mysteries of space; sometimes at meal times he would fall into a muse, forgetting his beef and gravy. Once I asked him at dinner what he was thinking of. He looked up with his clear gray-blue eyes and flashing smile: "*Von den Sternen!*" ("Of the stars.")

The time after supper was reserved for games, in which Wolfgang, Ingo's smaller brother (aged seven), also took part. Our

favorite pastimes were " Irrgarten " [2] and " Galenspiel," in which we found enormous amusement. Galenspiel was Ingo's translation of " Hangman," a simple pastime which had sometimes entertained my own small brother on rainy days; apparently it was new in Germany. One player thinks of a word, and sets down on paper a dash for each letter in this word. It is the task of the other to guess the word, and he names the letters of the alphabet one by one. Every time he mentions a letter that is contained in the word you must set it down in its proper place in the word, but every time he mentions a letter that is not in the word you draw a portion of a person depending from a gallows; the object of course being for him to guess the word before you finish drawing the effigy. We played the game entirely in German, and I can still see Ingo's intent little face bent over my preposterous drawings, cudgeling his quick and happy brain to spot the word before the hangman could finish his grim task. " Quick, Ingo! " I would cry. " You will get yourself hung! " and he would laugh in his own lovable way. There was never a jollier way of learning a foreign language than by playing games with Ingo.

The other favorite pastime was drawing mazes on paper, labyrinths of winding paths which must be traversed by a pencil point. The task was to construct a maze so complicated that the other could not find his way out, starting at the middle. We would sit down at opposite ends of the room to construct our mysteries of blind alleys and misleading passages, then each one would be turned loose in the " irrgarten " drawn by the other. Ingo would stand at my side while I tried in obstinate stupidity to find my way through his little puzzle; his eager heart inside his sailor blouse would pound like a drum when I was nearing the dangerous places where an exit might be won. He would hold his breath so audibly, and his blue eyes would grow so anxious, that I always knew when not to make the right turning, and my pencil would wander on in hopeless despair until he had mercy on me and led me to freedom.

After lunch every day, while waiting for the mail-coach to come trundling up the valley, Ingo and I used to sit in the little balcony under the eaves, reading. He introduced me to his favor-

[2] A maze.

ite book, *Till Eulenspiegel*[3] and we sped joyously through the adventures of that immortal buffoon of German folklore. We took turns reading aloud: every paragraph or so I would appeal for an explanation of something. Generally I understood well enough, but it was such a delight to hear Ingo strive to make the meaning plain. What a puckering of his bright boyish forehead, what a grave determination to elucidate the fable! What a mingling of ecstatic pride in having a grown man as pupil, with deference due to an elder. Ingo was a born gentleman and in his fiercest transports of glee never forgot his manners. I would make some purposely ludicrous shot at the sense, and he would double up with innocent mirth. His clear laughter would ring out, and his mother, pacing a digestive stroll on the highway below us, would look up crying in the German way, "*Gott! wie er freut sich!*"[4] But progress of our reading was held up by these interludes, but I could never resist the temptation to start Ingo explaining.

Ingo having made me free of his dearest book, it was only fair to reciprocate. So one day Lloyd and I bicycled down to Freiburg, and there, at a heavenly "bookhandlers," I found a copy of *Treasure Island* in German. Then there was revelry in the balcony! I read the tale aloud, and I wish R. L. S. might have seen the shining of Ingo's eyes! Alas, the vividness of the story interfered with the lad's sleep, and his mother was a good deal disturbed about this violent yarn we were reading together. How close he used to sit beside me as we read of the dark doings at the *Admiral Benbow;* and how his face would fall when, clear and hollow from the sounding-board of the hills, came the quick *clop, clop* of the mail-man's horses.

I don't know anything that has ever gone deeper in my memory than those hours spent with Ingo. I have a little snapshot of him I took the misty, sorrowful morning when I bicycled away to Basel and left the Gasthaus zur Krone in its mountain valley. The blessed boy stands up erect and stiff in the formal German way, and I can see his blue eyes alight with friendliness, and a little bit unhappy because his eccentric American comrade was going away and there would be no more afternoons with *Till*

[3] Hero of German folk tales. [4] How happy he is!

Eulenspiegel on the balcony. I wonder if he thinks of me as often as I do of him? He gave me a glimpse into the innocent heaven of a child's heart that I can never forget. By now he is approaching sixteen, and I pray that whatever the war may take away from me it will spare me my Ingo. It is strange and sad to recall that his parting present to me was a drawing of a Zeppelin, upon which he toiled manfully all one afternoon. I still have it in my scrap-book.

And I wonder if he ever looks in the old copy of Hauff's *Märchen* [5] that I bought for him in Freiburg, and sees the English words that he was to learn how to translate when he should grow older. As I remember them, they ran like this:

For Ingo to learn English will very easy be
If some one is as kind to him as he has been to me;
Plays games with him, reads fairy tales, corrects all his mistakes,
And never laughs too loudly at the blunders that he makes —
Then he will find, as I did, how well two pleasures blend:
To learn a foreign language, and to make a foreign friend.

If I love anybody in the world, I love Ingo. And that is why I cannot get up much enthusiasm for hymns of hate.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What picture do you get of Ingo? What are your feelings toward him?

2. What is the underlying theme or idea the author had in mind when writing this essay?

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

a. Ingo was a little (Dutch, French, German, Italian) boy.
b. He (knew English well, was trying to learn English, did not attempt to learn English).
c. He was a (dull, interesting, tiresome companion) to the writer.

2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.

a. Ingo was just —— —— old.
b. The writer met him about —— —— before the war.
c. His hobby was ——.
d. A book which thrilled him greatly was —— ——.

[5] Fairy tales.

THE APPLE THAT NO ONE ATE

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY (1890–)

What is more tempting than a delicious, rosy apple? Its gleaming brightness and delightful juiciness have appealed to man from time immemorial. In this humorous essay Morley tells of an apple which was presented to him — an apple so beautiful that no one could bear to eat it!

The other evening we went to dinner with a gentleman whom it pleases our fancy to call the Caliph.[1]

Now a Caliph, according to our notion, is a Haroun-al-Raschid[2] kind of person; one who governs a large empire of hearts with a genial and whimsical sway; circulating secretly among his fellow-men, doing kindnesses often not even suspected by their beneficiaries. He is the sort of person of whom the trained observer may think, when he hears an unexpected kindness-grenade exploding somewhere down the line, "I'll bet that came from the Caliph's dugout!" A Caliph's heart is not surrounded by barbed wire entanglements or a strip of No Man's Land.[3] Also, and rightly, he is stern to malefactors and fakers of all sorts.

Mr. and Mrs. Caliph are people so delightful that they leave in one's mind a warm afterglow of benevolent sociability. They have an infinite interest and curiosity in the hubbub of human moods and crotchets that surrounds us all. And when one leaves their doorsill one has a genial momentum of the spirit that carries one on rapidly and cheerfully. One has an irresistible impulse to give something away, to stroke the noses of horses, to write a kind letter to the fuel administrator or do almost anything gentle and gratuitous. The Caliphs of the world don't know it, but that is the effect they produce on their subjects.

As we left, Mr. and Mrs. Caliph pressed upon us an apple. One of those gorgeous apples that seem to grow wrapped up in tissue paper, and are displayed behind plate glass windows. A

[1] The chief ruler of a Mohammedan state.

[2] The Caliph of Bagdad, about 765 A.D., often mentioned in *The Arabian Nights* as a kind and just ruler.

[3] A term used in war to designate the strip of land between the opposing armies.

huge apple, tinted with gold and crimson and pale yellow shading off to pink. The kind of apple whose colors are overlaid with a curious mist until you polish it on your coat, when it gleams like a decanter of claret. An apple so large and weighty that if it had dropped on Sir Isaac Newton [4] it would have fractured his skull. The kind of apple that would have made the garden of Eden safe for democracy, because it is so beautiful no one would have thought of eating it.

That was the kind of apple the Caliph gave us.

It was a cold night, and we walked down Chestnut Street dangling that apple, rubbing it on our sleeve, throwing it up and down and catching it again. We stopped at a cigar store to buy some pipe tobacco. Still running on Caliph, by which we mean still beguiled by his geniality, we fell into talk with the tobacconist. " That's a fine apple you have there," said he. For an instant we thought of giving it to him, but then we reflected that a man whose days are spent surrounded by rich cigars and smokables is dangerously felicitous already, and a sudden joy might blast his blood vessels.

The shining of the street lamps was reflected on the polished skin of our fruit as we went our way. As we held it in our arms it glowed like a huge ruby. We passed a blind man selling pencils, and thought of giving it to him. Then we reflected that a blind man would lose half the pleasure of the adventure because he couldn't see the colors. We bought a pencil instead. Still running on Caliph, you see.

In our excitement we did what we always do in moments of stress — went into a restaurant and ordered a piece of hot mince pie. Then we remembered that we had just dined. Never mind, we sat there and contemplated the apple as it lay ruddily on the white porcelain table-top. Should we give it to the waitress? No, because apples were a commonplace to her. The window of the restaurant held a great pyramid of beauties. To her, an apple was merely something to be eaten, instead of the symbol of a grand escapade. Instead, we gave her a little medallion of a buffalo that happened to be in our pocket.

[4] A noted English scientist of the seventeenth century whose discovery of the law of gravity is said to have resulted from the sight of an apple falling.

Already the best possible destination for that apple had come to our mind. Hastening zealously up a long flight of stairs in a certain large building we went to a corner where sits a friend of ours, a night watchman. Under a drop light he sits through long and tedious hours, beguiling his vigil with a book. He is a great reader. He eats books alive. Lately he has become much absorbed in Saint Francis of Assissi,[5] and was deep in the *Little Flowers* when we found him.

" We've brought you something," we said, and held the apple where the electric light brought out all its brilliance.

He was delighted and his gentle elderly face shone with awe at the amazing vividness of the fruit.

" I tell you what I'll do," he said. " That apple's much too fine for me. I'll take it home to the wife."

Of course his wife will say the same thing. She will be embarrassed by the surpassing splendor of that apple and will give it to some friend of hers whom she thinks more worthy than herself. And that friend will give it to some one else, and so it will go rolling on down the ages, passing from hand to hand, conferring delight, and never getting eaten. Ultimately some one, trying to think of a recipient really worthy of its deliciousness, will give it to Mr. and Mrs. Caliph. And they, blessed innocents, will innocently exclaim, " Why we never saw such a magnificent apple in all our lives."

And it will be true, for by that time the apple will gleam with an unearthly brightness, enhanced and burnished by all the kind thoughts that have surrounded it for so long.

As we walked homeward under a frosty sparkle of sky we mused upon all the different kinds of apples we have encountered. There are big glossy green apples and bright red apples and yellow apples and also that particularly delicious kind (whose name we forget) that is the palest possible cream color — almost white. We have seen apples of strange shapes, something like a pear (sheepnoses, they call them), and the Maiden Blush apples with their delicate shading of yellow and débutante pink. And what a poetry in the names — Winesap, Pippin, Northern Spy, Bald-

[5] An Italian saint noted for his love of his fellowmen and of birds, animals and flowers.

win, Ben Davis, York Imperial, Wolf River, Jonathan, Smokehouse, Summer Rambo, Rome Beauty, Golden Grimes, Shenango Strawberry, Benoni!

We suppose there is hardly a man who has not an apple orchard tucked away in his heart somewhere. There must be some deep reason for the old suspicion that the Garden of Eden was an apple orchard. Why is it that a man can sleep and smoke better under an apple tree than in any other kind of shade? Sir Isaac Newton was a wise man, and he chose an apple tree to sit beneath. (We have often wondered, by the way, how it is that no one has even named an apple the Woolsthorpe after Newton's home in Lincolnshire, where the famous apple incident occurred.) . . .

An apple orchard, if it is to fill the heart of man to the full with affectionate satisfaction, should straggle down a hillside toward a lake and a white road where the sun shines hotly. Some of its branches should trail over an old, lichened and weather-stained stone wall, dropping their fruit into the highway for thirsty pedestrians. There should be a little path running athwart it, down toward the lake and the old flat-bottomed boat, whose bilge is scattered with the black and shriveled remains of angleworms used for bait. In warm August afternoons the sweet savor of ripening drifts warmly on the air, and there rises the drowsy hum of wasps exploring the windfalls that are already rotting on the grass. There you may lie watching the sky through the chinks of the leaves, and imagining the cool, golden tang of this autumn's cider vats.

You see what it is to have Caliphs in the world.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Select the portion of this essay which appeals to you most. What produces this appeal?

2. Can you find passages full of gentle humor? Read them aloud.

3. Can you find touches of local color and interest that bring the experiences of the writer close to everyday life? Name them.

4. What does the author mean when he says he gave a little medallion of a buffalo to the waitress?

5. Describe as nearly as you can remember the details of the ideal orchard which the author mentions at the end.

A DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG

By Charles Lamb (1775–1834)

Charles Lamb, the famous essayist, reaches his height in the realm of quaint, delightful humor in this essay from his collection *Essays of Elia,* in which he gives us the imaginary history of the discovery of roast pig. If you don't take Lamb seriously in what he says about roast pig, you will enjoy the reading.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M—— was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations,* where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great, lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry, antediluvian [1] makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely suf-

[1] Before the great flood.

ferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burned cottage — he had smelt that smell before — indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory [2] moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and

[2] Giving notice or warning beforehand.

he cursed himself, that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, " Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste — O Lord! " — with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the nighttime. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and Nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given — to the surprise of the whole court, towns-

folk, strangers, reporters, and all present — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices, one and all, shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would, in no long time, be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed, of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind. —

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that, if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary[3] object, that pretext and excuse might be found in *roast pig*.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. How does the essay show that the writer is very fond of roast pig?

2. Do you like this essay? Can you give a reason for your like or dislike?

3. Have you read any other essays of Lamb? Let some pupils volunteer to read one or two of his essays and report on them in class.

[3] Pertaining to cookery.

THE FIR TREE *

(*Revised Edition*) (*After Hans Christian Andersen*)

By E. V. Lucas (1868–)

This charming little essay, based on a beautiful and melancholy tale by that master of fairy tales, Hans Christian Andersen, gives the life story of a fir tree which aspired to do great deeds but came to an humble end. Read it, and see whether or not you sympathize with the fir tree's ambition.

Once upon a time there grew a fir tree in a great forest on a hill.

It had a delightful life; the rain fell on it and nourished its roots; the sun shone on it and warmed its heart; now and then came a great jolly wind to wrestle with it and try its strength. The peasant children would sit at its foot and play their games and sing their little songs, and the birds roosted or sheltered in its branches. Often the squirrels frolicked there.

But the tree, although everything was so happy in its surroundings, was not satisfied. It longed to be something else. It longed to be, as it said, important in the world.

" Well," said the next tree to it, " you will be important; we all shall. Nothing is so important as the mast of a ship."

But the tree would not have it. " The mast of a ship! " he said. " Pooh! I hope to be something better than that.

Every year the surveyors came and marked a number of the taller trees, and then woodcutters arrived and cut them down and lopped off their branches and dragged them away to the shipbuilders. The tree disdainfully watched them go.

And then one day the surveyor came and made a mark on its trunk.

" Ha! ha! " said a neighbor, " now you're done for."

But the tree laughed slyly. " I know a trick worth two of that," he said, and he induced a squirrel to rub off the mark with its tail, so that when the woodcutters came it was not felled after all.

* From *Old Lamps for New*, by E. V. Lucas. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

" Oh," said the swallows when they came back next year, " you here still? "

" Surely," said the tree conceitedly. " They tried to get me, but I was too clever for them."

" But don't you want to be a mast," they said, " and hold up the sails of a beautiful ship, and swim grandly about the seas of the world, and lie in strange harbors, and hear strange voices? "

" No," said the tree, " I don't. I dislike the sea. It is monotonous. I want to assist in influencing the world. I want to be important."

" Don't be so silly," said the swallows.

And then the tree had his wish, for one day some more woodcutters came; but, instead of picking out the tallest and straightest trees, as they had been used to, they cut down hundreds impartially.

" Look out," said the swallows. " You'll be cut down now whether you want it or not."

" I want it," said the tree. " I want to begin to influence the world."

" Very well," said a woodcutter, " you shall," and he gave the trunk a great blow with his axe, and then another and another, until down it fell.

" You won't be a mast," he added, " never fear. Nothing so useful! You're going to make paper, my friend."

" What is paper? " asked the tree of the swallows as they darted to and fro over its branches.

" We don't know," they said, " but we'll ask the sparrows."

The sparrows, who knew, told the tree. " Paper," they said, " is the white stuff that men read from. It used to be made from rags; but it's made from trees now because it's cheaper."

" Then will people read me? " asked the tree.

" Yes," said the sparrows.

The tree nearly fainted with rapture.

" But only for a few minutes," added the sparrows. " You're going to be newspaper paper, not book paper."

" All the same," said the tree, " I might have something worth reading on me, mightn't I? Something beautiful or grand."

" You might," said the sparrows, " but it isn't very likely."

Then the men came to haul the tree away. Poor tree, what a time it had! It was sawed into logs, and pushed, with thousands of others, into a pulping machine, and the sap oozed out of it, and it screamed with agony; and then by a dozen different processes, all extremely painful, it was made into paper.

Oh, how it wished it was still growing on the hillside, with the sun and rain, and the children at its foot, and the birds and squirrels in its branches. " I never thought the world would be like this," it said. And the other trees in the paper all around it agreed that the world was an overrated place.

And the tree went to sleep and dreamed it was a mast, and woke up crying.

Then it was rolled into a long roll five miles long and put down into the hold of a ship, and there it lay all forlorn and seasick for a week. A dreadful storm raged overhead — the same wind that had once tried its strength on the hillside — and the trees in the paper groaned as they heard it and thought of the life of the forest and the brave days that were gone.

The worst of it was that the roll in which our tree lay was close to the foot of the mast, which came through the hold just here, and he found that they were old friends. The mast said he could think of no life so pleasant as that of a mast. " One has the sun all day," he said, " and the stars all night; one carries men and merchandise about the world all the time."

At these words the tree wept again. But he made an effort to be comforted. " You wouldn't suggest," he inquired timidly, " that a mast was as important, say, as a newspaper? "

The mast laughed till it shook. " Well, I like that," he said. " Why, a newspaper — a newspaper only lasts a day, and everything in it is contradicted and corrected the day after! A mast goes on for years. And another thing," he added, " which I forgot; sometimes the captain leans against it. The captain! Think of that."

But the tree was too miserable.

In the harbor it was taken out of the ship and flung on the wharf, and then it was carried to the warehouse below a newspaper office in London. What a difference from the forest on the

hill, where there was air and light. Here it was dark and stuffy, and the rolls talked to each other with tears in their voices.

And then one night the roll in which our poor tree found himself was carried to the printing-rooms and fixed in the press, and down came the heavy, messy type on it, all black and suffocating, and when the tree came to itself in the light again it was covered with words.

But alas! the sparrows were right, for they were not beautiful words or grand words, but such words, as, " Society Divorce Case," and " Double Suicide at Margate," and " Will it be fine tomorrow? " and " Breach of Promise: Comic Letters," and " The Progress of the Strike," and " Terrible Accident near Paris," and " Grisly Discovery at Leeds," and " Bankruptcy of Peer's Cousin," and " Burglary at Potter's Bar," and " More Government Lies."

" Oh, dear," sighed the tree as it realized what it was bearing on its surface, " how I wish I had gone to sea as I was meant to do! " And it vowed that if ever it got out of this dreadful life it would never be headstrong again. But alas! —

Then, cut and folded, it was, with others like it, carried away in the cold, gray morning to a railway station bookstall, and a man bought it for a halfpenny and read it all through, and said there was nothing in it, and threw it under the seat, and later another man found it and read it, and blew choking tobacco over it, and took it home to his family. All that night it lay scrunched up on the floor of a squalid house, longing for the forest on the hill, and the sun and the rain, and the children and the squirrels, and the birds.

And the next morning an untidy woman lit the fire with it. It was an unimportant fire and went out at once.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

a. The tree was (wise, conceited, satisfied).

b. It failed in life because it (was unlucky, was unjustly treated, insisted on choosing a career about which it knew nothing).

2. Write on a piece of paper the words that fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.

a. Everything was —— in the tree's surroundings in the forest.
b. When the tree heard that it was going to be made into paper it —— —— with rapture.
c. The words which were printed on the paper that was made from the tree were not ——.
d. The fire that the woman lighted was —— and —— —— at once.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What did the fir tree say it longed to be?
2. How did the fir tree manage to avoid being cut down for a mast?
3. Why was it disappointed when it was finally cut down and made into paper?
4. Why do you think the fir tree found life a disappointment? Would it have been happier if it had been made into a mast?

A BOY'S MANNER

By Lucy Elliot Keeler

People often form their estimate of us from our manners and our way of acting. First impressions are of very great importance and we should do our best to make them favorable ones. The author of this essay tells in an interesting way of the value of a good manner in smoothing the course of one's life.

> For manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of loyal nature and a noble mind.

"His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" That is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy. "It wouldn't be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities, but to a young college student with ambitions it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things he had been taught to be friendly and to think of other persons before himself. The boy was on a visit in the town where the man lived. They met on the street, and the younger, recognizing the elder, promptly went to his side and spoke to him in

his cordial, happy, yet respectful way. Of course the man was pleased, and knew that anybody would have been pleased. The sentence above was the outcome of it. A little later the boy came into the room just as the man was struggling into his overcoat. The boy hurried to him, pulled it up at the collar and drew down the wrinkled coat beneath. He would have done it for any man, the haughtiest or the poorest.

The boy has not been in society a great deal. He has not learned orthodox selfishness. His "How do you do," as he looks straight in your eyes, is speech in itself. It gives you a general impression that you are worth knowing, that the weather will soon be better and your luck go up. He is just as amiable to his family as to visitors and strangers. His entrance into a room seems to change the whole complexion of the company. An Englishman visiting us once laughingly said the boy could dispel a London fog with his cheerful laughter. He positively cannot be easy at the table until his neighbors are waited on; a chair is torture if he thinks any one else is less comfortably seated. He would not interrupt to let loose the wittiest or the most timely remark ever invented. He may learn to do so some day — after he has made his hundred thousand! but it is doubtful. The expression of his kindliness may become confirmed to popular usage, modified, but the spirit which prompts the expression will only grow with his years.

He visited a school-friend the other day, and the friend's father wrote us that Robert not only seemed to enjoy every minute of his stay, but made the whole family feel that he did — which is a great thing in a guest. "He lost no time in concocting a pet name for each of us; and had the funniest little finger-touches of graceful and affectionate recognition for any service done him."

HOW TO DO IT

Do not misunderstand, boys. You may be truly unselfish and yet not have this boy's prize. You may wish to do things for others, and yet feel that you do not know how. The only way to learn is to try; to hesitate for no feeling of bashfulness, but to put into direct and instantaneous practice whatever kind, helpful thoughts occur to you.

Young Tennyson visited the aged Wordsworth and was delighted when the elder said, " Come, brother bard, to dinner." He felt ashamed to pay Wordsworth compliments, but at last, in the dark, the shy young fellow said something about the pleasure he had had from Wordsworth's writings; and the old poet took him by the hand and replied, with expressions equally kind and complimentary.

Spurgeon had the politeness of remembering people. Once he called a man named Patridge, " Mr. Partridge," but added, quick as a flash, " Pardon me, sir, I did not intend to make game of you."

Perhaps the highest compliment ever given to Pasteur is that the great scientist " made happiness around him while he gave glory to France."

THOUGHTFULNESS AND CHEERFULNESS

Plutarch [1] says that the poor laborer, seeing everybody give a present to King Artaxerxes, and having nothing himself, ran to the riverside and took both hands full of water and came and offered it to him. The king was so glad of it that he sent the man, in a cup of gold, a thousand pieces of silver.

Wilberforce [2] took his children to see the Cossacks at the barracks. They had been so worried by curious intruders that they could not bear to be looked at. But when they saw Wilberforce's friendly countenance, even the roughest of them, who looked as if he had never smiled in his life, unbent his ebon brows and relaxed the muscles of his iron face and kissed Wilberforce's hand when he left.

Instances of a bad manner are familiar to us all. Let them serve as warnings. A young soldier visited Aubrey de Vere and whistled loudly in the drawing-room. The gentle poet started visibly and afterward whispered to his sister, " I hope he saw me start."

Hazlitt [3] had few friends. His manners were not good. He shook hands like a fish. His temper was uncertain and his heart

[1] Famous Greek historian. [2] English statesman 1759–1833.
[3] Famous English author.

was cold. People miss, oh! what opportunities, what kindness, what wealth of goodwill because their hearts are lazy; not opening and responding quickly at the moment to the moment's touch. It is often the want of consideration that makes us fail, not want of will to do right.

In the Philippines, the children have classes in what is called Urbanida — manners on the road — public conduct taught like arithmetic. Indeed, politeness is not so much what we owe to others as what we owe to ourselves. "Noblesse oblige,"[4] runs the old French motto; and the Italian is not unlike it; "Cap in hand never yet did a man harm." "Manners Makyth Man" is the motto of Winchester school. Learn it by heart, boys. You want to be agreeable as well as useful members of society. A good manner is a solvent to work with; a power to combine alien forces. It is a great part of morals itself. It will be worth as much to you as it was to Wilberforce, to Pasteur, or to the boy of the story above — worth "at least a hundred thousand!"

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. A fine manner is (useless, harmful, of great value).
   b. Persons with good manners (find it difficult to get along, find it easy to get along with other people, are considered weak).
2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.
   a. A good manner is worth at least —— —— ——.
   b. Hazlitt was a man of —— manner while Wilberforce was a man of —— ——.
   c. The motto of Winchester school is "—— —— ——."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Why is a good manner so important?
2. How does your manner compare with that of *the boy?* In what ways can you improve your manner?
3. What was the author's purpose in writing this essay?
4. What ideas did you get from the reading that are worth remembering and applying? List at least three.

[4] *Noblesse oblige* — French phrase for "nobility of birth requires nobleness."

ASKING FOR A RAISE *

Atlantic Monthly Sketch

How would you go about asking for a raise from your employer if you felt you deserved one for good and faithful service? See how this writer did it. Here we have an essay portraying something which happens to almost every young man and woman sooner or later. It is told in such a delightfully humorous and natural way that we feel the writer must have passed through such an experience himself in order to be able to write so well about it. It is a selection which you should read purely for the enjoyment you will derive from it.

Have you ever asked for a raise in salary? If you have not, there is something coming to you in the way of a brand new feeling: I mean the sensation you experience while approaching the boss on this quest. It is not just like seasickness; it is not exactly the same as dropping ten stories in an elevator, yet there are points of similarity to it in each of these. Walking into the dentist's office with a tooth aching to be pulled approximates it as nearly as anything else, although in this case, the pain is reversed: the boss is the one who has the pain, and you are the one to do the pulling.

As much depends upon your approach to the boss as does on your approach to the green, to use an expression of golf. You must not shoot too far; neither should you foozle and have to make an extra attempt. But go right in as if you belonged there. Never mind speaking about the weather as a self-starting device; say what is on your mind. He can find out about the atmospheric conditions by looking out the window.

When you go in on the green carpet the boss is very busy. He is frowning and looks decidedly squally. The thought comes over you that you will not say what you meant to; that this is not the time anyway, and besides he probably won't give it to you and you will feel chagrined; and that you are an ass for coming in there at all. These are not separate thoughts, but one sicken-

* Copyright by Little, Brown and Company.

ing, panic-stricken lurch of your brain. It is lucky that the boss does not look up and see the expression on your face, because he would think that you had either lost your reason or had been taken violently ill. As it turns out, he leads.

"Well, Percival?"

He manages to put a fatherly tone into these two words. He also contrives to inject into them a something which tells you that he is about to refuse your request, if you have courage left to make it, and that he is going to feel hurt about the whole thing. You could feel sorry for him if you were not so busy feeling sorry for yourself. How he manages to do this is a mystery and a subject on which only a boss could write.

The panic-stricken feeling abates just enough for you to see a mental picture of General Putnam going down the long flight of stone steps after something very fierce (you cannot remember just what), Nathan Hale making his famous wish, Horatius at the bridge, or Washington crossing the Delaware. With these examples of heroic endeavor prodding you on, you say the words. They are not the words that you have rehearsed; no, indeed. They are very extemporaneous. They are simple Anglo-Saxon words, not grammatically put together and totally different from any that you had planned to say. However, they are out and you do not feel like Atlas any longer.

A fleeting pain seems to pass through the boss, as if he had been secretly and suddenly stabbed. This wears away, only to be succeeded by a long, thoughtful look, suggesting that he has not only been hurt, but surprised. (The old rascal knew what you wanted when you came in.)

"Well, you know, Percival, times are not what they should be. We're under a big expense and the way things are, — I don't know. Let's see, how long have you been with us?"

You tell him, and he swings in the swivel chair the employees gave him last Christmas and looks out the window. He seems to be pondering over the terrific expense the firm is laboring under. You had entertained an idea that the concern was highly prosperous. But all your brains have been left outside and you gravely accept the thought that the business is tottering on the brink of failure. There is something the matter with your heart, you find.

Too much smoking, probably. If you have sense enough to keep quiet, he will make the next move.

"Well, I guess it's all right. You can tell Barker on the way out that I said you could have four dollars more after this."

You beam. Words of thanks come in a jumble, and perhaps a mist steals over your eyes.

The boss deprecatingly raises his hand, growling, "Not at all, not at all." Then he turns to the burden he bears, which he somehow makes you feel has become four dollars more of a burden. You steal softly out, leaving him to the figures on the pad in front of him. They are the comparison of his golf score with that of Colonel Bogey, though you do not know that.

The door closes, and you take a couple of steps which no Russian dancer could even equal. You tell Barker, trying to keep your voice down where it belongs. Barker smiles. You do not know what that smile means, but you will know some day, when you are a Barker.

That evening you tell her. A thing like this must be told at just the right moment. The telling must not be delayed; neither should it be an abrupt overture to a pleasant evening. One thing is certain: you will tell it casually. Should you be smoking, you will flick the ash from your cigarette as a period to the sentence. If you are not smoking, you will brush an imaginary speck from your knee. These are the only two gestures possible. She will say, "No, *really?*" And you answer, "Uh-huh." And what does it matter then whether you are going to be a Barker or a Boss?

THE AMERICAN BOY

By Theodore Roosevelt (1858–1919)

Theodore Roosevelt gives in this essay his conception of what the American boy should be. We see the forces and ideals which determined his own way of living, and it is in truth a picture of Roosevelt himself. As you read this essay see whether you have striven to live up to the ideals set forth by Theodore Roosevelt.

Of course, what we have a right to expect of the American boy

is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of American man of whom America can be really proud.

There are always in life countless tendencies for good and for evil, and each succeeding generation sees some of these tendencies strengthened and some weakened; nor is it by any means always, alas! that the tendencies for evil are weakened and those for good strengthened. But during the last few decades there certainly have been some notable changes for good in boy life. The great growth in the love of athletic sports, for instance, while fraught with danger if it becomes one-sided and unhealthy, has beyond all question had an excellent effect in in-reared manliness. Forty or fifty years ago the writer on American morals was sure to deplore the effeminacy and luxury of young Americans who were born of rich parents. The boy who was well off then, especially in the big Eastern cities, lived too luxuriously, took to billiards as his chief innocent recreation, and felt small shame in his inability to take part in rough pastimes and field sports. Nowadays, whatever other faults the son of rich parents may tend to develop, he is at least forced by the opinion of all his associates of his own age to bear himself well in manly exercises and to develop his body — and therefore, to a certain extent, his character — in the rough sports which call for pluck, endurance, and physical address.

Of course, boys who live under such fortunate conditions that they have to do either a good deal of outdoor work or a good deal of what might be called natural outdoor play, do not need this athletic development. In the Civil War the soldiers who came from the prairie and the backwoods and the rugged farms where stumps still dotted the clearings, and who had learned to ride in their infancy, to shoot as soon as they could handle a rifle, and to camp out whenever they got the chance, were better fitted for military work than any set of mere school or college athletes

could possibly be. Moreover, to mis-estimate athletics is equally bad whether their importance is magnified or minimized. The Greeks were famous athletes, and as long as their athletic training had a normal place in their lives, it was a good thing. But it was a very bad thing when they kept up their athletic games while letting the stern qualities of soldiership and statesmanship sink into disuse. Some of the boys who read this paper will certainly sometime read the famous letters of the younger Pliny, a Roman who wrote, with what seems to us a curiously modern touch, in the first century of the present era. His correspondence with the Emperor Trajan is particularly interesting; and not the least noteworthy thing in it is the tone of contempt with which he speaks of the Greek athletic sports, treating them as the diversions of an unwarlike people which it was safe to encourage in order to keep the Greeks from turning into anything formidable. So at one time the Persian kings had to forbid polo, because soldiers neglected their proper duties for the fascinations of the game. Today, some good critics have asserted that the reverses suffered by the British at the hands of the Boers in South Africa are in part due to the fact that the English officers and soldiers have carried to an unhealthy extreme the sports and pastimes which would be healthy if indulged in with moderation, and have neglected to learn as they should the business of their profession. A soldier needs to know how to shoot and take cover and shift for himself — not to box or play football.

No boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy work, as a rule, means study. Of course, there are occasionally brilliant successes in life where the man has been worthless as a student when a boy. To take these exceptions as examples would be as unsafe as it would be to advocate blindness because some blind men have won undying honor by triumphing over their physical infirmity and accomplishing great results in the world. I am no advocate of senseless and excessive cramming in studies, but a boy should work, and should work hard, at his lessons — in the first place, for the sake of what he will learn, and in the next place, for the sake of the effect upon his own character of resolutely settling down to learn it. Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference in studying, are almost certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of

life. Of course, as a boy grows older it is a good thing if he can shape his studies in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not, he must put his whole heart into them. I do not believe in mischief-doing in school hours, or in the kind of animal spirits that results in making bad scholars; and I believe that those boys who take part in rough, hard play outside of school will not find any need for horse-play in school. While they study they should study just as hard as they play football in a match game. It is wise to obey the homely old adage, "Work while you work; play while you play."

A boy needs both physical and moral courage. Neither can take the place of the other. When boys become men they will find out that there are some soldiers very brave in the field who have proved timid and worthless as politicians, and some politicians who show an entire readiness to take chances and assume responsibilities in civil affairs, but who lack the fighting edge when opposed to physical danger. In each case, with soldiers and politicians alike, there is but half a virtue. The possession of the courage of the soldier does not excuse the lack of courage in the statesman, and even less does the possession of the courage of the statesman excuse shrinking on the field of battle. Now, this is all just as true of boys. A coward who will take a blow without returning it is a contemptible creature; but, after all, he is hardly as contemptible as the boy who dares not stand up for what he deems right against the sneers of his companions who are themselves wrong. Ridicule is one of the favorite weapons of wickedness, and it is sometimes incomprehensible how good and brave boys will be influenced for evil by the jeers of associates who have no one quality that calls for respect, but who affect to laugh at the very traits which ought to be peculiarly the cause for pride.

There is no need to be a prig. There is no need for a boy to preach about his own good conduct and virtue. If he does he will make himself offensive and ridiculous. But there is urgent need that he should practise decency; that he should be clean and straight, honest and truthful, gentle and tender, as well as brave. If he can once get to a proper understanding of things, he will have a far more hearty contempt for the boy who has begun a course

of feeble dissipation, or who is untruthful, or mean, or dishonest, or cruel, than this boy and his fellows can possibly, in return, feel for him. The very fact that the boy should be manly and able to hold his own, that he should be ashamed to submit to bullying without instant retaliation, should, in return, make him abhor any form of bullying, cruelty, or brutality.

There are two delightful books, Thomas Hughes's " Tom Brown at Rugby," and Aldrich's " Story of a Bad Boy," which I hope every boy still reads; and I think American boys will always feel more in sympathy with Aldrich's story, because there is in it none of the fagging, and the bullying which goes with fagging, the account of which, and the acceptance of which, always puzzle an American admirer of Tom Brown.

There is the same contrast between two stories of Kipling's. One, called " Captains Courageous," describes in the liveliest way just what a boy should be and do. The hero is painted in the beginning as the spoiled, over-indulged child of wealthy parents, of a type which we do sometimes unfortunately see, and than which there exist few things more objectionable on the face of the broad earth. This boy is afterward thrown on his own resources, amid wholesome surroundings, and is forced to work hard among boys and men who are real boys and real men doing real work. The effect is invaluable. On the other hand, if one wishes to find types of boys to be avoided with utter dislike, one will find them in another story by Kipling, called " Stalky & Co.," a story which ought never to have been written, for there is hardly a single form of meanness which it does not seem to extol, or of school mismanagement which it does not seem to applaud. Bullies do not make brave men; and boys or men of foul life cannot become good citizens, good Americans, until they change; and even after the change scars will be left on their souls.

The boy can best become a good man by being a good boy — not a goody-goody boy, but just a plain good boy. I do not mean that he must love only the negative virtues; I mean he must love the positive virtues also. " Good," in the largest sense, should include whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave, and manly. The best boys I know — the best men I know — are good at their studies or their business, fearless and stalwart, hated and

feared by all that is wicked and depraved, incapable of submitting to wrong-doing, and equally incapable of being aught but tender to the weak and helpless. A healthy-minded boy should feel hearty contempt for the coward, and even more hearty indignation for the boy who bullies girls or small boys, or tortures animals. One prime reason for abhorring cowards is because every good boy should have it in him to thrash the objectionable boy as the need arises.

Of course, the effect that a thoroughly manly, thoroughly straight and upright boy can have upon the companions of his own age, and upon those who are younger, is incalculable. If he is not thoroughly manly, then they will not respect him, and his good qualities will count for but little; while, of course, if he is mean, cruel, or wicked, then his physical strength and force of mind merely make him so much the more objectionable a member of society. He cannot do good work if he is not strong, and does not try with his whole heart and soul to count in any contest; and his strength will be a curse to himself and to every one else if he does not have thorough command over himself and over his own evil passions, and if he does not use his strength on the side of decency, justice, and fair dealing.

In short, in life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is:

Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

   a. Athletics should be indulged in (excessively, not at all, moderately).

   b. Worthless students usually (succeed, fail, become rich, go to college).

   c. In the author's opinion *Captains Courageous* is a (better, worse) book than *Stalky & Co.*

2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.

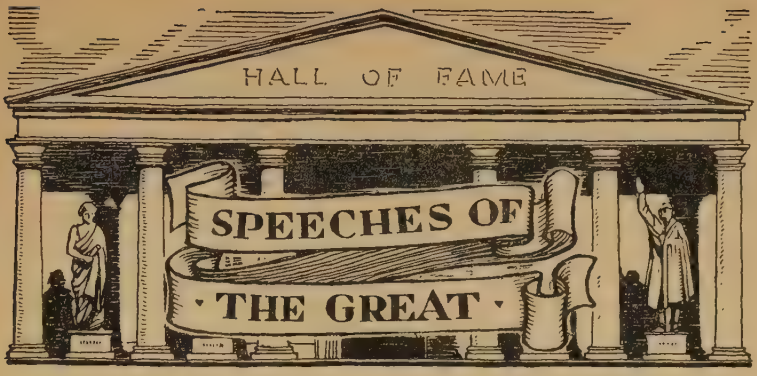
   a. In order to be a good —— ——, one must be a —— —— ——.

   b. A boy needs both —— and —— courage.

   c. The principle to follow in life is: —— —— —— ——.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What is the main idea of the essay?
2. What kind of boy does Roosevelt admire? Enumerate a few of his qualities.
3. Roosevelt tells us what the American boy must not be. Find his statement and read it aloud.
4. What is the meaning of the last sentence?
5. List five good qualities the American boy possesses, as you know him today.



An appeal made by a speaker to an audience, in the effort to interest them in a subject is called a speech or oration. Orations try to convince, to stir the feelings of the listeners. The language of speeches is usually more emotional and sometimes more beautiful than that of ordinary prose. The great orations or excerpts from them given here are full of poetic language.

Speeches are of various kinds. A speech may give information, defend a cause, eulogize a person or idea, commemorate an occasion, or welcome or bid farewell to someone. It may have been delivered first as a lecture or sermon.

In order to understand and appreciate this form of literature you must realize that speeches were originally spoken and only later published in printed form. You should acquaint yourself with the circumstances under which a speech was delivered, since in this way you can enter into the spirit of it. The present selections have been chosen as representative of some of the most distinguished statesmen of America. The spirit of a speech will be most fully appreciated if it is read aloud either at home or in class.

It is easy to see that a study of oratory may prove of great value to you. The practice of making short speeches and addresses to a class will help you acquire a poise which will prove a worth-while social asset.

EULOGY OF HENRY CLAY
(Extract)

By Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865)

This eulogy delivered in Springfield, Illinois, July 16, 1852, expresses the deep and heartfelt sorrow of the nation at the death of that great statesman, Henry Clay. His was indeed a life of service to his country. He was respected and admired by his enemies, loved by his friends. Abraham Lincoln, in this speech, embodies the sentiments felt by all.

On the fourth day of July, 1776, the people of a few feeble and oppressed colonies of Great Britain, inhabiting a portion of the Atlantic coast of North America, publicly declared their national independence, and made their appeal to the justice of their cause and to the God of battles for the maintenance of that declaration. That people were few in number and without resources, save only their wise heads and stout hearts. Within the first year of that declared independence, and while its maintenance was yet problematical, — while the bloody struggle between those resolute rebels and their haughty would-be masters was still waging, —of undistinguished parents and in an obscure district of one of those colonies Henry Clay was born. The infant nation and the infant child began the race of life together. For three quarters of a century they have traveled hand in hand. They have been companions ever. The nation has passed its perils, and it is free, prosperous, and powerful. The child has reached his manhood, his middle age, his old age, and is dead. In all that has concerned the nation the man ever sympathized; and now the nation mourns the man.

The day after his death one of the public journals, opposed to him politically, held the following pathetic and beautiful language, which I adopt.

"Alas! who can realize that Henry Clay is dead! Who can realize that never again that majestic form shall rise in the council-chambers of his country to beat back the storms of anarchy which may threaten, or pour the oil of peace upon the troubled billows as they rage and menace around? Who can realize that the workings of that mighty mind have ceased, that the throbbings of that gallant heart are stilled, that the mighty sweep

of that graceful arm will be felt no more, and the magic of that eloquent tongue, which spake as spake no other tongue besides, is hushed — hushed forever! Who can realize that freedom's champion of a civilized world and of all tongues and kindreds of people, has indeed fallen! Henry Clay belonged to his country — to the world; mere party cannot claim men like him. His career has been national, his fame has filled the earth, his memory will endure to the last syllable of recorded time."

. . . . . .

Mr. Clay's predominant sentiment, from first to last, was a deep devotion to the cause of human liberty — a strong sympathy with the oppressed everywhere, and an ardent wish for their elevation. With him this was a primary and all-controlling passion; subsidiary to this was the conduct of his whole life. He loved his country partly because it was his own country, and mostly because it was a free country, and he burned with a zeal for its advancement, prosperity, and glory, because he saw in such the advancement, prosperity, and glory of human liberty, human right, and human nature. He desired the prosperity of his countrymen, partly because they were his countrymen, but chiefly to show to the world that free men could be prosperous.

. . . . . .

But Henry Clay is dead. His long and eventful life is closed. Our country is prosperous and powerful; but could it have been quite all it has been, and is, and is to be, without Henry Clay? Such a man the times have demanded, and such in the Providence of God was given us. But he is gone. Let us strive to deserve, as far as mortals may, the continued care of Divine Providence, trusting that in future national emergencies, He will not fail to provide us the instruments of safety and security.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What is the expression all historians use in speaking of Henry Clay?
2. Name two instances in American history when Clay proved a great leader and guide in a Congressional struggle.
3. Name two contemporaries of Henry Clay in Congress.
4. What did Lincoln say was Henry Clay's predominant sentiment?
5. Why did he love his country?
6. Why did he desire the prosperity of his countrymen?

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

By Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865)

This address was delivered at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg on November 19, 1863. The country was in the throes of the civil war which was to determine whether the United States would continue as a Union. The great battle of Gettysburg had recently been fought on this spot and the multitude had gathered to do honor to the brave soldiers both living and dead who had fought there. Edward Everett, the accomplished orator, delivered a solemn oration which lasted two hours. Then the tall, homely, benevolent figure of our martyr President arose and spoke the few words of what is now known as "The Gettysburg Address." There was perfect silence when he finished. Lincoln thought it a failure, but the deep silence was really the "perfect tribute" which the people paid to this, one of the greatest speechs in the English language. Notice the simplicity of expression, the loftiness of thought, and the beauty of language.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that

these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Memorize this address.
2. Why has this short address obtained such a hold on the people of America? Why is it committed to memory by millions of people?
3. What effect did this address have on the assembled people? Read "The Perfect Tribute" by Mary Shipman Andrews, telling of this occasion.
4. Can you tell the meaning of the last two lines? Explain them by a discussion of our form of government.

EULOGY OF ADAMS AND JEFFERSON

(Extract)

By Daniel Webster (1782–1852)

John Adams and Thomas Jefferson are familiar names to every American pupil. By a strange coincidence they died within a few hours of each other on July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, a document which both were so instrumental in drawing up. The following eulogy was delivered by Daniel Webster on August 2, 1826, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, during the memorial services held for these two outstanding patriots and statesmen.

Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead.

But how little is there of the great and good which can die? To their country they yet live, and live forever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude,

and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.

No two men now live — perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have ever lived in any one age, — who, more than those we now commemorate, have impressed their own sentiments, in regard to politics and government, on mankind; infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others; or given a most lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its roots deep; it has sent them to the very center; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens.

We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come, in which the American Revolution will appear less than it is — one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come, in which it will cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July, 1776. And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant, or so unjust, as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of these we now honor, in producing that momentous event.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Is there any value in the repetition of a certain phrase in the first paragraph?

2. This speech depicts the reverence and love which this country has for these two men. What public office did they hold during their political careers?

REPLY TO HAYNE

(Extract)

By Daniel Webster (1782–1852)

Daniel Webster, the great American orator, replied to Hayne's speech on the doctrine of nullification in this celebrated address, made in the Senate on January 26, 1830. Already the questions which were finally to lead to the Civil War were uppermost in men's minds. Webster, with his golden tongue, was a staunch defender of the Union. In this speech, he depicts in language full of beauty and emotion his hopes for the preservation of the existing Union. Only the final paragraph, called the peroration, is quoted here.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What two contrasting pictures of our Union as it might be are presented in this paragraph?
2. Read this selection aloud and try to put into it the feelings which the great orator and statesman expressed as he delivered it before the Senate.
3. What struggle did Webster feel was coming?

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

(Abridged)

By Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865)

Abraham Lincoln delivered his second inaugural address on March 4, 1865. The country was still in the throes of the Civil War and none could tell when the mighty struggle would be over. During the four years of his first term, the war had raged incessantly and he had borne on his shoulders the misery and sorrow of a nation in civil war. The speech portrays Lincoln's firm determination to carry the war to a successful end and then to heal the nation's scars. Note the sincerity which animates the entire address and the utter absence of any thoughts of hatred or revenge.

Fellow Countrymen:

At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the Nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war — seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the Nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What indications of Lincoln's character does this address give you? Name some of his qualities.
2. Memorize the last paragraph. What do you think of the thought and the language?

MEANING OF THE FLAG

(Extract)

By Woodrow Wilson (1856–1921)

This is a selection taken from a speech delivered by President Wilson on Flag Day, June 14, 1917. It was a momentous occasion, for we had just entered the World War, and it was from a full heart that the president delivered this inspiring message. Only the opening paragraph is quoted.

My Fellow Citizens: We meet to celebrate Flag Day because this flag which we honor and under which we serve is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that execute those choices, whether in

peace or in war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us — speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us and of the records they wrote upon it. We celebrate the day of its birth; and from its birth until now it has witnessed a great history, has floated on high the symbol of great events, of a great plan of life worked out by a great people.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What is the central thought of the selection?
2. Read another speech on the meaning of the flag, by Franklin K. Lane, in Book Seven of this series.

PROSE GEMS

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.

PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

By William Tyler Page

This is an expression of an American's belief and faith in the ideals and aspirations of our country. It is a composite whose phrases are taken from our fundamental American documents. The author, well acquainted with these documents, gathered from them those phrases he desired and combined them into a National Creed. Many creeds were written, but this one was chosen in a contest and won the award of $1000 which was offered to the person who could write "the best summary of the political faith of America."

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in

a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign states; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrified their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

THE ATHENIAN BOYS' OATH

The Ephebic Oath or pledge of loyalty was made by each Athenian youth about to enter the life of his city. The high ideals expressed make this oath as applicable today as it was thousands of years ago. It breathes the spirit of coöperation and service to one's fellow-man. At the College of the City of New York and in many schools of the country the graduates are asked to take the Ephebic Oath as part of the ceremonial of graduation.

We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks.

We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty.

Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater than it was transmitted to us.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. How can you apply this pledge? Name a few things you, as a young citizen, can do to make your city a better place to live in.

SAYINGS OF THE WISE

A patriotic American is a man who is not niggardly and selfish in the things that he enjoys that make for human liberty and the rights of man. He wants to share them with the whole world, and he is never so proud of the great flag under which he lives as when it comes to mean to other people, as well as to himself, a symbol of hope and liberty. — Woodrow Wilson

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.
— Ralph Waldo Emerson

Peace comes through toil. When one gets to love his work, his life is a happy one. — John Ruskin

I have seen the glories of art and architecture and of river and mountain. I have seen the sun set on the Jungfrau and the moon rise over Mont Blanc. But the fairest vision on which these eyes ever rested was the flag of my country in a foreign port. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate, it is the symbol of the power and the glory and the honor of Americans. — George F. Hoar

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of heaven we must sail, sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it — but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.
— Oliver Wendell Holmes

Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom, better than any other, what you are yourself. For you show me then what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be. — Thomas Carlyle

Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book! — a message to us from the dead — from human souls whom we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away; and yet these, on those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, vivify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers. I say we ought to reverence books, to look at them as useful and mighty things. If they are good and true, whether they are about religion or politics, farming, trade, or medicine, they are the message of God, the maker of all things, the teacher of all truth.

— Charles Kingsley, *Village Sermons*: "On Books"

Patience is the best remedy for every trouble.

You can't tell a book by its cover.

What can't be cured must be endured.

No one can disgrace us but ourselves.

He that wants the kernel must crack the nut (*French, German, Dutch*).

The wise man's tongue is a shield, not a sword (*German*).

It is a long lane that has no turning.

An honest man's word is as good as his bond.

Beggars should not be choosers. — Beaumont and Fletcher.

Every day that we spend without learning is a day lost.

— Beethoven.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun views from thy hand no worthy action done. — Bobart.

Smooth seas make poor sailors.

A man is known by the company he keeps.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

He that would govern others must first govern himself. — Massinger.

Time ripens all things. No man is born wise.

Drowning men catch at straws.

Dig a well before you are thirsty (*Chinese*).
A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.
Civilization rests on justice, good will and coöperation.
Heaven's blue is larger than its clouds.
It is more blessed to give than to receive.
A man's only real possession is his character.
Knowledge is power.

POETRY

POETRY · OLD · AND · NEW ·

POETRY OLD AND NEW

It will mean much to you to know poems and to care for them; they are like friends — the more we see of them the more we like them. The greatest names in the literature of the world are the names of poets.

You may ask: What is poetry? Do we call a selection poetry because of its possessing rhyme and rhythm, or because each line begins with a capital, or because the language sounds different from that of everyday life, or because the order of the words is unusual? Poetry has been defined as thought or emotion written in beautiful and rhythmic form. The poet, like the musician, makes use of the rhythm that seems to pervade life, and he expresses the thoughts and the deep feelings that stir him.

Poetry is not only the poet's words, it is his way of looking at life. A poet gives us an opportunity to look at the world through eyes that see beyond the eyes of the ordinary mortal. He has the power to awaken our imagination, to sharpen our powers of seeing the beauties of man and Nature, and to stir in us deep feelings.

A poet interprets life. He helps us to see what we cannot see with our eyes alone. The eyes of most of us look at our surroundings, but see little. It is the poet who teaches us how and what to see, to see with our minds as well as with our eyes. If a person has read Wordsworth's "Daffodils" and has not thereby been shown more in a "host of golden daffodils" than he saw before, the time spent in reading it has been wasted.

Only one suggestion is necessary for those who wish to understand and enjoy poetry. Poetry is akin to music, and, like music, its full beauty and significance are not revealed by the printed page. Poetry is meant for the ear as well as for the eye. Like music, poetry must be heard to be appreciated. A poem should, therefore, always be read aloud.

STORY POEMS

The ballad is the most popular type of narrative poem. It is a brief simple story in poetic form. Its theme is usually that of a bold deed or a dramatic incident. In a ballad, the poet allows his story and characters to occupy the attention of the reader. It is one of the most ancient forms of literature. We have today two kinds of ballads, ancient folk ballads and modern literary ballads.

In olden times the ballad was sung by a minstrel to the accompaniment of a harp. In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, the natural topics for these folk ballads were love, war, the sea, adventure, court life, the great outdoors. There was a mixture of fact, fiction, and superstition in all of them. The ancient ballads given here were really the songs of the unlettered folk, handed down orally from generation to generation until they came to the ear of some monk or learned clerk who wrote them down. Still later they were collected and printed. In this way, ballads like "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Robin Hood's Death" were transmitted.

The nineteenth century poet gave to the traditional ballad the modern touch. The themes are the same, but the modern ballad is the creation of an individual poet. These modern ballads use the old meter and often employ old-fashioned words and expressions, to add to the effect. In reality they are fine, spirited narrative poems with the ballad swing. You will find examples of them in this book.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

Old Ballad

"Sir Patrick Spens" is one of the best known of the old folk ballads. It tells of the loyalty and devotion of a brave mariner who, at his king's command, set out to cross the stormy seas, although the order was against his own judgment. The charm of the Scottish dialect and the swing of the rythm have made it a favorite for hundreds of years.

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,[1]
Sat at the king's richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
And signed it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne:"
"O say na sae[2] my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

[1] Knight. [2] Not so.

"Late late yestreen [3] I saw the new moone,
Wi the aul moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith [4]
To weet [5] theo cock-heild schoone; [6]
Bot lang owre [7] a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.[8]

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir [9] they se Sir Patrick Spens
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems [10] in thair hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Haf owre,[11] haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom [12] deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.[13]

[3] Yesterday evening.
[4] Loath.
[5] Wet.
[6] Shoes.
[7] Before.
[8] Above.
[9] Before.
[10] Combs.
[11] Over.
[12] Fathoms.
[13] Feet.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Why was Sir Patrick Spens chosen to carry out the king's orders?
2. What were his feelings on receiving the king's letter?
3. What sign foretold the storm?
4. What picture is brought to mind by the lines: —

"Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Their hats they swam aboone."

5. What other old ballad have you read? Prepare to read it to the class.
6. This poem has been popular for nearly a thousand years. Can you think of any reasons for its popularity other than those mentioned in the introductory note?

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

Of course you have read of Robin Hood, one of the most romantic figures of the Middle Ages. He and his band lived in Sherwood Forest, England, and there they preyed on the rich and the clergy. However, as the legends go, they never harmed a woman and were always ready to aid the weak and those in distress. This ballad tells of Robin Hood's death through the treachery of his cousin, a nun of Kirkly-hall.

When Robin Hood and Little John
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound,
Hey, down, a down, a down.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me." [1]

Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkly-hall,
He knock'd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?"
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

[1] Bleeding was regarded as a cure for most illnesses in the old days.

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
While one drop of blood would run down

She blooded him a vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement there,
Thinking for to get down;
He was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
As he sat under a tree,
"I fear my master is now near dead,
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
As fast as he can dree,
But when he came to Kirkly-hall,
He broke locks two or three:

Until he came bold Robin to see,
Then he fell on his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," said Robin Hood,
"Little John, (thou) begs of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,
And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
"That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt a woman in all my life,
Nor men in woman's company.

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at mine end shall it be:
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow at my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

These words they readily granted him,
Which did bold Robin Hood please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood
Within the fair Kirklys.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Why did Robin Hood go to Kirkly-hall?
2. Describe the treachery whereby Robin Hood met his death.
3. Does Robin Hood's answer to Little John's request give an indication of his character?
4. What other ballads of Robin Hood have you read? Bring one to the class for reading aloud.

MODERN BALLADS AND TALES

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

By Robert Burns (1759–1796)

Picture an old Scotchman and his wife seated in the dim light around a fireplace. She looks at him and sees how old and bent and gnarled he is, and she calls to mind their youth when he was the handsomest of them all. She contrasts his present appearance with his former one. Note the indescribable love and tenderness portrayed in her words. The passing of the years has made them love each other all the more.

John Anderson, my jo,[1] John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven, John,
Your bonnie brow was brent;[2]
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,[3]
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty[4] day, John,
We had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun[5] totter down, John;
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot —
John Anderson, my jo!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What two contrasting pictures are presented in the two stanzas?
2. What beautiful sentiments are expressed by the old wife?
3. Do you think the repetition of lines is of value? Why?

[1] Sweetheart or lover.
[2] Smooth, unwrinkled.
[3] Poll or head.
[4] Happy, joyous.
[5] Must.

LOCHINVAR

By Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832)

Walter Scott through his stories and poems has made known to all the world the wealth of romance to be found in Scottish history and literature. Most of his themes were derived from the legends which he gathered as he traveled through his beloved country. This ballad is taken from his longer poem *Marmion*. It is the story of a young Scottish knight who won his bride by his dauntless courage.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard[1] did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;[2]
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe the appearance of Lochinvar. Why do we sympathize with him?

2. What does Lochinvar see as he enters the hall?

3. How does he effect his escape? What lines show his confidence and sureness of purpose?

4. Read Thomas Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter" and see how another attempt to steal a bride ended.

5. What would happen to a modern Lochinvar who attempted to steal his bride?

[1] An old-fashioned dance. [2] A steep embankment.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

By THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844)

Here we have a stirring story of the Scottish Highlands. It is the old story of the elopement of a daughter with a suitor disliked by the father, and of the anger and pursuit of the parent. The vivid action is clearly portrayed, and we feel as we read this ballad that every moment is tense with excitement and expectation.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries " Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry! "

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy night? "
" O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

" And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover? "

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
" I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

" And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her —
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore —
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — Oh, my daughter!"

'Twas in vain; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Tell in your own words the story of the poem.
2. Why does the boatman agree to row them across Lochgyle?
3. Lord Ullin was willing to forgive the fugitives. Why?
4. Can you tell why this poem is so well liked by many?

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN[1]

By MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822–1888)

Did you ever see a Merman, or a picture of one? This poem is the sad tale of a Merman whose mortal wife has deserted him in order to return to her own kind. No bitterness is expressed by the Merman, but only sorrow and regret. In reading the poem try to see how the author, by the use of appropriate words and effective rhythm, makes his pictures of the sea stand out vividly.

Come, dear children, let us away;
  Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shoreward blow;
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
  Children dear, let us away.
    This way, this way!

Call her once before you go.
  Call once yet.
In a voice that she will know:
  "Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.

[1] A creature who is half fish and half man.

Call her once and come away.
This way, this way!
"Mother, dear, we cannot stay."
The wild white horses foam and fret.
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore.
Then come down.
She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail, and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,

When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea.
She said, " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore today.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah, me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
I said, " Go up, dear heart, through the waves.
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves! "
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
" The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
Long prayer," I said, " in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold-blowing airs.

We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
" Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart," I said, " we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah! she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book.[2]
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more.
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down;
Down, to the depths of the sea.
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.

[2] The Bible.

Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy.
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.
  For the wheel where I spun,
  And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clowded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
  A long, long sigh
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
  And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children.
Come children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the wind howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,[3]
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she:
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."

[3] Precious brown stone.

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow;
When clear falls the moonlight;
When spring-tides are low:
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths [4] starr'd with broom;
And high rocks throw mildly
On blanched [5] sands a gloom:
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.

We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
And the church on the hillside —
And then come back down.
Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she.
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Why did the Merman's wife desert him and her children? Do you sympathize with her as well as with the Merman?

2. Reread some of the beautiful lines giving pictures of the sea. Which are familiar to you? Which appeal to you most?

3. If you have never been to an aquarium, go at the earliest opportunity and see there the strange "sea-beasts" mentioned in this poem. Write a short imaginary conversation between yourself and one of the children of the Merman.

4. What makes Margaret both sad and joyful?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Tell the story of the Mermaids on the Rhine as told in the famous German poem, "The Lorelei."

[4] Meadows. [5] Whitened.

SIR GALAHAD

By Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

You have all heard of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, men of noble birth and breeding, who were sworn to defend and respect the old and the weak. As legend has it, one of the greatest ambitions of a knight of King Arthur's court was to find the Holy Grail, the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper. Only those who were entirely free from sin could ever hope to see it. This poem tells of the quest of Sir Galahad, one of the youngest and purest of all the great company at the court of Arthur.

My good blade carves the casques[1] of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,[2]
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are the looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle to the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
No maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

[1] Helmets. [2] Armor.

" BETWEEN DARK STEMS THE FOREST GLOWS "

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres [3]
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board; no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles [4] of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens [5] and windy fields.

[3] Lakes. [4] Robes. [5] Swamps.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Whose odors haunt me in my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Draw a word picture of the tournament or passage of arms as it is described in the first stanza.

2. Why is Sir Galahad aided by immortal powers in his search for the Holy Grail?

3. From your reading of the poem discuss the character of Sir Galahad.

4. If we were to have a Knighthood of Youth today, what five qualities should a candidate possess?

THE LEGEND OF BREGENZ

By Adelaide A. Procter (1825–1864)

Love of one's country is a strong feeling which distance may seem to lessen but which bursts forth in time of danger with as bright a flame as ever. This is the tale of a loyal Tyrol maid who braves a wild ride through the dark night. The story of the thrilling ride is in strong contrast to the peaceful introduction of the poem.

Girt round with rugged mountains, the fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected shine back the starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and silence, enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance a thousand years and more.

Her battlement and towers, from off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow for ages on the deep;
Mountain, and lake, and valley, a sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred, a Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted so silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her the memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones, their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle to pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder on which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz, with longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded in a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose, contented, to the calm toils of life.

Yet when her master's children would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening she knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley more peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stock,
While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered, with looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one, the women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid to go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow with strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching a strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees that stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled, then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted, the board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, " We drink the downfall of an accursèd land!

" The night is growing darker, — ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our own! "
The women shrank in terror (yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz, once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her? Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk, the days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains, reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her (although shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry,
That said, " Go forth, save Bregenz, and then, if need be, die! "

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger, that fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head towards her native land.

Out — out into the darkness — faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy: Why is her steed so slow? —
Scarcely the wind beside them can pass them as they go.

" Faster! " she cries. " Oh, faster! " Eleven the church-bells chime;
" O God," she cries, " help Bregenz, and bring me there in time! "
But louder than bells' ringing, or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror, she leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness, — the bank is high and steep;
One pause — he staggers forward, and plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness, and looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters that dash above his mane,
How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles through the foam,
And see — in the far distance shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her, and now they rush again
Toward the heights of Bregenz, that tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz, just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier to meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army that marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor the noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished, and yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises, to do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving the charger and the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long, and calls each passing hour:
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud, and then (O crown of fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies he calls the maiden's name!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What peaceful picture is portrayed in the first two stanzas?
2. What change is suddenly brought about in the pleasant Swiss valley?
3. What is the maid's reward?
4. What other poems telling about a ride to save a town or country have you read? Can you recall two famous ones?

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

By Robert Southey (1774–1843)

An evil deed will always bring its own punishment. This ballad relates the story of the wicked deed of the pirate, Sir Ralph the Rover, and the punishment that returned upon him. Read the poem aloud to get the help of the rhythm in stirring the listener.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from Heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The holy Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Rock was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green,
Sir Ralph, the Rover, walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the Bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose, and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the Rock
Will not bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph, the Rover, sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the Sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon."

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock, —
" O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock."

Sir Ralph, the Rover, tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair.
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear, —
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What picture is presented in the first two stanzas?
2. What influenced Sir Ralph to cut the bell buoy?
3. What effect did his evil deed have upon his own life?

THE PATRIOT — AN OLD STORY

By Robert Browning (1812–1889)

Here we have a picture of a patriot being led to the scaffold by the fickle mob which had acclaimed him a hero but one short year before. It is a picture of disappointment in man, but of undying faith in the justice of God. The ingratitude of the populace towards those who serve them is a story oft told. Many leaders after striving their utmost to serve their fellowmen have suffered disgrace or worse in return. In the words of the hero, the events are graphically suggested. Such a poem is called a dramatic monologue — a poem in which a character tells his thoughts or experiences at a dramatic moment or crisis in his life. Browning was a master of the dramatic monologue.

Read this poem at least three times and, each time, let your imagination be active, picturing the march of the Patriot to the executioner.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad;
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels —
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep!
Naught man could do, have I left undone:
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shamble's Gate — or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?" — God might question; now instead,
"'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe the scene as the patriot is being led to the scaffold.
2. Can you think of a case in history similar to the one related in this poem, where the mob turns against the one it proclaimed a hero not long before?
3. What is the meaning of the last stanza?
4. What two scenes are suggested by the line, "Thus I entered, and thus I go."

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

By Robert Browning (1812–1889)

Can you imagine yourself on a wild ride through the countryside to carry a message bringing hope and safety to your countrymen? The poet has given us such a story in this stirring poem. The ride that is so vividly depicted is without any historical basis, yet the poet makes us feel the danger, the excitement, and the suspense of the occasion. The rhythm of the lines suggests the flying hoofbeats of the straining horses, and throughout the poem there rings in our ears the hurried cadence of the gallop.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
" Good speed! " cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
" Speed! " echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique [1] right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time! "

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, " Stay spur!
" Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,

[1] Part of the saddle.

"We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. If you ever heard about a thrilling ride, tell it to the class.
2. How is the effect of hurry and excitement produced in the lines?
3. What other poem have you read which races along at such galloping speed?

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST*

By Rudyard Kipling (1865–)

This splendid ballad by Rudyard Kipling, has as its subject, an incident which occurred between an English officer and Kamal, the leader of an Indian bandit group.

The theme of the poem is given in the first stanza, and is repeated in the last: Though the East and the West are so diverse that it is impossible for them to meet on the same footing, yet these distinctions are wiped out when two brave men meet face to face.

This is one of Kipling's poems dealing with soldier life in India. It should be read aloud.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Borderside,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai — at dawn he is into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,

* From *Collected Verse,* copyright, 1907, by Rudyard Kipling. Reprinted by permission.

By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat —
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course — in a woeful heap fell he,

And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand — small room was there to strive,
" 'Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he, " ye rode so long alive:
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row:
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: " Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair, — thy brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn, — howl, dog, and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back! "
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
" No talk shall be of dogs," said he, " when wolf and gray wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death? "
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: " I hold by the blood of my clan:

Take up the mare for my father's gift — by God, she has carried a man! "
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;
" We be two strong men," said Kamal then, " but she loveth the younger best.
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."
The Colonel's son a pistol drew, and held it muzzle-end,
" Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; " will ye take the mate from a friend? "
" A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; " a limb for the risk of a limb.
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him! "
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest —
He trod the ling[1] like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
" Now here is thy master," Kamal said, " who leads a troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
Thy life is his — thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power —
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:

[1] Heath or open land.

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear —
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief — tonight 'tis a man of the Guides!"

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Explain the theme (the central idea) of the poem. What effect is produced by repeating the theme at the beginning and at the end of the poem?

2. The characters of the two leading figures in the poem are brought out by their acts and words. Quote lines that reveal their characters especially well.

3. What other Kipling ballads of English soldier life in India have you read? Note those listed in the home readings.

4. Prepare to read one aloud to the class.

5. Would this ballad make a good moving picture?

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN*

By William Butler Yeats (1865–)

William Butler Yeats is one of the foremost Irish poets and dramatists. His works help us to understand the simple faith of the Irish peasantry whom he knows so well. In this poem he tells the story of an old Irish priest who is saved from lifelong regret and sorrow by the kindly intervention of the Lord.

The old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day,
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die;"
And after cried he, "God forgive!
My body spake, not I!"

He knelt, and leaning on the chair
He prayed and fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

* From *Poetical Works*, by William Butler Yeats. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

" Mavrone, mavrone! [1] the man has died,
While I slept on the chair; "
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
" Father! you come again! "

" And is the poor man dead? " he cried.
" He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.

" When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word.

" He who hath made the night of stars
For souls, who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.

" He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair."

[1] An exclamation of sorrow.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Why is the old priest tired and sleepy?
2. How is his intention indicated by his exclamation: "God forgive! My body spake, not I! "
3. What lines show the passage of time while the priest sleeps?
4. Is the central idea of this poem the sad results of failure to perform duty, the undying faith of the priest, or something else?

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN*

By Alfred Noyes (1880–)

Of course you like a good sea story. In this poem we have the story of forty seamen who blundered upon the beauties of Wonderland and the domains of the fabulous monarch-priest, Prester John. What they witnessed and experienced is told in such a manner that we are captivated immediately, and follow their strange adventures with interest and enjoyment. Read the poem aloud to get the music and swing of the lines.

Across the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore [1] we plodded,
Forty singing seamen in an old black barque,
And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus [2] nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the dark!
For his eye was growing mellow,
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,
As was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow in the dark!
Cho. — Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine-torch in the dark!

Were they mountains in the gloaming or the giant's ugly shoulders
Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with its bleared and vinous glow,
Red and yellow o'er the purple of the pines among the boulders
And the shaggy horror brooding on the sullen slopes below,

* From *Collected Poems*, Vol. III, by Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company. Reprinted by permission.

[1] A seaport of Morocco.

[2] The Cyclops whose one eye was destroyed by Ulysses.

Were they pines among the boulders
Or the hair upon his shoulders?
We were simple singing seamen, so of course we didn't know,
Cho. — We were simple singing seamen, so of course we couldn't know.

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and we came upon a fountain
Not of water, but of jewels, like a spray of leaping fire;
And behind it, in an emerald glade, beneath a golden mountain
There stood a crystal palace, for a sailor to admire;
For a troop of ghosts came round us,
Which with leaves of bay they crowned us,
Then with grog they well-nigh drowned us, to the depth of our desire!
Cho. — And 'twas very friendly of them, as a sailor can admire!

There was music all about us, we were growing quite forgetful
We were only singing seamen from the dirt of London-town,
Though the nectar that we swallowed seemed to vanish half regretful
As if we wasn't good enough to take such vittles down,
When we saw a sudden figure,
Tall and black as any nigger,
Like the devil — only bigger — drawing near us with a frown!
Cho. — Like the devil — but much bigger — and he wore a golden crown!

And "What's all this?" he growls at us! With dignity we chaunted,
"Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be put upon!"
"What? Englishmen?" he cries, "Well, if ye don't mind being haunted,
Faith you're welcome to my palace; I'm the famous Prester John![3]
Will ye walk into my palace?
I don't bear 'ee any malice!
One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of Prester John!"
Cho. — So we walked into the palace and the halls of Prester John!

[3] A fabulous monarch of the twelfth century.

Now the door was one great diamond and the hall a hollow ruby —
Big as Beachy Head,[4] my lads, nay bigger by a half!
And I see the mate wi' mouth agape, a-staring like a booby,
And the skipper close behind him, with his tongue out like a calf!
Now the way to take it rightly
Was to walk along politely
Just as if you didn't notice — so I couldn't help but laugh!
Cho. — For they both forgot their manners and the crew was bound to laugh!

But he took us through his palace and, my lads, as I'm a sinner,
We walked into an opal like a sunset-colored cloud —
"My dining-room," he says, and quick as light we saw a dinner
Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy crowd;
And the skipper, swaying gently
After dinner, murmurs faintly,
"I looks to-wards you, Prester John, you've done us very proud!"
Cho. — And we drank his health with honors, for he *done* us *very* proud!

Then he walks us to his garden where we sees a feathered demon
Very splendid and important on a sort of spicy tree!
"That's the Phoenix," whispers Prester, "which all eddicated seamen
Knows the only one existent, and *he's* waiting for to flee!
When his hundred years expire
Then he'll set hisself afire
And another from his ashes rise most beautiful to see!"
Cho. — With wings of rose and emerald most beautiful to see!

Then he says, "In yonder forest there's a little silver river,
And whosoever drinks of it, his youth shall never die!
The centuries go by, but Prester John endures forever
With his music in the mountains and his magic on the sky!

[4] Headland on the coast of the Channel.

While *your* hearts are growing colder,
While your world is growing older,
There's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets the sky."
Cho. — It shall call to singing seamen till the fount o' song is dry!

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but the forest fair defied us, —
First a crimson leopard laughs at us most horrible to see,
Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked his chops and eyed us,
While a red and yellow unicorn was dancing round a tree!
We was trying to look thinner
Which was hard, because our dinner
Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat o' high degree!
Cho. — Must ha' made us very tempting to the whole menarjeree!

So we scuttled from that forest and across the poppy meadows
Where the awful shaggy horror brooded o'er us in the dark!
And we pushes out from shore again a-jumping at our shadows
And pulls away most joyful to the old black barque!
And home again we plodded
While the Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the dark!
Cho. — Oh, the moon above the mountains, red and yellow through the dark!

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-town we blundered,
Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know
If the vision that we saw was caused by — here again we pondered —
A tipple in a vision forty thousand years ago.
Could the grog we *dreamt* we swallowed
Make us *dream* of all that followed?
We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't know!
Cho. — We were simple singing seamen, so of course we couldn't know!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Name two strange adventures that happened to the singing seamen.
2. List four words that give a musical quality to the lines.
3. What explanation is offered for their strange adventures? Do you think it plausible?
4. This poem should be read aloud by a good reader.

Collected by JOHN A. LOMAX

Many a fine ballad has come to us from the American cowboy and pioneer. These ballads depict life on the frontier and the ranch in America just as the ancient ballads depict the life of long ago. They express the longing of the rough, outdoor men for music and song. The following ballad tells the story of a stagecoach driver and the fate that befell him.

Bill Peters was a hustler
  From Independence town;
He warn't a college scholar
  Nor man of great renown,
But Bill had a way o' doin' things
  An' doin' 'em up brown.

* "Bill Peters" reprinted by special permission, from *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads* collected by John A. Lomax, published by Macmillan Company, 1927.

Bill druv the stage from Independence
Up to Smokey Hill;
An' everybody knowed him thar
As Independence Bill —
Thar warn't no feller on the route
That druv with half the skill.

Bill druv four pair of horses,
Same as you'd drive a team,
An' you'd think you was a-travelin'
On a railroad druv by steam;
An' he'd git thar on time, you bet,
Or Bill 'ud bust a seam.

He carried mail an' passengers,
An' he started on the dot,
An' them teams o' his'n, so they say,
Was never known to trot;
But they went it in a gallop
An' kept their axles hot.

When Bill's stage 'ud bust a tire,
Or something 'ud break down,
He'd hustle round an' patch her up
An' start off with a bound;
An' the wheels o' that old shack o' his
Scarce ever touched the ground.

An' Bill didn't 'low no foolin',
An' when Injuns hove in sight,
An' bullets rattled at the stage,
He druv with all his might.
He'd holler, "Fellers, give 'em hell!
I ain't got time to fight."

Then the way them wheels 'ud rattle,
  An' the way the dust 'ud fly,
You'd think a million cattle
  Had stampeded an' gone by.
But the mail 'ud get thar just the same,
  If the horses had to die!

He druv the stage for many a year
  Along the Smokey Hill,
An' a pile o' wild Comanches
  Did Bill Peters have to kill —
An' I reckon if he had got luck
  He'd be a-drivin' still.

But he chanced one day to run agin
  A bullet made o' lead,
Which was harder than he bargained for
  An' now poor Bill is dead;
An' when they brung his body home
  A barrel o' tears was shed.

KILMENY *

By Alfred Noyes (1880–)

The sun is setting in the west. The twilight shadows are falling. A gray, low outline is seen as a ship, flying the British flag, steals silently out to sea. A few days later she returns, her deck soaked with the skipper's blood, but with flag still flying proudly, for at the bottom of the sea lies a German submarine.

The poem is a story of the German attempt to blockade England during the World War and of England's successful efforts to break it. Read the poem a few times in order to get the full beauty of the pictures and the setting, of the going and coming of *Kilmeny*.

* From *Collected Poems*, Vol. I, by Alfred Noyes. Copyright 1906, by Frederick A. Stokes Company. Reprinted by permission.

Dark, dark lay the drifters, against the red west,
As they shot their long meshes of steel overside;
And the oily green waters were rocking to rest
When *Kilmeny* went out, at the turn of the tide.
And nobody knew where that lassie would roam,
For the magic that called her was tapping unseen,
It was well nigh a week ere *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

She'd a gun at her bow that was Newcastle's best,
And a gun at her stern that was fresh from the Clyde,
And a secret her skipper had never confessed,
Not even at dawn, to his newly wed bride;
And a wireless that whispered above, like a gnome,
The laughter of London, the boast of Berlin.
O it may have been mermaids that lured her from home,
But nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

It was dark when *Kilmeny* came home from her quest,
With her bridge dabbled red where her skipper had died;
But she moved like a bride with a rose at her breast;
And "Well done, *Kilmeny!*" the admiral cried.
Now at sixty-four fathom a conger may come
And nose at the bones of a drowned submarine;
But late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

There's a wandering shadow that stares at the foam,
Though they sing all the night to old England, their queen,
Late, late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What is the picture presented in the first stanza? What are the lines which tell on what kind of mission *Kilmeny* was bound?

2. Do you think *Kilmeny* was successful in her mission? What lines show this? What sacrifice did she make?

3. Reread the poem to the class.

HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE*

By Henry Van Dyke (1852–)

It was on his last voyage of discovery and exploration that Henry Hudson's men mutinied and cast him and some faithful comrades adrift on unknown waters. On previous voyages he had discovered New York harbor and Hudson Bay. On his last voyage he was attempting to find a Northwestern route to India when he was frustrated by the revolt of his men. The following poem gives a picture of the brave navigator as he sits in his little boat and sees his ship, manned by traitors, disappear below the horizon. His thoughts as he speaks them at first are bitter toward the men who have deserted him, but his courage is still supreme. He faces the unknown undaunted, and pictures a vision of the future in the harbor he first saw in the new world — the harbor of New York. This poem is much like Robert Browning's dramatic monologues. Hudson tells his thoughts and experiences.

One sail in sight upon the lonely sea,
And only one! For never ship but mine
Has dared these waters. We were first,
My men, to battle in between the bergs
And floes to these wide waves. This gulf is mine;
I name it! and that flying sail is mine!
And there, hull-down below that flying sail,
The ship that staggers home is mine, mine, mine!
My ship *Discoverie!*
The sullen dogs
Of mutineers, the bitches' whelps that snatched
Their food and bit the hand that nourished them,
Have stolen her. You ingrate Henry Greene,
I picked you from the gutter of Houndsditch,
And paid your debts, and kept you in my house,
And brought you here to make a man of you!
You Robert Juet, ancient, crafty man,
Toothless and tremulous, how many times
Have I employed you as a master's mate
To give you bread? And you, Abacuck Prickett,
You sailor-clerk, you salted puritan,

* Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

You knew the plot and silently agreed,
Salving your conscience with a pious lie!
Yes, all of you — hounds, rebels, thieves! Bring back
My ship!

Too late — I rave, — they cannot hear
My voice: and if they heard, a drunken laugh
Would be their answer; for their minds have caught
The fatal firmness of a fool's resolve,
That looks like courage but is only fear.
They'll blunder on, and lose my ship, and drown, —
Or blunder home to England and be hanged.
Their skeletons will rattle in the chains
Of some tall gibbet [1] on the Channel cliffs,
While passing mariners look up and say:
"Those are the rotten bones of Hudson's men
Who left their captain in the frozen North!"

O God of justice, why hast Thou ordained
Plans of the wise and actions of the brave
Dependent on the aid of fools and cowards?

Look, — there she goes, — her topsails in the sun
Gleam from the ragged ocean edge, and drop
Clean out of sight! So let the traitors go
Clean out of mind! We'll think of braver things!
Come closer in the boat, my friends. John King,
You take the tiller, keep her head nor'west.
You, Philip Staffe, the only one who chose
Freely to share our little shallop's fate,
Rather than travel in the hell-bound ship, —
Too good an English sailor to desert
Your crippled comrades, — try to make them rest
More easy on the thwarts. And John, my son,
My little shipmate, come and lean your head
Against my knee. Do you remember still
The April morn in Ethelburga's church,

[1] Gallows for hanging criminals.

Five years ago, when side by side we kneeled
To take the sacrament with all our men,
Before the *Hopewell* left St. Catherine's docks
On our first voyage? It was then I vowed
My sailor-soul and yours to search the sea
Until we found the water-path that leads
From Europe into Asia.
I believe
That God has poured the ocean round His world,
Not to divide, but to unite the lands.
And all the English captains that have dared
In little ships to plough uncharted waves, —
Davis and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher,
Raleigh and Gilbert [2] — all the other names, —
Are written in the chivalry of God
As men who served His purpose. I could claim
A place among the knighthood of the sea;
And I have earned it, though my quest should fail!
For, mark me well, the honor of our life
Derives from this: to have a certain aim
Before us always, which our will must seek
Amid the peril of uncertain ways.
Then, though we miss the goal, our search is crowned
With courage, and we find along our path
A rich reward of unexpected things.
Press towards the aim: take fortune as it fares!

I know not why, but something in my heart
Has always whispered, "Westward seek your goal!"
Three times they sent me east, but still I turned
The bowsprit west, and felt among the floes
Of ruttling ice along the Greenland coast,
And down the rugged shore of Newfoundland,
And past the rocky capes and wooded bays
Where Gosnold [3] sailed, — like one who feels his way
With outstretched hand across a darkened room, —

[2] English explorers.
[3] An English navigator interested in the colonization of Virginia.

I groped among the inlets and the isles,
To find the passage to the Land of Spice.
I have not found it yet, — but I have found
Things worth the finding!
Son, have you forgot
Those mellow autumn days, two years ago,
When first we sent our little ship *Half-Moon*, —
The flag of Holland floating at her peak, —
Across a sandy bar, and sounded in
Among the channels, to a goodly bay
Where all the navies of the world could ride?
A fertile island that the redmen called
Manhattan, lay above the bay: the land
Around was bountiful and friendly fair.
But never land was fair enough to hold
The seaman from the calling of the sea.
And so we bore to westward of the isle,
Along a mighty inlet, where the tide
Was troubled by a downward flowing flood
That seemed to come from far away, — perhaps
From some mysterious gulf of Tartary?
Inland we held our course; by palisades
Of naked rock; by rolling hills adorned
With forests rich in timber for great ships;
Through narrows where the mountains shut us in
With frowning cliffs that seemed to bar the stream;
And then through open reaches where the banks
Sloped to the water gently, with their fields
Of corn and lentils smiling in the sun.
Ten days we voyaged through that placid land,
Until we came to shoals, and sent a boat
Upstream to find, — what I already knew, —
We travelled on a river, not a strait.
But what a river! God has never poured
A stream more royal through a land more rich.
Even now I see it flowing in my dream,
While coming ages people it with men
Of manhood equal to the river's pride.

I see the wigwams of the redmen changed
To ample houses, and the tiny plots
Of maize and green tobacco broadened out
To prosperous farms, that spread o'er hill and dale
The many colored mantle of their crops.
I see the terraced vineyard on the slope
Where now the fox-grape loops its tangled vine
And cattle feeding where the red deer roam,
And wild-bees gathered into busy hives
To store the silver comb with golden sweet;
And all the promised land begins to flow
With milk and honey. Stately manors rise
Along the banks, and castles top the hills,
And little villages grow populous with trade,
Until the river runs as proudly as the Rhine, —
The thread that links a hundred towns and towers!
Now looking deeper in my dream, I see
A mighty city covering the isle
They call Manhattan, equal in her state
To all the older capitals of earth, —
The gateway city of a golden world, —
A city girt with masts, and crowned with spires,
And swarming with a million busy men,
While to her open door across the bay
The ships of all the nations flock like doves.
My name will be remembered there, the world
Will say, " This river and this isle were found
By Henry Hudson, on his way to seek
The Northwest Passage."
Yes, I seek it still, —
My great adventure and my guiding star!
For look ye, friends, our voyage is not done;
We hold by hope as long as life endures!
Somewhere among these floating fields of ice,
Somewhere along this westward widening bay,
Somewhere beneath this luminous northern night,
The channel opens to the Farthest East, —
I know it, — and some day a little ship

Will push her bowsprit in, and battle through!
And why not ours, — tomorrow, — who can tell?
The lucky chance awaits the fearless heart!
These are the longest days of all the year;
The world is round and God is everywhere,
And while our shallop [4] floats we still can steer.

So point her up, John King, nor'west by north.
We'll keep the honor of a certain aim,
Amid the peril of uncertain ways,
And sail ahead, and leave the rest to God.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What were the dangers of Hudson's plight?
2. What feelings did Hudson have for the men who had deserted him? For the men who had chosen to share his fate?
3. What vision of the future did Hudson see? How was it fulfilled?
4. How does the poem bring out Hudson's character? What guide to his character is given in the last four lines?
5. What lesson does this poem carry? Who does the talking?
6. Read Joaquin Miller's "Columbus" and find in what ways these two pioneer explorers were alike.

DANIEL BOONE

By Arthur Guiterman (1871–)

Daniel Boone is a name that has come to stand, in the minds of boys and girls, for adventure, romance, Indian fighting. The restless and adventurous spirit which animated this famous pioneer and scout ever urged him onward into the new and vast territories of the West. He and others like him blazed the trail and opened the road for settlers to follow. This ballad tells of the roving character of Boone's life and relates his exploits in the rhythm and the vivid manner typical of the author.

Daniel Boone at twenty-one
Came with his tomahawk, knife and gun
Home from the French and Indian War
To North Carolina and the Yadkin shore.

[4] Small boat.

He married his maid with a golden band,
Builded his house and cleared his land;
But the deep woods claimed their son again
And he turned his face from the homes of men.
Over the Blue Ridge, dark and lone,
The Mountains of Iron, the Hills of Stone,
Braving the Shawnee's jealous wrath,
He made his way on the Warrior's Path.
Alone he trod the shadowed trails;
But he was the lord of a thousand vales
As he roved Kentucky, far and near,
Hunting the buffalo, elk and deer.

What joy to see, what joy to win
So fair a land for his kith and kin,
Of streams unstained and woods unhewn!
" Elbowroom! " laughed Daniel Boone.

On the Wilderness Road that his axemen made
The settlers flocked to the first stockade;
The deerskin shirts and the coonskin caps
Filed through the glens and the mountain gaps;
And hearts were high in the fateful spring
When the land said " Nay! " to the stubborn king.
While the men of the East of farm and town
Strove with the troops of the British Crown,
Daniel Boone from a surge of hate
Guarded a nation's westward gate.
Down on the fort in a wave of flame
The Shawnee horde and the Mingo came,
And the stout logs shook in a storm of lead;
But Boone stood firm and the savage fled.

Peace! And the settlers flocked anew,
The farm lands spread, the town lands grew;
But Daniel Boone was ill at ease
When he saw the smoke in his forest trees.
" There'll be no game in the country soon.
Elbowroom! " cried Daniel Boone.

Straight as a pine at sixty-five—
Time enough for a man to thrive—
He launched his bateau on Ohio's breast
And his heart was glad as he oared it west;
There were kindly folk and his own true blood
Where great Missouri rolls his flood;
New woods, new streams and room to spare,
And Daniel Boone found comfort there.
Yet far he ranged toward the sunset still,
Where the Kansas runs and the Smoky Hill,
And the prairies toss, by the south wind blown;
And he killed his bear on the Yellowstone.

But ever he dreamed of new domains
With vaster woods and wider plains;
Ever he dreamed of a world-to-be
Where there are no bounds and the soul is free.
At four-score-five, still stout and hale,
He heard a call to a farther trail;
So he turned his face where the stars are strewn;
"Elbowroom!" sighed Daniel Boone.

Down the Milky Way in its banks of blue
Far he has paddled his white canoe
To the splendid quest of the tameless soul—
He has reached the goal where there is no goal.
Now he rides and rides an endless trail
On the Hippogriff of the flaming tail
Or the Horse of the Stars with the golden mane,
As he rode the first of the blue-grass strain.
The joy that lies in the Search he seeks
On breathless hills with crystal peaks;
He makes his camp on heights untrod,
The steps of the Shrine, alone with God.
Through the woods of the vast, on the plains of Space
He hunts the pride of the Mammoth race
And the Dinosaur of the triple horn,
The Manticore and the Unicorn,

As once by the broad Missouri's flow
He followed the elk and the buffalo.
East of the Sun and west of the Moon,
" Elbowroom! " laughs Daniel Boone.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What one word sums up Daniel Boone's character?
2. Keen and vivid pictures are painted by the poet's words. Which of these pictures appeal to you most? Why?
3. What is the meaning of the lines:
" He heard a call to a farther trail
So he turned his face where the stars are strewn " ?
4. How is Daniel Boone's desire finally fulfilled?
5. What expressions are used by the poet to enhance the beauty and the effectiveness of his poem? Pick out a few which you think are best.

LONG NARRATIVE POEMS

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1804–1882)

The inn where these tales were supposed to have been related is in Sudbury, Massachusetts. It was recently bought by Henry Ford, who made it into a museum. The poet imagines that a group of people have come together around the fireside of the inn and that each is telling a story as his share of the evening's entertainment. The following tales are given here:

" Paul Revere's Ride," the Landlord's tale.
" The Bell of Atri," the Sicilian's tale.
" King Robert of Sicily," the Sicilian's tale.

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)

The first tale told to the persons gathered around the fire of the Wayside Inn, is the one by the landlord. It tells how a message of warning was carried through the night to the Minutemen, a message which assembled the patriots for the first battle of the Revolutionary War. Notice the many pictures presented, and see if you can catch the sense of hurry and suspense which is so well expressed by the rhythm.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, " If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry[1] arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal-light,
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country folk to be up and arm."
Then he said, Good-night! and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,

[1] A tower in which a bell is hung.

Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.
Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,[2]
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;

[2] Soldiers belonging to a regiment of unusually tall men.

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic,[3] meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

[3] A river.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And he felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.
It was one by the village clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral [4] glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be the first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm

[4] Ghostly.

To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoofbeats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. The signal to Paul Revere was given (by messenger, by the use of lamps, by a letter).
   b. Paul Revere made his famous ride (in broad daylight, in the early evening, in the middle of the night).
   c. He aroused (the American army, the sleeping farmers).
2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.
   a. Paul Revere rode through the villages of —— and —— and ——.
   b. The battles which followed were fought at —— and ——.
   c. The British army advanced by ——.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe the scene from the belfry tower as viewed by the friend of Paul Revere.
2. What is meant by the line:

   " The fate of a nation was riding that night."

3. Imagine yourself riding with Paul Revere. Reread the poem and see if you can feel the danger, the excitement and the responsibility felt by Paul Revere.
4. What prophecy is expressed in the last six lines?
5. Do you know of any other ride which has been immortalized in poetry? Name it.

THE BELL OF ATRI

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1804–1882)

In this poem we have the story of a bell which was hung in the market place of Atri, a bell which was to be rung by anyone who had been wronged. How that bell was used by a poor, deserted, starving animal in order to get justice is told in the fine, sympathetic style of Longfellow.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the marketplace,
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts; —
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.
He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the marketplace,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beams swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,

In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
" Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong! "

Here ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
" Domeneddio! " cried the Syndic straight,
" This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
" Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?

He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee.
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws:
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The bell of Atri famous for all time."

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. The knight's final desire was (to hunt, to attend the court, to amass gold, to aid the poor).
   b. He (loved his old steed, kept the steed in his old age, turned his steed loose into the street).
   c. The knight (was forced to feed his old horse, was allowed to turn his old horse loose, was not troubled about his horse's condition).
2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.
   a. The horse obtained aid by ringing the —— —— ——.
   b. When the Syndic arrived he saw not a —— —— but a —— ringing the bell.
   c. The King was delighted at the —— of the ——.
   d. The bell of Atri meant to each citizen that —— would be done to any one who had been wronged.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe the change in the knight's character.
2. Was the knight's sentence just?

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1804–1882)

"King Robert of Sicily" is a story which has been told and retold for many ages. The theme is one that has always been a favorite with those who tell tales — the theme of the proud man who boasts that nothing can harm him and who finds to his cost that he is only a mortal. King Robert scoffs at the refrain from the *Magnificat* — "He has put down the mighty from their seat and has exalted them of low degree." Read the poem and find out how he learns the truth of the words through bitter experience.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Appareled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles";
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meek,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep.
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.

He started from his seat and gazed around
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls!

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half-choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a specter from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal [1] and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

[1] Steward of a castle.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an imposter, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,[2]
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"
Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"

[2] Symbols of the jester.

But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign; [3]
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, [4] the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left, — he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name

[3] The reign of peace and happiness.
[4] The volcano, Mt. Etna, was not active during the angel's reign.

From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an imposter in the King's disguise.
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;

The Emperor, laughing said, " It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court! "
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw.
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
" Art thou the King? " Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: " Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven! "

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all appareled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

a. King Robert (scoffed at the *Magnificat*, believed in the words of the priests, was willing to learn humility).

b. The king's throne was filled by (a usurper, an angel, an enemy of King Robert).

c. King Robert (remained a jester for the rest of his life, never learned humility, finally realized his true position).

2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.

a. King Robert became a —— with only an —— for a friend.

b. He remained a jester for almost —— ——.

c. He appealed to the —— who was his ——.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What lines give the central idea of the poem? How did the haughty king receive these words?

2. What lesson did the king have to learn through bitter experience? Describe his wretched life as the King's Jester.

3. Did the king finally learn his lesson? What showed the angel that he had learned it? What was his reward?

4. If you were an artist what pictures would you like to make out of this story? Suggest what each of three pictures would show.

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882)

This is the story of a maiden who, cruelly separated from her betrothed, spends many years of her life wandering through the forests and across the prairies of America in search of her lover. The tale is full of beautiful pictures and descriptions of the richness of our land, and of the high courage and devotion of its early inhabitants. As we read the poem we rejoice with the villagers in their happiness and plenty, we are saddened by the tragic separation and exile, we accompany Evangeline on her weary travels, and are at her side when she comes to the end of her long search.

PRELUDE

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids[1] of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

[1] Celtic priests who performed sacred rites in the forests.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers —
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian[2] land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré[3]
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates

[2] The French name for Nova Scotia.
[3] The French word meaning great meadow.

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock
Such as the peasants of Normandy [4] built in the reign of the Henries.[5]
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; [6] and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirr of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus [7] sounded, and over the roofs of the village

[4] A province of old France.
[5] A line of French Kings.
[6] Small windows projecting from the sides of the roof.
[7] The ringing of church bells calling to prayer.

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers —
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers,
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that fed in the meadows,
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden,
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop [8]
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,[9]
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings,

[8] An aromatic plant with blue flowers used by priests to sprinkle the blood of sacrifice.
[9] Prayer book.

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the Sycamore tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary,
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns, and the farmyard,
There stood the broad-wheeled wains,[10] and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

[10] Four-wheeled wagons for carrying hay, etc.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.[11]
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled around in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,

[11] A chant of the church.

Merrily laughed and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years and they no longer were children,
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie"[12] was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance.
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

[12] The name comes from the Greek and means "Fair Speech."

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season.
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,
Whirr of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree of Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor,
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian[13] vine-yards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,

[13] Burgundian — Burgundy is a province of France noted for its exquisite wine.

Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
As in church when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside: —
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued: —
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer: — "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued: —
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.[14]
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of tomorrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer —
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and tonight may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe[15] round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.

[14] Louisburg, Beau Séjour and Port Royal were ports which had been captured by the English during a series of wars between France and England.
[15] Plot of land.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike,
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children:
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou [16] in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létitche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horse-shoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extended his right hand,

[16] According to an old myth, a man who could turn himself into a wolf and devour little children.

" Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, " thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public —
" Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others,
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us? "
" God's name! " shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
" Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest! "
But without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public —
" Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs: and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
" Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,

Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand Pré:
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful maneuver,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer,
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linens and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceedingly fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight,
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar! [17]

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses, the blithe Acadian peasants;
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant;
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.

[17] Ishmael's mother who was driven out into the wilderness by Abraham when Ishmael was a very young child.

There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres,[18] and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque,*[19]
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement —
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal

[18] "All citizens of Chartres" — a French song.
[19] "The Chimes of Dunkirk" — a French song.

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how have you answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant that you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you: for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the fields and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted —
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvest!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo, the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's[20] alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace,[21] and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, 'O Father forgive them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

[20] A bell for giving alarms.
[21] Christ.

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah [22] ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended —
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As over the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors

[22] A Hebrew prophet.

Veiled the light of his face, like the prophet [23] descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the doors and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length, she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore tree by the window,
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V

Four times the sun has arisen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,

[23] Moses at the time he came down from Mount Sinai.

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran and urged on the oxen.
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried and there on the sea-beach,
Piled in confusion, lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions: —
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! Oh, inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Halfway down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction —
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered —
" Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen! "
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms in wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent [24] ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,

[24] Ebbing.

"THE TUMULT AND STIR OF EMBARKING"

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard —
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the driftwood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands had been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering firelight.

"*Benedicite!*" [25] murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds [26] and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand Pré!"

[25] "Blessings on you," from the Latin.
[26] Burning coals.

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom,
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people —
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges;
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannahs —
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters [27]
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.

[27] The Mississippi River.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things,
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her.
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "O yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois [28] are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O yes! we have seen him.
He is a Voyageur [29] in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?

[28] Woodsmen. [29] French guide.

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses." [30]
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she had heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards [31] and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps; —
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through the valley;
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water

[30] A task allotted to women who do not marry.
[31] Fragments of broken pottery.

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II

It was in the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumberous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles; a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast,[32] and groves of orange and citron,

[32] Louisiana, called so because of the yellow color of its fruit.

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous [33] boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air,
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness —
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,

[33] Dark, gloomy.

And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music;
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night was heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off — indistinct — as of wave or of wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly enbowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,[34]
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers.
Angel of God, was there none to waken the slumbering maiden!
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes [35] had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.

[34] Jacob dreamed that he saw a ladder upon which angels were ascending and descending.

[35] The pins which serve as fulcrums for the oars.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered —
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest,
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and the waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music

That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.[36]
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling; —
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'er-shadowed by oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yuletide,[37]
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-trees, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,

[36] Followers of Bacchus, the God of pleasure, especially the pleasures of drink, in Roman mythology.
[37] Christmas time.

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into those seas of flowers the sun was slowly descending;
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith,
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said — and his voice grew blithe as he said it —
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only today he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the fates [38] and the streams are against him.
Up and away tomorrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.

[38] The three Fates who were supposed to control the destiny of man.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
" Long live Michael," they cried, " our brave Acadian minstrel! "
As they bore him aloft in triumphant procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marveled to see the wealth of the ci-devant [39] blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marveled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Awaited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.
Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened: —
" Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.

[39] Former.

Smoothly the plowshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies:
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
While his huge brown hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff halfway to his nostrils,
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:—
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Near her and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate [40] her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fireflies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them " Upharsin." [41]

[40] Cover, as when a wave flows over an object.

[41] A word written on the wall while King Belshazzar was having a feast, and interpreted as meaning " Thy Kingdom is divided."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fireflies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie:
Ah, how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast laid down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee!"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods: and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness:
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded "Tomorrow!"
Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers in the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon [42] flows and the Walleway [43] and Owyhee.
Eastward with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fountaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,[44]
Fretted with sand and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.[45]
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails,

[42] Another name for the Columbia River.
[43] A river flowing into the Columbia.
[44] The mountains of Mexico.
[45] Plant having dense clusters of purple flowers.

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite [46] monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside;
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana [47]
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee [48] woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Comanches,[49]
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.

[46] A hermit.
[47] Name given to mirages, supposed to be made by a fairy, Morgana.
[48] Indians who lived in the Carolinas and Georgia.
[49] A fierce tribe of Indians who lived along the Arkansas River.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when her meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering firelight
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her.
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis,
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lillinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,

And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus [50] and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome: and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the home-like sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered: —
" Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey! "
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snowflakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
" Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; " but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,

[50] A buzzing sound.

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other —
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the cornfield.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith and thy prayer will be answered!"
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveler's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance.
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter — yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold [51] and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.

[51] A plain without woods.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River,
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden; —
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battlefields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er the forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,[52]
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city [53] he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.

[52] William Penn. [53] Philadelphia.

There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ears were pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence,
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead and not absent;
Patience and abnegation [54] of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So with her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Savior.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.

[54] Renunciation, giving up, denying.

Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver streams of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger: —
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands; —
Now the city surrounds it; but still with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble wall seemed to echo
Softly the words of the Lord: — "The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted,
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended";
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets [55] they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the nighttime;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,

[55] Small beds of straw.

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
As are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood[56] had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,

[56] Moses instructed the Hebrew people to sprinkle blood on their front doors so the angel of Death would not harm them.

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them.
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. Evangeline is a (sad, humorous, happy) story.
   b. Evangeline was (faithful, half-hearted, despairing) in her search for Gabriel.

c. Basil (hated, loved, ignored, submitted to) the invaders.
d. Evangeline (never discovered Gabriel, found Gabriel after many years, met Gabriel in Louisiana).

2. Name the person talking or the person described in each line.
a. " What is this you do, my children? "
b. Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy
c. —— was the pride of the village of Grand Pré.
d. " Death to these foreign soldiers who seize on our homes and our harvests."
e. " Father, I thank Thee."

3. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.
a. The central thought of the story is ——.
b. Evangeline wandered over a great part of —— in her search for Gabriel.
c. —— discovered —— in the city of —— as he was breathing his last.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Does the Prelude foreshadow the tragedy which is about to occur? Reread it when you finish Part I.

2. Review the pictures of life in the pretty village of Grand Pré as they are presented by the author.

3. What indications are there that the peace of the village is to be broken?

4. Describe the scene in the church. Dramatize it, acting the parts with the help of your classmates.

5. Review Evangeline's search. Does it show the kind of woman she was? Does she show devotion, strength of character, courage?

6. Contrast the homes in Acadia with those in Louisiana. Which would you prefer? Give reasons.

7. Tell of Evangeline's adventures in Philadelphia before she found her lover.

8. List the leading characters of the story and star the ones you find most interesting or attractive.

9. What kind of a motion picture would this story make? What episodes would you include?

10. What period in our history is reflected in this poem?

11. Reread the conclusion and see how Longfellow, at the close of his sad story of Acadia, carries your memory back to the beginning.

LYRIC POETRY

POEMS THAT SING

A lyric is a poem in which the writer expresses in musical language his feelings, his moods, or his thoughts. According to history, the lyric was first sung to the accompaniment of the lyre, hence the word lyric. In narrative poetry we forget all about the author and are interested in the story. The lyric is more intimate, more personal. Lyric themes include Nature, country, home, family, friends, conduct, love, God. The song is a short lyric poem which differs from other types in being designed primarily to be sung. There are many varieties of songs, such as patriotic songs, folk songs, and sacred songs. This book devotes many pages to lyrics, old and new. During the last century, the lyric was the predominant type of poetry. In this section you are most likely to find the poems that you will like best and remember longest.

FROM THE OLD MASTERS

PSALMS

From the Bible

The Psalms of the Bible are expressions of a beautiful faith in the mercy and the justice of God. They sing the praises of His handiwork and urge all to love and worship God. Below are given three psalms. Note the beauty and the majesty of their language and their resemblance, in form, to the modern type of poetry known as " free verse."

PSALM I

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM XIX

(*Abridged*)

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

PSALM XXIV

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.[1]

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

By William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

This is part of the famous speech made by Portia in the trial scene of "The Merchant of Venice." Shylock, spurred on by his desire for revenge, is demanding the penalty of a pound of flesh from Antonio. Portia, disguised as a lawyer, declares that mercy is one of the noblest qualities in human beings. This form of poetry is known as blank verse. It has no rhyme but a fixed meter known as iambic pentameter.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;

[1] A word of unknown meaning, possibly a musical term or one used in the service of the synagogue.

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,[1]
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway; [2]
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Why is mercy a noble attribute? Give the reasons in your own words.
2. What is the meaning and significance of the last three lines? Why are they the basis of all religious faith?

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616)

This song, taken from Shakespeare's well-known play, "As You Like It," is sung by Amiens, one of the lords attending upon the Duke, who is living as an exile in the Forest of Arden. It depicts the happiness and contentment of life in the open country.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat —
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

[1] Earthly power, the power of a king.
[2] The rule of kings.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets —
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

By William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

This song, like the one preceding, is sung by Amiens in "As You Like It." Note the contrast between the emotions expressed in the two songs. Why do you think Shakespeare put the jolly refrain after the opening lines of bitter reproach in each stanza?

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH

By ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796)

Robert Burns, the great Scottish poet, could sympathize with even the humblest of Nature's creatures. Though he himself was depressed by serious troubles and though the future looked dark and uncertain to him, he could stop to pity a little field mouse whose nest he had turned up as he was plowing his fields. Notice his sorrow for the poor little beast whom he had accidentally made homeless.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
  Wi' bickering brattle! [1]
I wad be laith [2] to rin an' chase thee,
  Wi' murd'ring pattle! [3]

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
  Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
  An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles,[4] but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave [5]
  'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,[6]
  And never miss 't!

[1] Hurrying scamper.
[2] Loath.
[3] Stick for breaking clods.
[4] Sometimes.
[5] Occasional ear of grain in many sheaves.
[6] Remainder.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's [7] the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big [8] a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell [9] an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,[10]
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But [11] house or hald,[12]
To thole [13] the winter's sleety dribble,[14]
An' cranreuch [15] cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,[16]
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,[17]
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

[7] Frail walls.
[8] Build.
[9] Biting.
[10] Stubble.
[11] Without.
[12] Holdings or property.
[13] Suffer.
[14] Drizzle.
[15] Hoar-frost.
[16] Not alone.
[17] Go often amiss.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What feelings are aroused in the poet by the sight of the damage his plow has made? Quote lines.
2. The final stanza speaks of the poet's own situation. Can you explain it?
3. Read the poet's "To a Mountain Daisy" which is similar in thought and meaning to this poem.
4. It is said the poet has the gift of seeing poetry in the commonplace. Apply this idea to this poem.
5. There are two famous lines in this poem. Can you find them? Ask your parents to help you if necessary since they are always quoted.

ODE TO AUTUMN

By JOHN KEATS (1795–1821)

Many persons believe that autumn is the best season of the year. It brings with it a feeling of plenty and of mellowness. Keats, in this fine poem, gives us a picture of the beauties of nature during that season. As you read the poem try to bring to mind the scenes and activities described.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too, —
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the night wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud beat from hilly bourn;
Hedge crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Which scenes of autumn portrayed by the author are familiar to you?
2. Which season of the year do you think most beautiful? Why?
3. Where in this country would you go to find as beautiful an autumn?
4. Which one of the phrases below best sums up the feeling Keats expressed in the poem:

a. Pure joy.
b. Black sorrow.
c. Quiet thankfulness.
d. Contentment.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

(Excerpt)

By Lord Byron (1788–1824)

The poet has caught the spirit of the ocean in this inspiring poem whose stirring words and rhythm bring to mind the power and majesty of the waves. It is a picture of the sea in all its might and glory. Beside it man's power seems insignificant. The rolling lines are suggestive of the rolling waves.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Read as many sea poems as you can find in this book.
2. Bring to class to be read aloud the one you liked best.
3. Let the class decide which of these poems gives the truest picture of the sea.
4. Tell a story or two to show the power of the "deep and dark blue ocean."
5. Show how the ocean acts as the friend of mankind.
6. Compare the last line with the last line of Scott's poem, "Breathes there the Man."

CROSSING THE BAR

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

The poet is in the sunset of life. He has lived a full and complete existence, experiencing joy and sorrow, poverty and wealth. His faith in a greater Power had been slightly shaken in the scientific discoveries of the day, but now, at the threshold of death, he holds fast to a belief in the Almighty. The poem is his farewell to this world; he turns to the thought of meeting his Maker when he has "crossed the bar."

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne [1] of Time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Does the poet actually want to die on a ship or does he mean something entirely different?
2. Explain the meaning of the last two lines in the first stanza.
3. Why does the poet compare death to an embarkation for a distant port? Why does he call God his Pilot?
4. This poem is an example of a fine lyric. Look back to the note on lyrics at the beginning of this section and see how it fulfills the requirements in form and thought.

A DAY IN JUNE

By James Russell Lowell (1819–1891)

This poetic description of a June day is taken from Lowell's famous poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal." It occurs in the prelude to the first part, and is full of that strength, beauty and joy which form the theme of that part. It is a fit setting for the brave and adventurous young knight, Sir Launfal, who goes forth arrayed in all the splendor of his armor, to win glory and salvation.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

[1] Limits.

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Two lines from this poem are quoted again and again. Can you find which two?

2. Find one picture of June the poet paints for us. Use the lines in the poem.

3. Describe in your own words the beauties of a day in June.

4. Do you agree with the poet that the best things cannot be purchased, or do you think that you could have everything if you had as much money as you wanted?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Read the prelude to Part Two and see what contrast to a summer day is presented in the second prelude. Which do you think is more beautiful?

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

By Robert Browning (1812–1889)

The poet is far from his native land. It is spring. He pictures to himself the charm of the English countryside during this season of the year, and he finds his heart yearning for his homeland and for the beauties of an English spring.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops, at the bent spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower —
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. How does spring in England differ from spring where you live? Name five differences.
2. What other poems of spring have you read?
3. Have you ever heard a chaffinch sing, or a thrush? Is it necessary for you to have heard them sing to enjoy this poem?
4. Come to class with a spring poem that you think worth reading aloud.

FROM THE MASTERS OF OUR TIME

REQUIEM

By Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)

Robert Louis Stevenson was possessed of so sunny a nature that even a life of sickness and suffering did not prevent his enjoying life to the utmost. This poem, written shortly before his death, is indicative of the buoyant, courageous spirit of the man.

Under the wide and starry sky
  Dig the grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die,
  And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you 'grave for me:
  Here he lies where he long'd to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
  And the hunter home from the hill.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE *

By Sidney Lanier (1842–1881)

Have you ever heard a brook rippling among the rocks or a river flowing rapidly to the sea? The poet has put the music of the rushing waters into these lines, which tell the story of a river flowing down to the plain. The poet himself often walked along the banks of the Chattahoochee River and listened to its song. As you read the poem, let the music of the lines suggest and bring to mind the sound of the running water.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
  Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain [1] to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
  Far from the hills of Habersham
  Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
  All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,

* Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.
[1] Quickly.

The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
— Crystals clear or acloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What effect is produced by the music of the lines and the talk of the river?

2. What temptations does the Chattahoochee have to overcome? What lesson does its steadfast journey teach?

3. In a few sentences, not more than three or four, tell what sort of a stream you picture the Chattahoochee to be. Is it a wide river, a little rivulet, a thunderous, roaring creek, quiet and lazy, or what?

4. This poem must be read aloud to be enjoyed. Let the best reader in the class prepare it for a second reading.

RECESSIONAL

By RUDYARD KIPLING (1865–)

"Recessional" [1] was inspired by the dazzling pomp and power with which the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's coronation was celebrated. It is a warning to the British people, to look back and learn from history that pride and pomp always lead to downfall and obscurity. The poem is a plea that the mercy of the Lord may be shown those who forget Him and who put their trust in mere human power.

God of our fathers, known of old—
  Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine [2]—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

[1] A hymn that is sung as the choir leaves the chancel after service.

[2] These two trees, which grow in entirely different climates, indicate how far reaching the British Empire is.

Far-called our navies melt away —
  On dune [3] and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre! [4]
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boastings as the Gentiles [5] use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard [6] —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard, —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What lines most forcibly express the poet's prayer?
2. What is the meaning of the lines: —
   "Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
   Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!"
3. What was Kipling's purpose in writing this poem? What effect do you think it had on the British people?
4. What poetic effect is produced by the repetition of the last two lines in each of the first four stanzas?

IF

By Rudyard Kipling (1865–)

Rudyard Kipling needs no introduction to you. You have met him in his stories and poems of life in India. Here is a new type of poem by this master. Kipling turns preacher and presents his theory of what an ideal man should be. This poem has become famous throughout the English-speaking world. Find out for yourself what has made it so popular.

[3] A hill of sand.
[4] Ancient cities that are no more.
[5] They who know not God.
[6] Cannon and battleships.

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting;
  Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating;
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
  And treat these two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools;
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on the turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the will which says to them: "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with kings — nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
  If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
YOURS is the Earth and everything that's in it,
  And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Name five qualities a real man should possess, as found in the poem.
2. What is the meaning of the line:

"Or walk with kings — nor lose the common touch."

3. Can you give an instance in your own experience of the meaning of the first two lines in the poem?
4. Give examples of great men who "dreamed" yet did not make "dreams" their masters.
5. What poem in this book tells of a man who experienced both triumph and disaster in a short time?
6. Which "if" do you find easiest and which hardest to practice?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Name a great man of today possessing qualities suggested in "If."
Name a great woman of today possessing qualities suggested in "If."
What qualities found in "If" can be practiced in school life?

GOETHALS: THE PROPHET ENGINEER*

By Percy Mackaye (1875–)

The Panama Canal is one of the greatest achievements of the twentieth century. General Goethals, the man who succeeded in accomplishing the almost impossible task, had to contend with disease, with heat, and with unfavorable soil conditions. The following poem, written at the completion of the great undertaking, is a hymn of praise for him who succeeded where so many others had failed. He may indeed be called "a hero of peace."

A man went down to Panama
  Where many a man had died
To slit the sliding mountains
  And lift[1] the eternal tide;
A man stood up in Panama,
  And the oceans stood aside.

* From *The Present Hour*, by Percy Mackaye. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

[1] By means of locks the boats are lifted up over the highlands, more than a mile higher than the flood tide of the seas.

The Power that wrought the tide and peak
  Wrought mightier the seer; [2]
And the One who made the isthmus
  He made the engineer,
And the good God, he made Goethals
  To cleave the hemisphere.

The reek [3] of fevered ages [4] rose
  From poisoned jungle and strand [5]
Where the crumbling wrecks of failure
  Lay sunk in the torrid sand—
Derelicts of old desperate hopes
  And Vernal [6] contraband:

Till a mind glowed white with the yellow mist
  And purged [7] the poison mold,
And the wrecks rose up in labor,
  And the fever's knell was tolled,
And the keen mind cut the world divide,
  Untarnished by world gold: [8]

For a poet wrought in Panama
  With a continent for his theme,
And he wrote with flood and fire
  To forge a planet's dream,
And the derricks rang his dithyrambs [9]
  And his stanzas roared in steam.

But the poet's mind, it is not his
  Alone, but a million men's:
Far visions of lonely dreamers
  Met there as in a lens,
And lightnings, pent [10] by stormy time
  Leap through, with flame intense:

[2] The man who could forecast, or see ahead, referring to Goethals.
[3] Smoke, steam.
[4] Panama had for centuries been infested with malaria and yellow fever.
[5] The swamps and the sea coast.
[6] Fresh.
[7] Cleaned.
[8] Work was done honestly, without corruption.
[9] Kind of wild lyric.
[10] Shut up.

So from our age three giants loom
To vouch Man's venturous soul:
Amundsen [11] on his ice peak
And Peary [12] from his pole,
And midway where the oceans meet,
Goethals [13] — beside his goal:

Where old Balboa bent his gaze
He leads the liners through,
And the Horn[14] that tossed Magellan
Bellows a far halloo,
For where the navies never sailed
Steamed Goethals and his crew:

So nevermore the tropic routes
Need poleward warp and veer,[15]
But on through the Gates of Goethals
The steady keels shall steer,
Where the tribes of men [16] are led toward peace
By the prophet-engineer.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What difficulties confronted Goethals?
2. To whom is the engineer compared?
3. What is the meaning of the thought contained in the last stanza?
4. Let some volunteer prepare a brief account of the life of Goethals.

TO A POST-OFFICE INKWELL

By Christopher Morley

The poet is gazing at a post-office inkwell. The sight brings to mind the great number of persons who jot down their thoughts and emotions at the post-office counter. How many comedies and tragedies it must have witnessed! The poem shows how a poet finds beauty, hidden beyond the commonplace.

[11] A Norwegian explorer who discovered the South Pole in 1911.
[12] Robert E. Peary discovered the North Pole in 1909.
[13] Goethals finished the canal in 1914.
[14] Cape Horn, the southern extremity of South America.
[15] Shift from the course and then return.
[16] All nations of the world.

How many humble hearts have dipped
In you, and scrawled their manuscript!
Have shared their secrets, told their cares,
Their curious and quaint affairs!

Your pool of ink, your scratchy pen,
Have moved the lives of unborn men,
And watched young people, breathing hard,
Put Heaven on a postal card.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Has the poem made you regard common things in a new light?
2. Try to write a simple poem in the same vein as "To a Postage Stamp."

CARGOES *

By JOHN MASEFIELD (1874–)

What a world of adventure and romance may be hidden in the cargo a ship carries! It brings to us the activities and enterprises of man, and shows us how human progress has gone forward. The poet presents word pictures of three periods of world commerce. They make us see vividly how much this world of ours has changed.

Quinquereme [1] of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon [2] coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.[3]

* From *Salt Water Poems and Ballads*, by John Masefield. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

[1] A galley of five banks of oars used long ago in the years B.C.

[2] A large three decked sailing vessel used from about 1400 to 1600 A.D.

[3] A gold coin of Portugal.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road rails, pig lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Which of the three stanzas gives a picture of modern commerce? How can you tell?

2. This poem shows how greatly commerce has changed. What is the period of history portrayed in each stanza?

3. Find somewhere a picture of a quinquereme and one of a "British Coaster" and bring them to class.

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

By Robert Frost (1875–)

The last line of the first stanza of this poem paints a motion picture. How long to you suppose the poet held his little horse still while he watched the woods "fill up with snow?"

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

The little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Have you a picture in your mind's eye of the rider who stopped by the woods? What sort of person is he? Do you think that he will keep the promise mentioned in the last stanza?
2. What details mentioned tell you that it was a cold night?
3. What detail of the landscape does the poet mention in addition to the woods?
4. What sounds did the poet hear as he watched the snow falling?

BUFFALO DUSK

By CARL SANDBURG (1878–)

The buffaloes are gone.
And those who saw the buffaloes are gone.
Those who saw the buffaloes by thousands and how they pawed the prairie sod into dust with their hoofs, their great heads down pawing on in a great pageant of dusk,
Those who saw the buffaloes are gone.
And the buffaloes are gone.

MANUAL SYSTEM

By Carl Sandburg (1878–)

Mary has a thingamajig clamped on her ears
And sits all day taking plugs out and sticking plugs in.
Flashes and flashes — voices and voices calling for ears to pour words in;
Faces at the ends of wires asking for other faces at the ends of other wires:
All day taking plugs out and sticking plugs in,
Mary has a thingamajig clamped on her ears.

WORK GANGS*

(*Abridged*)

By Carl Sandburg (1878–)

Box cars run by a mile long.
And I wonder what they say to each other
When they stop a mile long on a sidetrack.
Maybe their chatter goes:
I came from Fargo with a load of wheat up to the danger line.
I came from Omaha with a load of shorthorns and they splintered my boards.
I came from Detroit heavy with a load of flivvers.
I carried apples from the Hood River last year and this year bunches of bananas from Florida; they look for me with watermelons from Mississippi next year.

Hammers and shovels of work gangs sleep in shop corners
when the dark stars come on the sky and the night watchmen walk and look.

* Abridged with the special permission of Carl Sandburg

Then the hammer heads talk to the handles,
then the scoops of the shovels talk,
how the day's work nicked and trimmed them,
how they swung and lifted all day,
how the hands of the work gang smelled of hope.
In the night of the dark stars
when the curve of the sky is a work gang handle,
in the night on the mile-long sidetracks,
in the night where the hammers and shovels sleep in corners,
the night watchmen stuff their pipes with dreams —
and sometimes they doze and don't care for nothin',
and sometimes they search their heads for meanings, stories, stars.

THE THINKER *

By Berton Braley (1882–)

The Thinker, " the clear-eyed man who knows," is the one to whom the world turns in its need. Without thought, the worker is helpless. The poem is a hymn of praise for the thinker behind the swing of the beating hammer. This poem seems to rise above the clamor and bustle and noise of a huge modern factory. As you read it try to recall some workshop which you have visited, the scene of which is suggested by the lines.

Back of the beating hammer
  By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
  The seeker may find the Thought,
The Thought that is ever master
  Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
  And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker
  Or labor with dusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
  The clear-eyed Man who Knows;

* From *Songs of a Workaday World,* copyright 1915, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

For into each plow or sabre,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the Brains of Labor,
Which gives the work a soul!

Back of the motors humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammers drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them —
Back of the brawn, the Brain!

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the Schemer,
The Thinker who drives things through;
Back of the Job — the Dreamer
Who's making the dream come true!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Where is the central idea of the poem best expressed? Quote the lines.

2. Pictures of factory life are presented in the poem. Quote a few lines from the poem to show where.

3. What kind of dreamer is the author referring to in the last line? Can you tell of a dream of yours which you have made come true?

4. Explain the line: "Back of the brawn, the brain."

5. Why does "brain work" usually earn so much more than "brawn work"?

6. What school subject requires both brawn and brain to insure success?

7. Is the laborer who is not also a thinker sure of advancement in his work? Why?

8. Are there other workers besides those in a factory that need "the brain" back of the job? Name them.

COLUMBUS *

By Joaquin Miller (1841–1913)

Imagine yourself sailing on uncharted seas and braving both the terrors of the unknown and the superstitious fears of mutinous sailors. This is the position in which Columbus found himself while on his first voyage of discovery. It was a plight to try the courage of the bravest. We know the result. His grim faith and his determination to succeed triumphed over fear and discouragement. His glorious success inspired this vivid poem.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,[1]
Behind the Gates of Hercules;[2]
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now we must pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said,
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

* From *Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller*, published by Harr Wagner Publishing Company.
[1] Islands in the North Atlantic Ocean.
[2] The Strait of Gibraltar.

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say" —
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

The sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What was it the sailors feared as the ship sailed on day after day?
2. What qualities in the Admiral make him an object of admiration? What were the difficulties he had to face?
3. What is the effect produced by the refrain "Sail on, Sail on"?
4. What is the lesson which the life of Columbus gave to the world? Reread the last two lines.

THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING

By Dana Burnet (1888–)

As we gaze at the skyline of New York, we see the skyscrapers rearing their mighty heights far above the street level. Such majestic structures

arouse the wonder and admiration of even the most unpoetic soul. The Woolworth Building, the tallest in New York City, inspired the writing of this poem. What ideas are brought to the mind of the poet when he looks upon the rising tower? The sky-reaching structure brings a message to earth. What is it?

I am one of the things at your feet,
  I have laughter and hope and tears —
But you have the Clouds and the Wind,
  And the hallowed defiance of years.

You are stuff of the dreams that I dream;
  You are beauty, made tall and white,
And you live with your foot on the rock,
  And your face to the fountains of light!

I am part of the world at your feet,
  I have sorrow and laughter and days,
But you have unmeasurable dawns,
  And the firmness outlasting the phase.

You are God in a sermon of stone,
  The dim God that we search at your feet;
You are faith lifted unto the stars,
  But we do not look up from our street.

We do not look up from our tears,
  To call you divine as we go;
But you are the temple we built,
  And then did not know, did not know!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What picture do you get of the Woolworth Building from the line, "But you have the Clouds and the Wind"?

2. Why does he say, "You are God in a sermon of stone?"

3. What would you find to say about a New York skyscraper if asked to give your impression of one?

MANHATTAN

By Morris Abel Beer (1887–)

The poet is seated at his window. He gazes down and sees the passing life of the strange city of New York with its many nationalities and varied races. The faces from all parts of the world make the city a "promised land of dreams," teeming with romance, though this romance is hidden by the rush of city life.

There's Asia on the avenue,
  And Europe in the street,
And Africa goes plodding by
  Beneath my window-seat.

This is the Promised Land of dreams,
  Where worlds and nations meet;
Ah, do not say romance is gone,
  Behold the city street!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What people from other parts of the world does the poet suggest in the first three lines?
2. Find out how many different races and nationalities make their home in the town or city where your school is located.

SONG OF SUMMER

By Paul Laurence Dunbar (1871–1906)

Paul Laurence Dunbar was a negro poet who wrote many beautiful poems in the negro dialect. His work reflects the spirit and ideals of his race. The following poem gives us a picture of a summer day as seen through the eyes of a Southern negro.

Dis is gospel weathah sho' —
  Hills is sawt o' hazy.
Meddahs level ez a flo'
  Callin' to de lazy.

Sky all white wif streaks o' blue,
Sunshine sof'ly gleamin',
D'ain't no wuk hit's right to do,
Nothin's right but dreamin'.

Dreamin' by a rivah side
Wif de watahs glist'nin',
Feelin' good an' satisfied
Ez you lay a-list'nin'
To de little nakid boys
Splashing in de watah,
Hollerin' fu' to 'spress deir joys
Jes' lak youngsters ought to.

Squir'l a-tippin' on his toes,
So't to hide an' view you;
Whole flocks o' camp-meetin' crows
Shoutin' hallelujah.
Peckahwood erpon de tree
Tappin' lak a hammah;
Jaybird chattin' wif a bee,
Tryin' to teach him grammah.

Breeze is blowin' wif perfume,
Jes' enough to tease you;
Hollyhocks is all in bloom,
Smellin' fu' to please you.
Go 'way, folks, and let me 'lone,
Times is gettin' dearah —
Summah's settin' on de th'one,
An' I'm a-layin' neah huh!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What scenes of summer are pictured by the poet in the first stanza?
2. What kind of work does the poet consider appropriate to the weather?
3. Do you like the dialect of the poem?

VOLUNTEER WORK

What other poems by Dunbar have you read? Bring one to class to read aloud.

I AM AN AMERICAN

By Elias Lieberman (1883–)

America has often been called the "Melting Pot of Nations." To this land of ours come peoples of the nations of Europe, with widely varying backgrounds. Here their ideals are merged with ours and the result is a country of Americans. The first part of this poem gives the point of view of a boy descended from the early settlers of America; the second part presents the feelings of a young immigrant lad to whom America is a new home. Each draws a picture of the struggles, deeds and aspirations of his ancestors, as different as two pictures could be. The future of both, however, is centered in America, and they may well join hands, thus signifying the united loyalty of old and new.

I am an American.
My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution;
My mother, to the Colonial Dames.
One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor;
Another stood his ground with Warren;
Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.
My forefathers were American in the making:
They spoke in her council halls;
They died on her battlefields;
They commanded her ships;
They cleared her forests.
Dawns reddened and paled.
Staunch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star
In the nation's flag.
Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory:
The sweep of her seas,
The plenty of her plains,
The man-hives in her billion-wired cities.
Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.
I am proud of my past.
I am an American.

I am an American.
My father was an atom of dust,

My mother a straw in the wind,
To His Serene Majesty.
One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia;
Another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the knut;
Another was killed, defending his home during the massacres.
The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood
To the palace-gate of the Great White Czar.
But then the dream came —
The dream of America.
In the light of the Liberty torch
The atom of dust became a man
And the straw in the wind became a woman
For the first time.
"See," said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered near,
"That flag of stars and stripes is yours;
It is the emblem of the promised land.
It means, my son, the hope of humanity.
Live for it — die for it!"
Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;
And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.
I am proud of my future.
I am an American.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What pictures of American history are brought to mind by the first ten lines? Look up the answers.

2. Give each boy's reasons for loyalty to his country.

3. What is it that both boys express in common? Which has the greater cause for loyalty and devotion to America?

4. Why are both attitudes of mind to be desired — to be proud of the past and to be proud of the future?

5. Name great Americans who came here as foreigners, remained to make this their adopted land, and were proud to say, "I am an American."

6. Why did the second boy come to America? Will he make a good citizen? Why?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Choose one topic for a composition:

a. The Story of one of my Ancestors.
b. What the Immigrant owes to America.
c. What America owes to the Immigrant.

OPPORTUNITY

By Edward Rowland Sill (1841–1887)

We are all anxious for an opportunity to win fame and fortune but we must be able to recognize it and seize it when it does appear. The story told in the following poem shows how a person of courage can grasp opportunity and achieve success where the coward finds only failure and disappointment.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung above the battle's edge,
And thought, " Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears, — but this
Blunt thing —! " he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Is the battle scene a modern battle or not? How can you tell?

2. How is the coward's character presented? What is the real reason for his failure, himself or his sword?

3. In addition to being weaponless, what disadvantages did the king's son have that the coward did not? What does " sore bestead " mean?

GRADATIM *

By Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819–1881)

Have you often dreamed of becoming a great figure in the world; of waking some morning to find yourself famous? The poet declares that neither by leaps and bounds nor by dreams alone can we make our hopes come true but we can build our own ladder and mount it round by round.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies.
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true
  That a noble deed is a step toward God —
  Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
  By what we have deposed and the passion slain;
  By the pride we have mastered of good and gain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
  When the morning calls to life and light;
  But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the solemn dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
  And we think that we mount the air on wings,
  Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men.
  We may borrow the wings to find the way —
  We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

* Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillar of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What is the central idea that the author tries to bring out?
2. What is the meaning of the stanza before the last? What picture is presented in this stanza? Do you recall the story of Jacob's dream when he rested on a pillow of stone?
3. Mention some famous men whose lives bear out the poet's message.

ODE TO THE NORTHER

By WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN (1862–)

The poet is tired of calm weather. He yearns for storm and strife, for the cold northern wind raging through the land, and the hail hurtling through the air. The poem is a chant of welcome to the grim Norther. Do you agree with the poet?

Thrice welcome to the Norther,
The Norther rolling free,
Across the rolling prairies
Straight from the Arctic Sea!
Avaunt, ye western breezes
And southern zephyrs warm!
Here's to the cold, blue Norther,
The stern, relentless storm!

I am tired of love and laughter,
Tonight I long for war;
For the bugle blasts are sounding
From the heights of Labrador.

"Whoo-hoo!" the winds are wailing
Their muffled reveilles,
And round my chimney fortress
Roar angry, shoreless seas.

Wild storms and wants and dangers
Will thrill a poet's heart,
And free his viking spirit
Far more than feeble art.
So welcome to the storm wind!
The Northers I invoke.
Here's to the strong, gray weather
That makes the heart of oak!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Why does the poet wish for the Norther with its cold and sleet?
2. Picture yourself in a cozy cabin with a blazing fire inside and a biting storm raging outside. In contrast to this poem write a paragraph of contentment at being in a cozy home.
3. What is the meaning of the last stanza? What indication does it give of the poet's temperament?

BARTER *

By SARA TEASDALE (1884–)

The poet's message here offered is that "Life has loveliness to sell." What must we pay for loveliness? Can we buy it with money? Shall we count the cost? The poet suggests that we can win it only by giving of ourselves — our time, our interest, our searching and seeking after these lovely things of life.

Life has loveliness to sell —
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Climbing fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

* From *Love Songs*, by Sara Teasdale. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Life has loveliness to sell —
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been or could be.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What are the lovely things in life enumerated by the poet?
2. Are these free? What must you pay to enjoy these lovely things found in life? Find the answer in the last stanza.
3. Is the poet's message appropriate for this day? Do people want simple pleasures?
4. Mention some of the wonderful things that money cannot buy.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

By EDWIN MARKHAM (1852–)

The poet depicts Lincoln as possessing all the good qualities of Nature — strength, firmness, nobility — that enabled him to take the place which Fate had decreed for him. The poem itself is full of that strength and beauty which we associate with the character of Lincoln. This version was chosen out of two hundred and fifty Lincoln poems by the committee headed by Chief Justice Taft, to be read at the dedication of the great Lincoln Memorial erected by the government in Washington, D. C., in 1922. There were 100,000 listeners on the ground and two million over the radio. President Harding delivered the address.

When the Norn[1] Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down

[1] Goddess who controlled fate of men and gods.

To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road —
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving — all husht — behind the mortal vail.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul,
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve —
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,

Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise —
Held on in calm, rough-hewn sublimity
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What qualities did Lincoln possess which helped him to become a great figure?
2. What striking picture do you get in the last four lines?
3. Read other poems whose theme is Lincoln, by Whitman and Lindsay.
4. Tell the story of the line:
   "Up from log cabin to the Capitol."
5. Would it have been better for the author to compare Lincoln's qualities to a skyscraper or a great machine than to compare them, as he does, to Nature?

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

By WALT WHITMAN (1819–1892)

At last the Civil War is over. The Union, represented as the Ship of State, has been safely steered into the harbor of Peace by its Captain; the people are exulting, and hope reigns high in the hearts of all. And then

Lincoln, the great Captain, is assassinated! Whitman's poem is a cry of sorrow and despair. The deep love and feeling of personal loss expressed in this poem make it one of the most touching tributes to the Great Emancipator.

O Captain! my Captain, our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills.
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. How is the Civil War portrayed? It is compared to a ——.
2. What lines express the deep sense of personal loss and sorrow of the poet?
3. What is the meaning of the last four lines? Why does the poet express grief and joy?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT*

(*In Springfield, Illinois*)

By Vachel Lindsay (1879–)

This poem was written during the World War. It portrays Lincoln as unable to rest peacefully in his grave while war and misery stalk through the world. The picture of Lincoln, with a look of sadness on his benevolent face, walking through his old haunts, is very vivid and dramatic and as we read the lines, it appears to us that the great Emancipator is really back on earth with us. How can his spirit be stilled?

It is portentous[1] and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old courthouse pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous hightop-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us: — as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

* From *The Nightingale and Other Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

[1] An ominous sign.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come; the shining hope of Europe free;
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail[2] here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What story is told in this poem? Tell it in your own words. Describe in words of the poet the appearance of Lincoln. Why did he imagine that the spirit of Lincoln walked in Springfield, Illinois, during the World War?
2. Why was Lincoln unable to "sleep upon his hillside"?
3. What changes did bring peace to him again?
4. What does the poet ask for in the last stanza?

THE RED CROSS NURSE*

By Edith M. Thomas (1854–1925)

To the wounded and suffering soldiers whom they tended, the Red Cross nurses seemed angels sent down from above to lessen their pain and misery. Many deeds of heroism were performed by the Red Cross nurses during the World War. Many of these workers gave their lives for the cause. The poem commemorates the death of a Red Cross nurse while engaged in her work of mercy.

[2] Labor, work, suffering.

* By permission of The Four Seas Co., from *The White Messenger* by Edith M. Thomas.

The battle smoke still fouled the day,
With bright disaster flaming through;
Unchecked, absorbed, she held her way —
The whispering death still past her flew.

A cross of red was on her sleeve;
And here she stayed, the wound to bind,
And there, the fighting soul relieve,
That strove its Unknown Peace to find.

A cross of red . . . . . yet one has dreamed
Of her he loved and left in tears;
But into dying sight she seemed
A visitant from other spheres.

The whispering death — it nearer drew;
It holds her heart in strict arrest,
And where was one, are crosses two —
A crimson cross is on her breast!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe the scene pictured in the first two stanzas. What was the nurse's errand?
2. What is the meaning of the third stanza?
3. What lines show the sacrifice she made?

SPIRES OF OXFORD

By WINIFRED M. LETTS (1882–)

While riding past Oxford University, the poet sees its peaceful spires and thinks of the boys who left these quiet scenes and went to war for what they believed to be right. Touched by the spirit of self-sacrifice displayed by the youths of Oxford, she wrote this poem. The poem is one of many that were inspired by the stirring deeds of the late World War.

I saw the spires of Oxford [1]
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against the pearl-gray sky;
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded — War!
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad [2]
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod.
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

[1] Oxford and Cambridge are the two famous English universities. [2] Campus.

God rest you happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.[3]
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What sharp contrast is presented in stanza three?
2. Why does the author call college years " The golden years and gay " ?
3. What inspired the writing of this poem? Which idea is right:
   a. A love of war.
   b. Pity for the college men who went to war.
   c. Admiration of the college men who went to war.
   d. Patriotism.

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

By WALT WHITMAN (1819–1892)

On every hand the poet hears workers singing as they labor at their tasks. His heart rejoices at the music for he knows that only happy and contented people sing while they work. The poem is full of that strength and democratic sympathy which we associate with Whitman. Notice the free form in which the poem is written. Whitman in his dislike of conventions objected even to the form developed for poetry. He wanted freedom in writing so he rarely used rhyme and stanzas. Instead he used a form which he called " chants," and he used that term rather than " poems."

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be, blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,

[3] The uniform of the college man.

The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing
as he stands,
The woodcutters' song, the plowboy's on his way in the morning,
or at noon intermission, or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work,
or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day — at night the party of young
fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Which pictures, depicted in this poem, are familiar to you?
2. What are the "varied carols" which the poet hears? Name a few of them.
3. What thought did the poet have in mind when he wrote the line: "Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else"?
4. What other poems by Walt Whitman have you read? Bring one to the class for reading aloud.

THE YOUNG MYSTIC

By Louis Untermeyer (1885–)

In this short poem the author tells what streaks of summer lightning meant to his little boy. Why does he call the boy a "mystic"?

We sat together close and warm,
My little tired boy and I —
Watching across the evening sky
The coming of the storm.

No rumblings rose, no thunders crashed,
The west-wind scarcely sang aloud;
But from a huge and solid cloud
The summer lightnings flashed.

And then he whispered, "Father, watch;
I think God's going to light His moon—"
"And when, my boy?" . . . "Oh, very soon—
I saw Him strike a match!"

POEMS OF LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

By Francis Scott Key (1780–1843)

All Americans know and love this song of ours — "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was written under stirring circumstances in 1814, during the course of the struggle known as the War of 1812. The author, Francis Scott Key, a lawyer of Baltimore, went aboard the British admiral's fleet in the harbor to arrange for an exchange of prisoners. He was detained on board ship during the night, while the British fleet bombarded Fort McHenry. During that trying night, Key strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of our flag. With the first rays of dawn, he saw that the flag was still flying, and in his joy and pride he sat down and wrote these verses. The words were set to an old English air, and soon the song was known and loved all over America.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream;
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto — "In God is our trust."
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

AMERICA

By Samuel Francis Smith (1808–1895)

Our national hymn was written by a classmate of another well-known American poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is said that the author came across a German version of "God Save the King" and thought of making an American song to fit the tune of that famous English anthem. Soon "America" was written. It is now sung on practically every patriotic occasion, and every American should learn both the words and the tune.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;

Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

By KATHARINE LEE BATES (1859–)

Love of country is a theme which has inspired many fine poems. This lyric depicts the beauties of our land and presents in a glowing light those American ideals and aspirations which have helped to make our country what it is today. Like "America," it has become widely known as a hymn of praise and love, and as such is sung by school children throughout the land. "That the hymn has gained, in these twenty-odd years, such a hold as it has upon our people, is clearly due to the fact that Americans are at heart idealists, with a fundamental faith in human brotherhood."

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!

America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807–1892)

The scene of this poem is laid in Frederick, Maryland, during the Civil War. Lee's army had crossed the Potomac River in his attempt to invade Northern territory, and was passing through the town where many supporters of the North lived. Lee had ordered all Northern flags lowered. This order was obeyed by all the inhabitants; but Barbara Frietchie, in a brave gesture of defiance, displayed the flag which meant so much to her.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What scene greeted the soldiers as they reached Frederick? Why did it seem " fair as the garden of the Lord " to them?
2. What prompted Barbara Frietchie to raise her country's flag? Was this a courageous act?
3. What do you think of Stonewall Jackson's act in preventing his men from harming Barbara Frietchie? What other stories of noble acts of Southerners during the Civil War have you heard?

BANNER OF AMERICA *

By Denis A. McCarthy (1870–)

The poet, a native of Ireland who came to this country at the age of fifteen, says that he has learned to love his adopted land as much as any native-born American. The poem is a hymn of praise for our glorious banner and for all it represents. Notice the beautiful pictures the poet depicts in order to show why our flag is so inspiring.

Banner of America! Oh, banner of the west-land!
Banner of a nation great and generous and young!
Banner of a land we deem the dearest and the best land,
Lights eternal be the stars that shine your folds among!

Banner of America! Oh, banner of the mountains!
Banner of the prairie-lands outspreading lone and far!
Banner of the mighty streams, the lakes, the falls, the fountains —
Love to you, and greeting, every stripe and every star!

Banner of America! Oh, banner of the cowboys!
Banner of the pioneers that break the virgin soil,
Banner of the country-bred, the reapers and the ploughboys —
None to you more loyal than the sons who watch and toil.

* From *Poems* by Denis A. McCarthy, copyright by Little, Brown and Company.

Banner of America! Oh, banner of the street-folk —
Are they lost in trafficking, in selfish plot and plan?
Nay, let danger threaten you, and, squalid folk or neat folk,
Banner of the roaring mart, they'll answer to a man!

Banner of America! Oh, banner of the people
In the love we bear you let all class distinction die,
Wave from tow'ring city spire or tiny village steeple,
Every eye is glad to see your splendor in the sky!

Banner of America! Oh, gonfalon[1] of glory!
Many a soldier son for you has suffered death's eclipse,
Many a sailor lad whose name is lost to song or story,
Gladly gave his life to see you shine above the ships!

Banner of a freedom that the centuries have sighed for,
Banner of a land that gives the soaring spirit scope,
Ever-sacred symbol of a dream that men have died for,
Wave above a nation where the humblest heart may hope!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What details of the beauty of our land are mentioned in the second stanza?
2. What types of citizens are mentioned in the third stanza? In the fourth?
3. Explain the lines:
   "Banner of a land that gives the soaring spirit scope"
   "In the love we bear you let all class distinction die"
   "Wave above a nation where the humblest heart may hope"

VOLUNTEER WORK

Suggest ways in which good Americans can make "all class distinctions die."

[1] A small pennon with streamers.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY*

By James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916)

The sight of Old Glory fluttering in the breeze stirs the poet deeply. He addresses the flag as if it were human and asks it how it came by the name of Old Glory. The flag replies.

Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue, —
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to? —
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you? —
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead —
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue! —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory? — say, who —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

. . . . .

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were, —
For your name — just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear; —
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,

* From *Home Folks*, copyright 1900. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always — or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last. —

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said: —
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead —
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod, —
My name is as old as the glory of God.
So I came by the name of Old Glory.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What line in the first stanza indicates that the South and the North are firmly united?
2. What is the meaning of the line, " My name is as old as the glory of God "?
3. What lines do you like best? Read them aloud.
4. What is the value to the poem of having the flag talk as if it were a person? Read the lines the flag spoke.

THE SOLDIER

By Rupert Brooke (1887–1915)

This poem was written during the World War, by a young English soldier-poet who died in the war. It reached the hearts of people of all nations because it expresses the love of country that is part of every person's emotion — a love that ties one to his native land and keeps him a part of it however far away he may live or die.

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What memories of England are recalled by the poet when he is far from his homeland?

2. The following are suggested as expressing the central thought of this poem:

a. An English soldier, even after death, loves England beyond all else.
b. Death is not too big a price to pay for the privilege of being an Englishman.
c. Real patriotism cannot be conquered even by death.

Which do you consider the poet's thought?

THE AMERICAN FLAG

By Joseph Rodman Drake (1795–1820)

The author of this poem died when he was only twenty-five years old, but he lived while this nation was young, before the Stars and Stripes had become as much a part of everyday life as it is to us now. See if you can feel, as you read the poem, the same thrill that Drake must have felt as he wrote these vivid lines.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric [1] of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansions in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers [2] of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where the sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

[1] A belt worn across the breast. [2] Signs.

And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall the meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome[3]
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. How does the poet, in the first stanza, account for the colors of the flag?
2. What lines show the poet's confidence in our future?
3. Explain the line:
   "Majestic monarch of the cloud
   Who rear'st aloft thy regal form."
4. Memorize the first and last stanzas.

[3] The sky.

YOUNG FELLOW MY LAD*

By Robert W. Service (1876–)

The recent World War in which almost the entire world was plunged brought forth many poems of lasting worth and beauty. The author of the poem given below served as an ambulance driver on the battlefields of France, and out of his experiences there he has written poems which give us vivid pictures of the war. The following poem presents the high spirit of sacrifice which all felt at the time.

"Where are you going, Young Fellow My Lad,
On this glittering morn of May?"
"I'm going to join the Colors, Dad;
They're looking for men, they say."
"But you're only a boy, Young Fellow My Lad;
You aren't obliged to go."
"I'm seventeen and a quarter, Dad,
And ever so strong, you know."

"So you're off to France, Young Fellow My Lad,
And you're looking so fit and bright."
"I'm terribly sorry to leave you, Dad,
But I feel that I'm doing right."
"God bless you and keep you, Young Fellow My Lad,
You're all of my life, you know."
"Don't worry. I'll soon be back, dear Dad,
And I'm awfully proud to go."

"Why don't you write, Young Fellow My Lad?
I watch for the post each day;
And I miss you so, and I'm awfully sad,
And it's months since you went away.
And I've had the fire in the parlor lit,
And I'm keeping it burning bright
Till my boy comes home; and here I sit
Into the quiet night.

* From the *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man,* by Robert W. Service, published by Barse and Hopkins.

"What is the matter, Young Fellow My Lad?
No letter again today.
Why did the postman look so sad,
And sigh as he turned away?
I hear them tell that we've gained new ground,
But a terrible price we've paid:
God grant, my boy, that you're safe and sound;
But oh, I'm afraid, afraid."

"They've told me the truth, Young Fellow My Lad:
You'll never come back again:
(*O God! the dreams and the dreams I've had,*
And the hopes I've nursed in vain!)
For you passed in the night, Young Fellow My Lad,
And you proved in the cruel test
Of the screaming shell and the battle of hell
That my boy was one of the best."

"So you'll live, you'll live, Young Fellow My Lad,
In the gleam of the evening star,
In the wood note wild and the laugh of the child,
In all sweet things that are.
And you'll never die, my wonderful boy,
While life is noble and true;
For all our beauty and hope and joy
We will owe to our lads like you."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

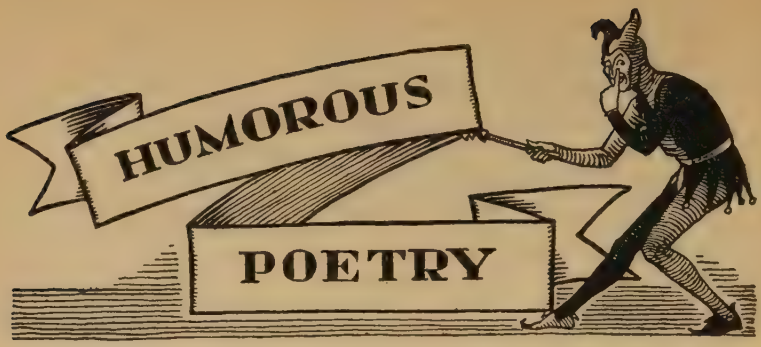
1. What does this poem tell you about the age of many of the soldiers in the World War?

2. This poem is written in dramatic form, partly as a dialogue and partly as a monologue. Where does the monologue begin?

3. Do you think the poet could have made the poem as effective if he had written it just as a narrative, telling the story of a father who lost his son in the war?

4. Where do you get the first suggestion that there is to be a tragic ending?

5. What thoughts help to comfort the father in his grief?



In addition to the serious poems in the narrative and lyric sections, this book has set aside some pages for nonsense verse, which may be lyric or narrative in form. It is one of the interesting varieties of verse despite its lack of serious thought content. "It takes a man of sense to write nonsense." Some of the best writers of such verse are Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward Lear, Hilaire Belloc, Lewis Carroll, Arthur Guiterman, and Gelett Burgess.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

By Oliver Wendell Holmes (1804–1894)

The poem given below is one of the best examples of Holmes's ability to write poems of laughter. It tells the story of a carriage of the type known as a "chaise," which the rural New Englanders shortened to "shay." The parts of this shay were so equally matched in strength that it ran for a hundred years and then fell to pieces. The poem derives its humor from the way in which it is written and from the fact that the author pretends to be perfectly serious throughout.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown,
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace — lurking, still
Find it somewhere you must and will —
Above or below, or within or without —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down,* and doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an " I dew vum," or an " I tell *yeou* ")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown.
— " Fur," said the Deacon, " 't's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain, is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the " Settler's ellum " —

Last of its timber — they couldn't sell 'em;
Never an ax had seen their chips;
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace, bison skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through." —
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconness dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED — it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrived,
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

First of November, the Earthquake-day —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be — for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore.*
And yet, *as a whole,* it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text —
Had got to *fifthly,* and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
And all at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground.
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once —

All at once, and nothing first —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. In this poem the author has used these devices to secure humor:
   a. A sing-song, almost " Mother-Goosey " rhythm.
   b. Funny dialect in the mouth of the Deacon.
   c. The undignified spill of the dignified parson when the famous " one-hoss shay " crashes. Find passages to illustrate.
2. What appearance does the shay present a hundred years later?
3. What passages appeal to you especially because of their humor? What other poems by the same author have you read?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Try to imitate the theme of this poem by writing in a humorous way on the following topic:

" Ford's Masterpiece: or the Wonderful Car."

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE

By John Townsend Trowbridge (1827–1916)

The poem given below narrates the attempt of a lad to invent a flying machine. It was written long before the heavier-than-air flying machine was invented. The poem itself is to be read for its amusing dialect, its funny characterizations, and the laughable events related.

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
    Or, spreading the tail
    Of his coat for a sail
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
    And wonder why
    He couldn't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try —

If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
The son of a farmer, age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean, —
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry — for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
    Till his nose seemed bent
    To catch the scent,
Around some corner, or new-baked pies,
And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
    And also very wise.
And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Daedalus of yore
And his son Icarus, who wore
    Upon their backs
    Those wings of wax
He had read of in the old almanacks.
Darius was clearly of the opinion
That the air is also man's dominion,
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
    We soon or late shall navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;

And if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.
"The birds can fly an' why can't I?
Must we give in," says he with a grin,
"That the bluebird an' phoebe
Are smarter'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Does the little chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
Jest show me that!
Ur prove 't the bat
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"
He argued further: "Nur I can't see
What's the use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
Fur to get a livin' with, more'n me; —
Ain't my business
Important's his'n is?
That Icarus
Made a purty mess —
Him an' his daddy Daedalus
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stand sun-heat an' hard whacks.
I'll make mine o' luther,
Or suthin' or other."
And he said to himself as he tinkered and planned:
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To mummies that never can understand
The fust idee that's big an' grand."

So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use; —

Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
Some wire and several old umbrellas;
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
And a big strong box,
In which he locks
These and a hundred other things.
His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
And Nathan and Jotham and Soloman, lurk
Around the corner and see him work —
Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
And boring the holes with a comical quirk
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;
With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
He plugged the knot-holes and caulked the cracks;
And a dipper of water, which one would think
He had brought up into the loft to drink
When he chanced to be dry,
Stood always nigh,
For Darius was sly!
And whenever at work he happened to spy
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let the dipper of water fly.
"Take that! an' ef ever ye get a peep,
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"
And he sings as he locks
His big strong box: —
"The weasel's head is small and trim,
An' he is little an' long an' slim,
An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
An' ef you'll be
Advised by me,
Keep wide awake when you're ketchin' him!"
So day after day

He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
Till at last 'twas done —
The greatest invention under the sun!
" An' now," says Darius, " hooray fur some fun! "

'Twas the Fourth of July,
And the weather was dry,
And not a cloud was on all the sky,
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
Half mist, half air,
Like foam on the ocean went floating by —
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
For a nice little trip in a flying machine.
Thought cunning Darius: " Now I shan't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
And then, when the folks 'ave all gone off
I'll have full swing fur to try the thing,
An' practice a little on the wing."

" Ain't going' to see the celebration? "
Says brother Nate. " No; botheration!
I've got such a cold — a toothache — I —
My gracious! feel's though I should fly! "
Said Jotham, " Sho!
Guess ye better go."
But Darius said, " No!
Shouldn't wonder 'f you might see me, though,
'Long 'bout noon, if I get red
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain'n my head."
For all the while to himself he said: —
" I tell ye what!
I'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how't seems, then soon's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
I'll astonish the nation,
An' all creation,

By flyin' over the celebration!
Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on the steeple;
I'll flop up to windows and scare the people!
I'll light on the liberty-pole an' crow;
An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
'What world's this 'ere
That I've come near?'
Fur I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;
An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' bulloon!"

He crept from his bed;
And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
"I'm gittin' over the cold'n my head."
And away he sped,
To open the wonderful box in the shed.
His brothers had walked but a little way,
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
"What is the feller up to, hey?"
'Don'o' — the's suthin' ur other to pay,
Ur he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum today."
Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!
He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July
Ef he hedn't got some machine to try."
Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn!
Le's hurry back an' hide'n the barn,
An' pay him fur tellin' us that yarn!"
"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
Along by the fences, behind the stack,
And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
And there they hid;
And Reubin slid

The fastenings back, and the door undid.
"Keep dark!" said he,
"While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail —
From head to foot an iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
And under the chin the bail,
(I believe they call the thing a helm,)
Then sallied forth to overwhelm
The dragons and pagans that plague the realm —
So this *modern* knight
Prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight;
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light —
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip;
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
And a helm had he, but that he wore,
Not on his head, like those of yore,
But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said,
"He's up in the shed!
He's opened the winder — I see his head!
He stretches it out, an' pokes it about,
Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
An' nobody near; —
Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
He's a climbin' out now — Of all the things!
What's he got on? I van, it's wings!
An' that 'tother thing? I vum, it's a tail!
An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
Steppin' careful, he travels the length
Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.

Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
Peeks over his shoulder; this way an' that,
Fur to see 'f the' 's any one passin' by;
But the' 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
To see — The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
Flop — flop — an' plump
To the ground with a thump!
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all'n a lump! "

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere —
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels —
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barnyard he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting-stars, and various things;
Barnyard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so sweet by half.
Away with a bellow fled the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
'Tis a merry roar from the old barn-door,
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
" Say, D'rius! how do you like flyin'? "
Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he staunched his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
" Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
He said; " but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

I just have room for the moral here:
And this is the moral — Stick to your sphere.
Or if you insist, as you have a right,

On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is — Take care how you light.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What part do you think is most humorous? Give reasons.
2. What gave Darius the idea of flying? What was the result of his attempt?
3. At the end of the poem, the author becomes serious. Do you think he wants to draw a lesson from this humorous incident? What is it?

THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES*

By EDWARD LEAR (1812–1888)

All of us seem to crave a bit of nonsense occasionally, and Edward Lear was one who helped to supply this need in his books of *Nonsense Songs*. In this poem, a Pobble, an imaginary creature, mysteriously loses his toes. A human touch is given to the poem by the figure of Aunt Jobiska with her anxious solicitude for the comfort of the Pobble.

The Pobble who has no toes
  Had once as many as we;
When they said, " Some day you may lose them all ";
  He replied, " Fish fiddle-de-dee! "
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink,
For she said, " The world in general knows
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes! "

The Pobble who has no toes
  Swam across the Bristol Channel;
But before he set out he wrapped his nose
  In a piece of scarlet flannel.
For his Aunt Jobiska said, " No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe, — provided he minds his nose."

* Copyright by Little, Brown and Company.

The Pobble swam fast and well,
And when boats or ships came near him,
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell,
So that all the world could hear him.
And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,
When they saw him nearing the further side,—
"He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska's
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

But before he touched the shore,—
The shore of the Bristol Channel,—
A sea-green Porpoise carried away
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
And when he came to observe his feet,
Formerly garnished with toes so neat,
His face at once became forlorn
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,
From that dark day to the present,
Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,
In a manner so far from pleasant.
Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,
Or crafty mermaids stole them away—
Nobody knew; and nobody knows
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes
Was placed in a friendly Bark,
And they rowed him back, and carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.
And she made him a feast, at his earnest wish,
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;
And she said, "It's a fact the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

JIM *

By Hilaire Belloc (1870–)

Humor and nonsense are combined in this poem which describes the sad fate of the boy who tried to run away. The lilting rhyme and rhythm add to the enjoyment you will get from the reading. It is a satire upon some of the very moral tales that were written for children a generation or two ago, where the good child was heaped with rewards and the disobedient child came to some sad end. Do not try to analyze it but accept it as just a delightful bit of nonsense.

There was a Boy whose name was Jim;
His Friends were very good to him.
They gave him Tea, and Cakes, and Jam,
And slices of delicious Ham,
And Chocolate with pink inside
And little Tricycles to ride,
And read him Stories through and through,
And even took him to the Zoo —
But there it was the dreadful Fate
Befell him, which I now relate.

You know — at least you ought to know,
For I have often told you so —
That Children never are allowed
To leave their Nurses in a Crowd;
Now this was Jim's especial Foible,
He ran away when he was able,
And on this inauspicious day
He slipped his hand and ran away!

He hadn't gone a yard when — Bang!
With open Jaws, a Lion sprang,
And hungrily began to eat
The Boy: beginning at his feet.

* Reprinted by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, and Gerald A. Duckworth, London.

Now, just imagine how it feels
When first your toes and then your heels,
And then by gradual degrees,
Your shins and ankles, calves and knees,
Are slowly eaten, bit by bit.
No wonder Jim detested it!

No wonder that he shouted "Hi!"
The Honest Keeper heard his cry,
Though very fat he almost ran
To help the little gentleman.
"Ponto!" he ordered as he came
(For Ponto was the Lion's name),
"Ponto!" he cried, with angry Frown,
"Let go, Sir! Down, Sir! Put it down!"
The Lion made a sudden stop,
He let the Dainty Morsel drop,
And slunk reluctantly to his Cage,
Snarling with Disappointed Rage.
But when he bent him over Jim,
The Honest Keeper's Eyes were dim.
The Lion having reached his Head,
The Miserable Boy was dead!

When Nurse informed his Parents, they
Were more Concerned than I can say:—
His Mother, as She dried her eyes,
Said, "Well — it gives me no surprise,
He would not do as he was told!"
His Father, who was self-controlled,
Bade all the children round attend
To James's miserable end,
And always keep a-hold of Nurse
For fear of finding something worse.

THE FLOUNDER

By Arthur Guiterman (1871–)

"Hurry!" hailed the Bluefish. "Hurry!" called the Skate;
"Hurry!" puffed the Porpoise. "Up! it's growing late.
Rise! you tardy Flounder; swim to Barren Key;
There we choose a ruler — King of all the Sea!"

Swift they pass above him through the foamy scud.
Lazily the Flounder lifted from the mud;
Sleepily the Flounder left his briny bed:
"Hurrying is vulgar. Time enough!" he said.

"Vagabonds of Ocean, what will haste avail!
I shall scrub my silver, deftly part my tail;
Who in worth or beauty may contend with me?
All shall vote me ruler — Monarch of the Sea!"

When, at last, the Flounder reached the sheltered bay,
Deep was his amazement, deeper his dismay.
Chorused all the sea-folk, gathered in a ring,
"Honor to the Herring! He shall be our King!"

Proudly swam the Herring, leading forth his clan
(Worthiest of fishes, bountiful to Man).
Envious, the Flounder rolled his eyes and sneered:
"Oh, is that your ruler? What a king!" he jeered.

Scowling like a schoolboy, sullen as a shrew,
How he curled and twisted all his face askew,
Crooked as a crawfish! But — oh, cruel fate! —
When he would, he could not pull his visage straight!

Angered at his rudeness, rose the mighty Whale;
"Thwack!" upon the Flounder smote that dreadful tail,
Made him as a pancake, deep upon his face,
Like a butter-pattern, stamped that weird grimace!

That's the way it happened; that's the reason, Honey,
Why the poor, flat Flounder looks so awful funny!

STRICTLY GERM-PROOF

By Arthur Guiterman (1871–)

We have all met people who are afflicted with a germ fear. All about them they find dangerous disease germs ready to infect them at the least sign of carelessness. They are always on their guard and attempt to make themselves as "germ-proof" as possible. Such a tendency when carried to extremes becomes ridiculous. The poet leads us in a hearty laugh at those who are constantly trying to make themselves antiseptic.

The Antiseptic [1] Baby and the Prophylactic [2] Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gamboled up;
They looked upon the creature with a loathing undisguised; —
It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.

They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of Disease;
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand-odd degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulphureted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears;
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand
And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There's not a Micrococcus [3] in the garden where they play;
They bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup —
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What fun making did the author have in mind when writing this poem?

2. Does it describe the conduct of some person whom perhaps you know? Explain.

[1] Free from germs.
[2] A treatment used to prevent infection.
[3] A disease germ.

THE RATTLE-WATCH OF NEW AMSTERDAM

By Arthur Guiterman (1871–)

New Amsterdam under the Dutch settlers was protected by a police watch of six men whose duty it was to see that the city ordinances were carried out. This patrol, called the "Ratelwacht" because they carried rattles, called out the hour at night, a custom which they had brought with them from Holland. The author in this lilting ballad pokes fun at these staunch upholders of law and order.

"Rrr! — Rrr! — Rrr! — Rrr!"

Hark to the rattle's discordant swell!
"Ten is the hour and all is well!"
Musket on shoulder and dirk on thigh,
Forth from the fort, with a soulful sigh,
Wiping their lips of a parting dram,
Sally the Watch of New Amsterdam.
Smite with your rattles the startled ear!
Let every miscreant know you're near.
Bellow the hour to the sentry moon!
Some honest burgher might wake too soon.
Come, merry lover of sights and sounds,
Follow the Watch on their nightly rounds!

Marching as though to the roll of drums,
Here little Stoffel the tailor comes,
Drunk as a hero on musty ale,
Waving an arm like a windmill sail,
Threat'ning our lives with his weighty goose!
Bundle him off to the calaboose!

"Hola! Friend Watchman!" "Well, what's the need?"
"Sailors afighting! Oh, come with speed! —
Fighting with knives on the Water Street!"
"Down on the river? That's off my beat;

You go, young Joris; yet, hark ye, boy,
Meddling with tars is a mad employ.
Wait till they're done, like a youth of brains,
Then, to the lock-up with what remains! "

" Ho, Doktor Kierstede! I take my vow
Here on the highway I find thy sow,
Never a ring in her nose, I say,
Rooting the road in a shameful way,
Plainly defying the statute — " (Clink!)
" Hsh! here's the captain! — No, I don't drink,
Not while on duty; it isn't right.
(Thank ye, Heer Doktor.) Good night! Good night! "

" Softly! We'll capture the wicked wight! [1]
You to the left, Dirck, and Jan to right,
Pieter in front of him, I behind!
Ha! have we caught thee, thou varlet blind?
Little thou thoughtest our eyes would mark
Stealers of cabbages in the dark!
Now in the pillory shalt thou stand
Holding a cabbage in either hand,
Yea, and a third on thy cabbage head —
Thief of the Dominie's cabbage-bed! "

Thus in the days that are called " of yore,"
Terror of caitiffs,[2] a gallant corps
Guarded our city for noble pay:
Twenty-four stuyvers per night or day
(Forty-eight cents to our modern thrift),
One or two beavers by way of gift,
And, in the winter, 'twas understood,
Three hundred fagots of firewood,
Wouldn't it stagger the budget-roll
If our patrolmen were paid in coal!

[1] Person. [2] Rascals.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What impression of the Rattle-Watch do you get from your reading of the poem?
2. What humorous situations are related? Name two.
3. Read the poem aloud to enjoy the musical quality of the lines.

THE OULD APPLE WOMAN

By THOMAS AUGUSTINE DALY (1871–)

This is a poem in which Irish dialect is combined with fine, old Irish wit and humor. The character of the old apple woman sparkles and her witty words awaken a responsive laugh in us.

Wid her basket of apples comes Nora McHugh,
Wid her candies an' cakes an' wan thing an' another,
But the best thing she brings to commind her to you
Is the smile in her eyes that no throuble can smother.
An' the wit that's at home on the tip of her tongue
Has a freshness unknown to her candy and cake;
Though her wares had been stale since ould Nora was young,
There is little complaint you'd be carin' to make.
Well I mind, on a day, I complained of a worm
That I found in an apple, near bitten in two,
" But suppose ye had bit it, an' where'd be the harm?
For, shure, this isn't Friday," said Nora McHugh.

O Nora McHugh, you've the blarneyin' twist [1] in you,
Where is the anger could drame o' resistin' you?
Faix, we'll be sp'ilin' you,
Blind to the guile in you,
While there's a smile in you,
Nora McHugh.

It was Mistress de Vere, that's so proud of her name,
Fell to boastin' wan day of her kin in the peerage —
Though there's some o' thim, years ago whin they came
To this glorious land, was contint wid the steerage —

[1] Persuasive flattery.

An' she bragged of her ancistry, Norman an' Dane,
An' the like furrin ancients that's thought to be swell.
"Now, I hope," said ould Nora, "ye'll not think me vain,
Fur it's little I care fur ancistry mesel';
But wid all o' your pedigree, ma'am, I believe
'Tis mesel' can go back a bit further than you,
For in me you perceive a descindant of Eve,
The first apple woman," said Nora McHugh.

O Nora McHugh, sich owdacious frivolity!
How can you dare to be jokin' the quality? [2]
Still, we'll be sp'ilin' you,
Blind to the guile in you,
While there's a smile in you,
Nora McHugh.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What picture of the old apple woman is presented in the first stanza? Give some details.
2. Why is she so beloved by all?
3. What stanza is most enjoyable to you?
4. What other authors writing in dialect have you read?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Come to class prepared to read a dialect poem by Riley, Dunbar, Burns, Guest, or Daly.

A NAUTICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

By Wallace Irwin (1876–)

All of us who love a good sea story know that it does not take much coaxing for a sailor to spin a yarn that wanders away from the truth. Here is a sea yarn in verse that will bring more than a smile to your face. How much of it do you believe?

[2] High-born folk.

I stood one day by the breezy bay
A-watching the ships go by,
When a tired tar said, with a shake of his head:
"I wisht I could tell a lie!

"I've seen some sights as would jigger yer lights,
And they've jiggered me own, in sooth,
But I ain't wuth a darn at spinnin' a yarn
What wanders away from the truth.

"We were out in the gig, the Rigagajig,
Jest a mile and a half to sea,
When Capting Snook, with a troubled look,
He came and he says to me: —

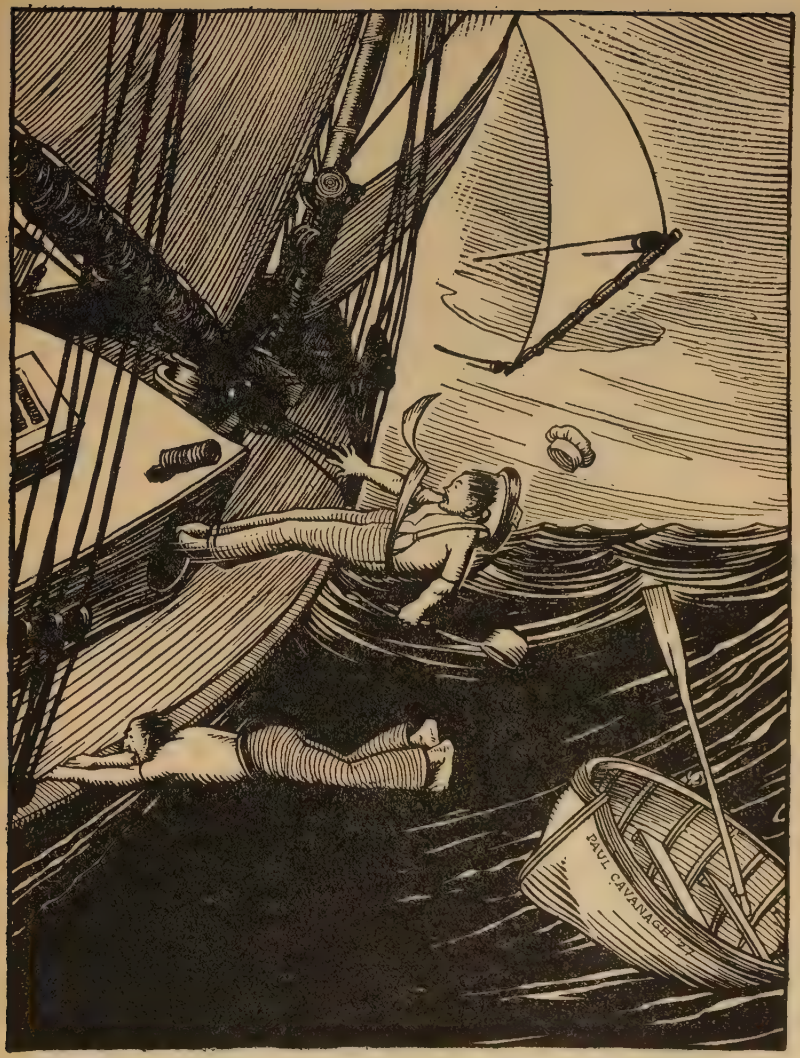
"'O Bos'n Smith, make haste forthwith
And hemstitch the fo'ard sail;
Accordeon pleat the dory sheet,
For there's goin' to be a gale.'

"I straightway did as the capting bid —
No sooner the job was through
When the north wind, whoof, bounced over the roof,
And, murderin' lights, she blew!

"She blew the tars right off the spars,
And the spars right off the mast,
Sails and pails and anchors and nails
Flew by on the wings o' the blast.

"The galley shook as she blew our cook
Straight out o' the porthole glim,
While pots and pans, kettles and cans
Went clatterin' after him.

"She blew the fire from our galley stove
And the coal from our gallant bin,
She whistled apace past the capting's face
And blew the beard off his chin!



"SHE BLEW THE TARS RIGHT OFF THE SPARS"

" 'O wizzel me dead!' the capting said
(And the words blew out of his mouth);
'We're lost, I fear, if the wind don't veer
And blow a while from the south.'

" And wizzel me dead, no sooner he'd said
Them words that blew from his mouth,
Than the wind switched round with a hurricane sound
And blew straight in from the south.

" We opened our eyes with a wild surprise,
And never a word to say —
In changin' her tack the wind blew back
The things that she'd blew away!

" She blew the tars back onto the spars,
And the spars back onto the mast;
Back flew the pails, the sails and the nails,
Which into the ship stuck fast.

" And 'fore we could look she blew back the cook
Straight into the galley coop,
Back dropped the pans, kettles and cans,
Without even spillin' the soup.

" She blew the fire back into the stove
Where it burnt in its proper place —
And all of us cheered as she blew the beard
Back on the capting's face.

" There's more o' me tale," said the sailor hale,
" As would jigger yer lights, in sooth,
But I ain't wuth a darn at spinnin' a yarn
What wanders away from the truth."

SOME LIMERICKS*

Below are given a few examples of a kind of nonsense verse we all enjoy — limericks. Good nonsense verse is much harder to write than one imagines. However, the effort is worth while, for it does add spice and sparkle to our reading.

When you think of the hosts without No.[1]
Who are slain by the deadly cuco,
    It's quite a mistake
    Of such food to partake,
It results in a permanent slo.

* * *

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
    Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
    "Let us fly!" said the flea,
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

* * *

There was a young man of Bengal
Who went to a fancy-dress ball,
    He went, just for fun,
    Dressed up as a bun,
And a dog ate him up in the hall.

* * *

There was an old man of Tarentum,
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em.
    When they asked him the cost
    Of what he had lost,
He replied, "I can't say, for I rent 'em."

GENERAL REVIEW TOPICS IN POETRY

1. Choose one nature poem, practice reading it aloud and be prepared to read it to the class.

* Reprinted from *This Singing World*, edited by Louis Untermeyer, by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company.

[1] Number.

2. Choose the poem that you think the funniest in this book.

3. Write the title of the poem (and the name of the author) that you liked best and write out at least three reasons for your choice.

4. Choose four poems, from this book, suitable for an Arbor Day program.

5. Make a list of poems from this book under the following headings:

a. Those I have enjoyed most.
b. Those that have made me think most.
c. Those most worth memorizing.

6. Choose and read aloud to the class one of the poems from the "Home Reading" list in poetry. Give your class the main idea of the poem as you see it.

7. Pick out poems which show how a poet can give meaning to the simple things of life.

8. Have a committee tabulate the vote of the class on the following questions about the poetry in this book:

a. The funniest poem.
b. The saddest.
c. The hardest to read.
d. The easiest to read.

9. Make a collection of quotations which you might call "Lines I Like Best from Poems I Have Read." Perhaps you will want to start a scrapbook.

10. Name the title of the poem and the author of each quotation:

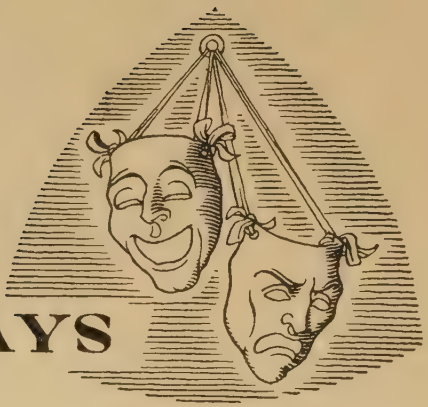
a. Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
b. This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
c. I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
d. The fate of a nation was riding that night.
e. Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!
f. And what is so rare as a day in June!
g. If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
h. He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"
i. O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done,
j. America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
k. "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
l. And the parson was sitting upon a rock
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock.

HOME READING

Burgess, Gelett	*Burgess Nonsense Book*
Chisholm, Louey	*Golden Staircase*
Conkling, Hilda	*Poems by a Little Girl*
	Shoes of the Wind
Davis, Mary Gould	*Girls' Book of Verse*
De la Mare, Walter	*Peacock Pie*
	Come Hither
Dunbar, Paul Laurence	*Lyrics of Lowly Life*
Dodge, Mary Mapes	*Poems and Verses*
Field, Eugene	*Poems of Childhood*
Fish, Helen Dean	*Boys' Book of Verse*
Grahame, Kenneth	*Cambridge Book of Poetry*
Guest, Edgar A.	*A Heap 'o Livin'*
Guiterman, Arthur	*The Laughing Muse*
	Ballads of Old New York
	The Mirthful Lyre
Kipling, Rudyard	*Songs for Youth*
	Collected Verse
Lang, Andrew	*Blue Poetry Book*
Lear, Edward	*Nonsense Books*
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth	*Complete Poems*
Lowell, James Russell	*Complete Poems*
Lucas, E. V.	*Book of Verses for Children*
	Another Book of Verses for Children
Milne, A. A.	*When We Were Very Young*
Olcott, Frances Jenkins	*Story Telling Poems*
	Story Telling Ballads
Palgrave, Francis T.	*Golden Treasury of Songs and Poems*
Quiller-Couch, Arthur	*Oxford Book of Ballads*
Repplier, Agnes	*Book of Famous Verse*
Riley, James Whitcomb	*Child Rhymes*
	Book of Joyous Children
Rossetti, Christina G.	*Sing-Song*
Service, Robert W.	*Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*
Smith, Jessie C.	*Child's Book of Old Verse*
Stevenson, Burton E.	*Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*
Stevenson, Robert Louis	*Child's Garden of Verse*
Taylor, Ann and Jane	*Original Poems and Others*
Teasdale, Sara	*Rainbow Gold*

Thacher, Lucy and Wilkinson, Marguerite	*Listening Child*
Thompson, Blanche Jennings	*Silver Pennies*
Tileston, Mary W.	*Children's Book of Ballads*
Untermeyer, Louis	*This Singing World*
	Yesterday and Today
Wells, Carolyn	*Book of Humorous Verse*
	Nonsense Anthology
Wiggin, Kate D. and Smith, Nora A.	*Golden Numbers*
	Pinafore Palace
	Posy Ring
Willcox, Louise Collier	*The Torch*
Wynne, Annette	*For Days and Days*

DRAMA



PLAYS

DRAMA

I am sure that most of you who read this introduction have seen plays. It is certain that you enjoy plays, even though they be only the " movies."

What is a play? It is nothing but a story presented on a stage; and part of the reason for the tremendous popularity of plays lies in the universal love of a story.

It is possible that some who read this book have never read a play; there are plenty of theatergoers who never think of reading one. Plays are made to be seen on a stage they say. Yet the world's best plays are regarded as fine literature. It is that quality which has preserved them for posterity.

How, then, is one to read a play with real pleasure, the same kind of pleasure that one gets out of a short story? To begin with, one should read over carefully the list of characters, and note their relationship to one another. In Shakespeare the characters are always grouped according to rank — kings, dukes, and such coming first. Then one must try to visualize the scenes and the characters, how they are dressed, how they talk, what they do. Take *Julius Caesar,* for example. Glance over the list of thirty characters and do not be frightened at the number. From your experience in the theater you will know that only a few of them can take leading parts. Then, from the stage directions and the text, construct the scene in your mind's eye — " Rome: A Street." Before long you will have forgotten that you ever thought a play difficult to read.

You will be pleased to know that the drama is a literary type which is growing more popular in the world of today, although it is one of the oldest and most popular forms of literature. In earlier days, in the time of Shakespeare especially, most plays were written in verse. Today, almost all dramas are in prose.

A drama is a story of life told through the speeches and actions

of characters. Action is its life blood. The very word " drama " means to do or act.

The earliest form of drama was the story told by the cave man to his companions sitting about the camp fire. The next step came with dialogue, when a second person replied and the two had a conversation. Then followed the play of many characters, acting out a thrilling story that kept the listeners in suspense.

You can understand that the story of a drama is divided into acts and scenes, as the story of a novel is divided into parts or chapters. In your reading of the novel and short story you learned how a story moves forward from introduction to climax. The writers of plays use the same methods in their construction as the authors of other narratives. Plays which we have inherited from an older day are divided into five acts. This plan is rarely followed in modern plays. Many plays have been written in one act only.

The plays here given should be acted in the classroom, first, in a simple way, and then in costume, if possible, before the assembly of students.

THE JESTER'S PURSE

By Nydia E. Minchin

This play carries us back to a May Day celebration of merry old England. Before us pass in review king, nobles, and countryfolk in glittering array. It presents a character who has been made overbearing and self-important by having a little authority bestowed upon him. How he makes a nuisance of himself, and how he finally is taught his lesson is brought out in a delightfully humorous way. It is a play you will enjoy reading and acting.

THE PLAYERS

Episode I

The King's Jester
Towla, *a Gypsy boy*

Episode II

Towla *and* Old Kit, *a Gypsy woman, a fortune teller*
Demer, *an old man, head of the Gypsy band*

MATTY COOPER, *another old man, a Gypsy*
NONA
NASTASSA } *three Gypsy maids*
LAULA
Other Gypsies, men, women, lads and maids

Episode III

KING HENRY VIII, *known as "Bluff King Hal," the King of England*
FIRST SQUIRE
SECOND SQUIRE } *outriders of the King's "trayne"*
SIR GUY
SIR KENT } *knights in the King's "trayne"*
A YOKEL, *in the King's "trayne"*
Other knights, squires, yeomen, archers, bowyers, etc.
SIMON
JEEMS } *countrymen at the Mayfair*
ROBIN, *a lad*
PETER GIBBS, *the constable*
JOHN GOODMAN
WILLIE SHARP } *two simple fellows*
A VENDER
A STALL TENDER
POLLY, *a country maid selling sweet cakes*
RICHARD, *a shepherd lad*
LUCY, *a flower girl*
DEPUTIES *to the constable*
Other country folk, vendors, keepers of stalls, maids, lads, etc

Scenes

EPISODE I. *The Highway*
EPISODE II. *A Gypsy Encampment*
EPISODE III. *The Village Green*

Abbreviations Used for Stage Directions

R = stage right
L = stage left
C = center stage
F = front stage
B = stage back

Episode I

The King's highway leading from London Towne on the right to Epping Forest on the left. Somewhere between this spot and Epping Forest is a small village. In the distance (R) a man is approaching. He whistles and sings, and stops now and again to gaze lovingly at something which he twirls high above his head. As he comes nearer his motley dress tells us he is none other than the King's Jester *from the court in "Lunnon Towne," though why he has strayed so far alone we cannot guess. His "treasure" is a purse such as any gentleman of the court might wear. Soon we can distinguish his words.*

The King's Jester. Ah, pretty purse! 'Tis Mayfair! Sweet purse! My treasure! We be going to Mayfair. Pretty purse! (*Looking about to be sure he is alone, he hugs the purse lovingly to his breast, then carefully opens the clasp, peeps inside, and brings out a bright penny, which he kisses and holds out high before him.*) Ah! Pretty penny! Sweet penny! What wilt thou buy for me at the fair? A cake, ah! A cake? . . . No? Ha! A sweetmeat, then, pretty penny? My treasure! Ah! A sweetmeat then — but not a cake! Oh, cruel penny! But mayhap thou wilt buy a posy? Ah! A posy! But then, if a posy — neither a sweetmeat nor a cake. . . . Cruel, cruel penny! To buy but one! I must choose, forsooth. A cake! A sweetmeat! A posy! . . . A posy? A sweetmeat? A cake? . . . And when I have chosen — alas, I have thee no more, sweet penny! Pretty penny! I shall keep thee! No cake or sweetmeat can tempt me to part from thee. Pretty penny! Sweet penny! (*The Jester replaces the penny in the purse. Again he hugs it lovingly to his breast, exclaiming, whistling, singing. He is well away to the left, when suddenly, turning, he sees the Gypsy lad, Towla, who has been watching him for some time. Towla leans lazily against a tree, his hands in his pockets. He laughs. The Jester stops stock-still in fright; then suddenly screaming, he throws the purse, penny and all, straight at the boy. Then off he runs, screaming and crying, as fast as his legs will carry him. Towla gazes after him until he is out of sight; then the boy picks up the purse, examines it, and goes slowly off into the wood.*)

Episode II

A Gypsy camp near the King's highway, between London Towne and Epping Forest. The village is somewhere at the left. Some old men stroll in, throw themselves on the ground, and smoke long pipes. Some Gypsy wives arrange a tripod with some poles, light a fire, and hang a large iron pot over it. There are other women with babies, and some preparing food in wooden bowls. Some are weaving baskets. Of the men, some are "tinkers" and some are mending saddles and straps or whittling. They sing a sad, wistful sort of song. Demer, an old man, head of the camp and band, smokes his pipe and walks thoughtfully back and forth. Kit, an old woman, rises and goes to him.

Old Kit. Well I know, Demer, man, thou'rt afeared for us; and with reason, as I saw in the coals of last night's fire.

Demer. What didst see, woman?

Old Kit. Troubles and troubles! As plainly the coals did say! (*She shakes her head sadly.*)

Demer. 'Twas not wisdom to stop in this parish, nor so near the village.

Matty Cooper (*coming up*). Ay, and true ye speak. There's the length of the parish 'twixt us and Epping Downs, and Peter Gibbs still the living constable of it!

Old Kit. Peter Gibbs still living! May the witches ride him!

Demer. How know'st ye Peter Gibbs still lives constable, Matty Cooper?

Matty. I 'us in the village near sunset, yester eve, and there 'us Peter Gibbs a struttin' about as pert as any fightin'-cock, a orderin' of matters for Mayfair, as is today.

Old Kit (*excited*). Mayfair today, is it? Then it's many a taking we'll make this day with selling baskets and telling the future for the silly townsmen! (*Old Kit hobbles off to spread the news of the Mayfair among the women.*)

Matty. Ay, forsooth, and all the lads and maids will want to be dancin' with the village folk on the Green!

Demer (*troubled*). Peter Gibbs still alive! And still constable of the parish! And he the sworn enemy of the Romany!

(*The two men stand thinking. Matty is whittling a stick. Demer is smoking his pipe.*)

DEMER. Matty Cooper, man, better might we miss the takings (stealing) at the fair than go to the sheriff, and mayhap the gallows, at the word of such a rogue!

MATTY COOPER. Ay, 'twere better to break camp at once, that we be past the village early, before the folk be all astir.

DEMER. And Old Kit had best make a spell against (before) our going. (*The two men turn toward the gossiping women. There is a sound of gay laughter and shouting, and romping feet. A band of young Gypsy lads and maids dance in, teasing and playing. Two girls take old Demer by the arms, leading him aside* (*CF*), *protesting.*)

NONA (*gayly*). There's Mayfair in the village!

DEMER(*frowning*). Ay.

NASTASSA. And all sorts of sweetmeats and trinkets at the stalls!

DEMER (*still frowning*). Ay.

BOTH GIRLS (*frowning and pouting, standing off crossly.*) Pooh!

NONA. Stupid! When such luck befalls us! We'll dance with the village lads on the Green!

DEMER. Nay, my girl, shun the village! There is danger for thee in the village today. (*The young folk crowd around, astonished at Demer's words. He is about to explain, but suddenly Towla's voice is heard singing. The boy comes in. The Gypsies join softly in the chorus. When the song is done, Towla laughs so loud and long that many join in with him, but some wonder if he has lost his senses.*) Have the witches taken 'e, my Towla?

TOWLA (*controlling himself*). Nay! No witch, Father, but a Fool! (*He laughs again.*)

OLD KIT. Hold, boy! Tell us what makes 'e to behave 's the Bogie had capped ye.

TOWLA. 'Twas no Bogie, I tell 'e! 'Twas a Fool! The King's Fool!

SEVERAL PERSONS (*together*). The King's Fool!

DEMER. The King's Fool! Ye saw the King's Fool?

TOWLA. Yea, the King's Jester himself! (*He goes off into*

loud laughter again. The older folk look questioningly at each other.)

MATTY (*to Demer*). If 'e saw the King's Jester, then the King himself'll not be so far off.

DEMER (*wisely*). Ay! *If* 'e saw the King's Jester! (*Winks at Matty and laughs. To Towla*): Mayhap ye saw the King himself, too?

TOWLA. Nay, naught but the Fool. And he all alone!

OLD KIT. Then, mark, if ye saw the King's Fool, the King was not far behind. They are ever together, they say.

TOWLA. But I tell ye I saw not the King! 'Twas his Jester — and a funny sight he was, striding along, whistling, his bells shaking in the wind. (*Laughs again.*)

OLD KIT. Yea! Tell us, boy!

TOWLA. 'Twas yonder on the highway I first saw him, singing and whistling and talking to himself as 'e'd been pixie-struck! And talking and talking! " 'Tis Mayfair," says he. " I be goin' to Mayfair," says he. And then he takes his purse, he does, and he says, " Pretty purse, sweet purse! Thee's my treasure," says he. And then he takes out a penny, he does, and he says to it what he'll buy with it at Mayfair. " A cake," says he, " or a sweetmeat," says he. " Or maybe a posy," says he. And then he says no, he won't spend it at all; he'd rather keep his penny, says he. And then he puts the penny back in the purse, and goes off up the road a-singing and a-dancing, and a-talking to himself. And then of a sudden he sees me, he does, and he stops short (*Towla imitates the Jester*), and then he throws the purse straight at me, he does, and goes off a-howling and a-yelling, and a-running fast as his legs will carry him! (*Towla brings out the purse.*)

DEMER. Boy! Ye did not *rob* him of the purse — the King's Jester!

TOWLA. Nay, 'twas as I told ye! And he went off howling and crying. (*The older folk are very serious.*)

DEMER. 'Tis truly pixie-led we be! Who but the wee folk would wish so much trouble on a peaceful band bent only on taking what is needful? 'Twill be well to change at the start. (*Without hesitation the women turn their caps and the men their coats inside out. This is the Gypsy cure for being " pixie-led." The*

young girls do not want to turn the pretty caps which they have donned for the Mayfair, not understanding the reason for so doing.)

DEMER. Hey! Nastassa, Laula, Nona! Change, I tell ye! Would ye let the bogie spell ye and not work a cure for it? (*The girls hastily turn their caps.*)

DEMER. 'E, Towla, and all ye other lads and maids! Ye know not what trouble we be in! For ye cannot remember another time we came this way, when the Urmen (fairies) worked a sickness on all the cattle. And though we spelled the sickness, many died, and the constable, this same Peter Gibbs, was for hangin' all of us as causin' the trouble. But King Hal, may the good God bless his soul! — Bluff King Hal they calls him — he came a-ridin' by to the hunt at Epping Forest, and he says to this same Peter Gibbs, says he, "Don't ever try to hang a man for what you can't prove to 'em," says he. And Peter Gibbs he had to loose us before ever the sheriff got there, he did, and he swore he'd hang any Romany he ever proved anything to, and he's not forgotten that. 'Twas a poor place to camp, so near the village. And naught can make him see the purse was not stolen, if he finds it in our hands. I would ye'd gotten it from any one but one of the King's house, lad! For the Romany be friends to Kirk and Crown! Ah, me! Surely the witches have planned this day!

MATTY COOPER. The women will make a charm to divine how we may return the purse, Demer, man.

OLD KIT. Yea! Be not downhearted! For even now a potion bubbles in the pot! With my witch-rod I make a magic spell! (*She winds a witch-hazel branch with red thread. With it she stirs the potion. Smoke rises from the pot. She chants.*)

Black-luggie, lammer bead (amber-bead),
Rowan tree and reed thread,
Put the witches to their speed!

(*She stirs slowly, bending over the pot. All are attentive to the spell. When the smoke has died down she raises her head and chants again.*)

Rowan-ash and reed thread,
Keep the witches from their speed!

(*She bends over the pot, looking into the depths of it. After a time she stretches out her hands, and still gazing into the pot, she reads the magic spell. Screaming:*) Until the King hath the purse the witches' spell shall not be broken! Ahoo! Ahoo! Ahoo! Be gay! Be gay! Fear not what befalls! Ahoo! To the King! Ahoo! To the King!

Towla. (*coming forward with the purse*). And where'll the King be, mother? (*Old Kit casts the witch-rod into the pot, and it comes to rest pointing straight to the left — the direction of the village.*)

Old Kit. See! See! To the village! The witch-rod shall say who goes. He who has the purse shall give it! To the village! To the village! Who goes!! Who goes!!! (*She falls, screaming, exhausted. There is great excitement. A woman snatches the witch-rod, twirls it above her head, and gives it to Demer.*)

Demer. A company! Who will go to Mayfair that the purse may be restored to the King! (*The people stand in an uneven line while Demer points with the witch-rod. Chanting:*)

Ek-keri, akairi, you kair an,
Fillissin, follasy, Nakelas jan,
Kivi, Kavi, Irishman,
Stini, Stani, buck!

(*Demer points to three persons with each line, as, ek-keri* (*one*), *akairi* (*two*), *you kair an* (*three*), *the third one on each line being "chosen." As he points to each of these, they step forward out of line, and it is seen that the witch-rod has chosen only the young lads and maids to go to the Mayfair. The charm is repeated until twelve or more lads and maids are in the group. One of them is Towla.*) The lads and maids! Rowan-rod says lads and maids to the Mayfair! So be it! Away! Laugh and be gay! Fear naught when rowan-rod has pointed ye to go!

Towla. Ay! Ye can trust us, father! We are away! To the King! (*With a shout and a song, the lads and maids join in a circle, dance around, then two by two dance off up the road toward the village* (*L*). *When the young folk are out of sight Demer and Matty Cooper confer.*)

DEMER. Though the purse be returned 'twould be safer to be gone from the parish!

MATTY. Ay, that we had passed beyond the village before we made camp!

DEMER. 'Tis not even now too late, Matty Cooper! We can be well past the village while the country folk are safe at Mayfair. A word will tell the lads and maids where to join us. We'll be off!

MATTY (*loudly*). Ay! We break the camp! We shall be off at once! (*Some one helps Old Kit to rise. Each takes a part of the camp equipment, and the party of old Gypsies departs slowly up the road* (*L*) *toward the village and Epping Forest.*)

EPISODE III

SCENE I

The scene is the same as for Episode I. There is the sound of horns and of faint sprightly music in the distance (*R*). *Presently two Squires ride in from London way. They are the advance guard of the King's "trayne." The King is on his way to Epping Forest for the hunt. The Squires search the roadsides diligently, for sometime during the night the King's Jester has strayed from the trayne. They ride slowly, watchfully, and have almost passed from sight* (*L*) *when a blare of trumpets* (*R*) *heralds the coming of the King himself with his trayne of knights, squires, and followers. A clear call of the trumpet recalls the outriding squires. They wheel and return at the King's command. The King's horse is richly caparisoned. The knights' steeds also have heavy trappings. Next the King ride the knights, before and behind; then the squires, yeomen, archers, bowyers, stringers, arrow-makers, hostlers, cooks, and others to man the camp during the hunting. All are dressed for the hunt. The musicians play, as they ride, a merry tune — "Bluff King Hal." As the trayne approaches* (*C*) *all halt at a sign from the King, each standing respectfully in place according to his rank. The two outriders approach and respectfully salute the King.*

KING HAL (*acknowledging their salutations*). What news, my men!

First Squire. Sire, we have searched most diligently at both sides of the highway, and no trace of him can we find! (*His horse prances, and he is obliged to ride out in a circle.*)

Second Squire. He must have gone on farther, sire, if he did come this way, for we have passed no by-road since we missed him from our company. (*His horse also is restless, and he takes a turn to quiet him.*)

First Squire (*returning*). 'Tis upward of four hours since we knew him gone, my lord; he may have reached the village by this time! (*His horse is again unruly. The King looks downhearted.*)

Sir Guy (*who lisps*). By my troth, thire, thee hath little need to thadden thee! The Fool hath hardly wit enough to loothe himthelf!

King Hal. Hold, good my knight! Fool and Jester though he be, yet he loves me as does no other in my realm. Full many a time would he have laid down his life if need be for my sake. You, Sir Kent, and you, Sir Guy, remember that he was a lad with me, and many an adventure we had together. I have grown o'er fond of him. I would not have misadventure befall him.

Sir Kent. The village, sire! Dost think the Jester might have wished to visit the village?

King Hal. Nay! He was all for the hunt, and in a great hurry to go, withal.

Sir Kent (*having just listened to a whispered message from a Squire*). Sire, there is a yokel here who claims to know something of this matter.

King Hal (*wheeling his horse*). What ho!

The Yokel (*coming up slowly and shyly*). Ay, sire.

The King (*thundering*). What know you of this, boy?

The Yokel. Ay, sire, 'twas last night.

The King. That is, he went last night?

The Yokel. Nay, not went, sire.

The King. Not went?

The Yokel. Nay. He came, sire.

The King. The Jester came? Speak, boy!

The Yokel. Nay, not the Jester, sire.

The King. By the rood, who then, fellow?

The Yokel. A countryman, sire.

THE KING. A countryman coming on this road?

THE YOKEL. Not coming, sire.

THE KING. What then, my good fellow?

THE YOKEL. Going, sire.

THE KING. Going? To the village? Speak, fellow!

THE YOKEL. Not to the village, sire.

THE KING (*impatient at last*). Where then, fool?

THE YOKEL. To Lunnon Towne, sire.

THE KING (*impatiently, to Sir Kent*). This fellow is indeed a fool!

SIR KENT. Patience, my lord; the fellow hath a tale. It seems the countryman told of great preparations for the Mayfair, which is to be in the village today. There's to be gaming and dancing, and all sorts of pleasuring, and toys and sweetmeats to be had at the stalls. And the Jester swore he would rather forego the hunt than miss such fun, and made great inquiry as to the price of cakes and sweetmeats. But when he looked in his purse there was no money in it, and he went off weeping.

THE KING (*to Yokel*). Is this your tale, fellow?

THE YOKEL. Ay, sire. And he did sing and dance withal.

THE KING. The Jester?

THE YOKEL. Nay, sire.

THE KING. By my holy troth! Who then?

THE YOKEL. The countryman, sire.

THE KING. And what then?

THE YOKEL. He did swear he would go, sire.

THE KING. The countryman swore?

THE YOKEL. Nay, sire.

THE KING. Who then, fool?

THE YOKEL. The Jester, sire.

KING HAL (*laughing boisterously*). By the rood, Kent, if I do talk to this villain more, ye will be hard put to it to know which is the greater fool! But stay, fellow! Thy word has perhaps put us on the track, and should be rewarded. (*The King tosses the fellow a coin. The Yokel catches it and prostrates himself before the King.*)

KING HAL. You, Kent, do you remember that the Jester came in whimpering as we played at the dice last night? And after-

ward he asked for a penny — the poor fellow can never keep a coin in his purse. He must always be buying his precious sweetmeats or something from the stalls!

SIR KENT. Ay, my lord, I remember. Thou gavest him a bright penny and bade him be off. What in better reason than that he should have taken himself off alone to the fair this morning, to play a joke on thee, well knowing that thou wouldst not leave him alone in the village!

KING HAL (*laughing boisterously with the others*). Ay! A joke, indeed!

SIR GUY. What thport to thee the courtly Jethter dithporting himthelf among the countryfolk! (*They again laugh boisterously.*)

KING HAL. Ay, indeed! What sport to see him there! (*Deciding.*) Gentlemen! We go to the Mayfair! Lead on! (*The line begins to form for moving on.*) But mark! For no other man in the kingdom would King Hal break his march to the hunt!

SIR KENT. The village is but a short way from the road, and the hour is yet early. Truly it will make a good tale that the King's hunt has turned aside to hunt the King's Jester! And a great day it will be for the countryfolk! (*They laugh loud and long, with many a jest to each other as the trayne moves on. The horns sound. The horses prance. The Musicians again play their merry tune. And the cavalcade moves off up the road toward the village.*)

SCENE II

The Village Green. At the right is a road leading to the King's Highway and London Towne. At the left the road leads to Epping Forest. It is the morning of May Day. Some merchants and venders are arriving and beginning to arrange their wares. Some carry in frames for the stalls which they place at the back and hang with garlands and ribbands. Afterward they set out toys, cakes, sweetmeats, posies, ribbands, and other trifles for sale. Some young men set up a Maypole with much laughter and jesting. Some young girls, having assisted in arranging the stalls, now arrange other wares on trays which they carry suspended from their shoulders by sashes of brilliant color. Some men are

making a court for "klub kayles," marking lines and setting up pins; others are making ready a game of quoits, to be played with horseshoes. Some country dames arrive, carrying large baskets of vegetables, fowls, and produce such as the season permits. Some archers shoot at "butts" (targets). Country lads, maids, yeomen, foresters, shepherds and shepherd maids, Morris dancers, minstrels and musicians come to the fair. Some maids roll hoops wound with bright ribbands. There are one or two "giant men" on stilts, and a "jack-in-the-green." In this company is one outstanding figure. It is Peter Gibbs, the constable of the parish. He is gorgeously arrayed in garments more befitting the court than the countryside. A huge badge of office decorates his breast. A richly decorated purse (bag) hangs at his side. His bearing is pompous. His voice is loud and commanding. He arrives early at the fair and struts about, giving unsolicited advice and issuing orders for which he has no authority. The scene, empty at first, becomes a picture of lively movement and color. Two old countrymen arrive with heavy baskets of wares for the fair. They meet (CF).

SIMON. Marnin', Jeems. (*They bow.*)

JEEMS. Marnin' yourself, Simon.

SIMON. We be first to Mayfair, Jeems.

JEEMS. Yea, I were told to come early for settin' the stalls.

SIMON. Ay, and there's no time to lose, methinks, what with all the countryside headed for the village. (*Baskets of flowers and other wares are now arriving. Merchants are setting up stalls, and pushcarts are put in place. The Maypole is about to be set up. There is much laughter, gay talk, and bustling.*)

ROBIN (*directing the setting of the Maypole*). Ay! Lend a hand, boys! (*The lads stand ready to hoist the pole at the leader's word. Peter Gibbs, having arrived and tied his horse (L), now strides toward them, hand uplifted.*)

PETER GIBBS. A little to the left, my lads! Ah, that's better! (*The lads are startled at his speech. They raise the pole, arrange ribbands and garlands, laughing to themselves at Peter's expense and miming their opinions of him. Peter strides on to direct the setting of the stalls.*)

SIMON. Marnin', constable. (*Lifts his hat respectfully.*)

PETER (*shouting*). Stop saying "marnin'" like a fool, Simon Cole, and put more speed into the work, lazy fellow!

SIMON (*again raising his hat and bowing*). Yes, sir, yes, sir, Peter Gibbs, your honor!

PETER (*waving his arms*). Speed, fellows! The sun is full high, and all the folk 'twixt here and Epping Forest on their way to the Mayfair! Haste! (*Though this is really not Peter's affair, the workers all hurry a bit more and throw many an uneasy look over their shoulders at Peter. He strides about, waving his arms and shouting, "Speed, there!" "Lazybones!" He designates the exact spots where the stalls shall be placed. No one questions or denies him, but many a black look follows him. Two simples are setting up "klub kayles."*)

JOHN GOODMAN. Marnin', constable. (*He bows and raises his hat respectfully.*)

PETER GIBBS. Get to work, John Goodman, and don't be always sayin' "marnin'" like a fool!

JOHN GOODMAN. Yes, sir; yes, sir, Peter Gibbs, your honor! (*When Peter has passed on, John and Willie Sharp speak out.*)

JOHN GOODMAN. 'Twas a poor day for Epping Downs when Peter Gibbs became constable of the parish.

WILLIE SHARP. Ay, a loud-tongued rogue he is, and methinks he will one day run his own head into the noose!

JOHN GOODMAN. Hush, man! If it came to the ears of Peter Gibbs that ye had made such an utterance, ye'd stand no more chance o' escapin' the gallows than a Gypsy!

A VENDER. Posies! Fresh posies! Who'll buy fresh posies!

WILLIE SHARP. Ha! Ha! Who's afraid! But did ye hear the news, John Goodman?

JOHN GOODMAN. There's always a plenty of news goin' round.

WILLIE SHARP. This piece of news is one that Peter Gibbs knows not yet of, I'll wager!

JOHN GOODMAN (*excited*). 'Tis not summat for the gallows, man!

WILLIE SHARP. Well, an' it might be.

JOHN GOODMAN (*indifferently*). Surely there's been nothin' uncommon about a matter of the gallows since Peter Gibbs has been constable!

WILLIE SHARP (*mysteriously*). Would ye believe that were a Gypsy in the village last evenin', John Goodman!

JOHN GOODMAN. Nay, Willie Sharp! Say not so! (*Greatly astonished.*)

WILLIE SHARP. 'Tis so, John Goodman!

JOHN GOODMAN. How did ye hear, Willie?

WILLIE. I saw him myself, on the Green. There's a band of them camped half a league back along the King's highway. He was here to inquire if Peter Gibbs is yet constable of the parish!

JOHN. Well might he inquire, poor fellow. Do ye recollect the action of that same Peter Gibbs the last time a Gypsy band stopped hereabouts?

WILLIE. Ay. 'Tis to be hoped that none of the band will come to the fair, though (*with a wistful sigh*) the women be good at readin' the fortune and the lads and the maids are a pretty sight in the dance!

A STALL TENDER. Sweetmeats! Sweetmeats here!

PETER GIBBS (*in a loud voice*). Come, a game, a game! Here 'tis Mayfair, and none to play a game! (*There is now a great crowd. At the constable's words some young folks leave off viewing and buying wares at the stalls and visiting together, and join in a merry game* (*C*), *perhaps "Hood Man Blind" or "Hot Cockles." Some jugglers are performing* (*LC*). *As the game closes, loud weeping and wailing is heard, and the Jester comes in sight from the highroad* (*R*). *He stops every few steps to weep anew, then stumbles on. Peter Gibbs is ready for this new situation. The Jester's cries have drawn the attention of every one.*)

PETER GIBBS (*shading his eyes*). A stranger! A traveler from Lunnon Towne, methinks. Gadzooks, it is a gentleman of the Court, as I live! Stand, ye fellows! Uncover! Back, ye wenches! Mind your manners when a gentleman comes who has mayhap this very morn seen the King himself! (*The Jester stops short* (*C*), *weeping and wailing.*)

POLLY (*a country maid selling sweet cakes, her basket on her arm*). Poor fellow! Do tell us what great sorrow has befallen you that you should weep so piteously?

PETER (*brushing Polly aside*). Sir! I welcome you to the village! These be but country yokels here and unused to the

ways of a court gentleman, but I will see that their manners do not offend you, sir! (*The Jester stares open-mouthed at Peter; then, with a loud wail, turns back to Polly.*)

RICHARD (*a simple shepherd lad*). Oh, sir, is there any way we can help you? Come, sit here and tell us the cause of your sorrow. (*Peter brings a seat forward, but the Jester prefers the one offered by Richard.*)

JESTER. Oh! The King is so kind! (*He weeps.*)

POLLY. Yes, sir. The King . . . ?

JESTER. This very morn the King says to me, says he, "Fool, art going to the Fair, for it is May Day?" (*He weeps.*)

RICHARD. Ay, sir, you are already here! This is the Fair, and all we are gay!

JESTER. And I said, "Ah, my lord, what is the Fair without a full purse? Alas, I have no heart for the Fair!" (*He weeps.*)

LUCY (*a flower girl*). Oh, sir! It is May Day, and so fine a gentleman of the Court as you must be gay on such a day!

JESTER. And the King said, "Here, fool, fill thy purse and hie thee! 'Twould be a pity for all the good country folk to miss seeing such a fool as thou be, on a May Day!" And then he threw me a handful of gold from his own wallet, if you will believe me! (*He weeps.*)

RICHARD. Oh, sir, you have no cause for weeping! If the King had thrown me so much as a penny I'm sure I should be gay forever!

JESTER. And then I filled my purse and hung it here (*over shoulder*) and started forth straightway. And I came along the road whistling a merry tune. (*He weeps.*) And then a great dark fellow steps into the road (*he weeps*) and — beats me (*he weeps louder*) . . . and takes my heavy purse and is off with it before I can so much as run after him! (*He weeps.*) Ah, woe is me! Alack-a-day! (*He weeps.*)

PETER GIBBS. Sir, you did well to come here. I am Peter Gibbs, the constable of this parish, and 'tis well known that I have brought more thieves to justice than any other constable in the realm, sir! Ay, doubtless the King himself knows of my — ah — diligence. . . . (*Peter coughs modestly. The Jester is indifferent. He weeps.*)

RICHARD. Why, you are safe now, sir! Weep no more. The constable will surely punish the thief.

JOHN GOODMAN (*coming forward*). A dire sorrowful case, sir!

PETER GIBBS. Ay, hold thy tongue, fellow! (*To Jester:*) You say the thief was a heavy, dark-browed fellow?

JESTER. Ay, he and his companions! (*He weeps again.*)

PETER GIBBS. Companions! Then there was a band of them! Dark-browed fellows! (*Peter considers, frowning. The Jester weeps. A maid pats his shoulder.*)

PETER GIBBS. I wager it was Gypsies! (*In a thundering voice.*) Knows any man if there be Gypsies anywhere about? (*He is much excited. The folk are afraid to tell what they know. John Goodman and Willie Sharp look particularly guilty. Peter spots them.*) John Goodman, know ye if any Gypsies be hereabouts?

JOHN (*stammering*). N-n-n-no ——

PETER. Speak out, man! Thou 'rt always ready enough with thy tongue when there is naught to say!

JOHN. Ah — ah — I — I — heerd ——

PETER GIBBS. Speak out, I say!

JOHN. I — I —— (*Gay music. From the road* (*R*) *comes the band of young Gypsies, singing and dancing. They go straight across the green* (*LC*).)

PETER GIBBS. Gypsies! Gypsies! As I live! . . . Hey! Ye vagabonds! Whence came ye, and who gives ye leave to tread the village green?

TOWLA (*coming forward*). We come from our camp, sir (*pointing toward the right*), to dance with the young village folk at the fair.

PETER. Ha, ha! How long have ye been camped in this parish?

TOWLA. Since yesterday, sir. We are a peaceful band, taking naught but what is needful ——

PETER. Peaceful! Ha, ha!

For every Gypsy that comes to toon
A hen will be a-missing soon!

Ha, ha! (*At this moment the Jester perceives that he is no longer the immediate center of interest. He weeps.*) Patience, sir! Know ye that these young vagabonds are a part of the band of Gypsies who, I'll wager, have your gold! But I'll have them! I'll send them to the gallows yet! For Peter Gibbs long ago made oath that he would hang every thieving Gypsy who came into this parish! Who'll come with me to capture the brigands? Who'll be my deputies? (*Several countrymen volunteer. They line up before the constable.*)

DEPUTIES. I, sir! . . . And I . . . (*Etc.*)

PETER GIBBS. Are there horses here?

DEPUTIES. Yea! Yea!

PETER GIBBS. Then stand ye out that I may see if ye are fit (strong) enough for such honor. Stand forth! (*The men throw out their chests and flex their arms. Peter thumps each on the chest, feels their arms; gives each a rope, and pins on each a gorgeous badge, somewhat smaller than his own.*) I own ye all my aids and deputies! To horse! To horse!

JOHN GOODMAN. Why do ye not take a Gypsy lad along to guide ye?

PETER. Ay, and be led astray! Another of your foolish sayings, John Goodman! (*To Gypsy lads and maids.*) Mind ye stay here till my return! Let not one of ye wander away! (*They mount and ride off. The Jester, again feeling himself neglected, now weeps.*)

LUCY. Poor fellow! To lose all that money! Why, with that thou couldst have bought all my posies, could ye not, sir?

JESTER. All of them, miss!

LUCY. Then thou shalt have one anyway, sir. (*She pins a nosegay on his coat. The Jester smiles. Then, seeing no more favors, he again weeps.*)

POLLY. Ye might have bought all my sweet cakes with that money, might ye not, sir?

JESTER. I intended to, miss. Now, alas! I can buy none! (*He is about to weep, but Polly presents him with a cake.*)

RICHARD. If we ask them, mayhap the young Gypsies will dance for the gentleman! (*He goes over to speak to the Gypsy lads and maids who are standing apart. The Jester again weeps.*

Some one gives him another cake. The Gypsies dance. During the dance, as often as the Jester feels himself neglected he weeps afresh and receives new attentions. At its close he has several posies pinned to his coat and cap, a garland around his neck, a pocketful of sweetmeats, and a cake in each hand. He munches these alternately. The constable and his deputies return with the remainder of the Gypsies just as the dance closes. The young Gypsies step back, astonished.)

PETER GIBBS (*louder-voiced than ever*). Make way! Make way! Make way for the King's constable and his prisoners! (*The prisoners are tied with ropes. Peter and his deputies ride their horses across stage and tie them* (*LB*), *removing bags and hanging them over the horses' necks. They return to the prisoners. Peter gives orders. He walks back and forth. The deputies line up the prisoners.*)

PETER. Search them, my men! (*Deputies remove the prisoners' bags and search through their clothing.*)

JOHN GOODMAN. 'Twas mighty short work ye made o' fetchin' them, sir!

PETER GIBBS. Well said, for once, John Goodman! Who but Peter Gibbs could have caught the rogues just as they were passing the village, hoping to escape from the parish before their foul deed was found!

Gypsy hair and Devil's eyes,
Ever stealing, full of lies,
Always poor and never wise!

(*The Gypsies are resentful.*) Ah, my fine fellows! I swore to see you on the gallows the last time you visited the parish. You escaped me then — but now I have ye!

MATTY COOPER (*his hands tied tight*). Remember the words of his Majesty King Hal, Peter Gibbs, that ye seek not to have a body hanged for what ye can't prove to 'em!

PETER GIBBS. Hush, Matty Cooper, if such ye be! I remember his Majesty's words well enough, Matty Cooper, and there'll be no lack of proof this day, you may be sure! Search on, my men! (*The Jester stands well down stage* (*C*), *back to the audience, feet wide apart, enjoying the excitement of the Gypsies' capture*

and his cakes and sweetmeats. A gay tune is heard (R), and presently the King's "trayne" is galloping across the green. The King wheels his horse and stops short at sight of the Gypsy prisoners. The villagers and young Gypsies stand to one side (RC), the King's company opposite. A squire takes the King's horse and hostlers take those of the knights, leading them to place at L beyond where Peter Gibbs's horse is tethered. Hostlers stand with horses.)

KING HAL. By the rood! What have we here this fine May Day morning! 'Zooks, Peter Gibbs, thine old occupation! Of what crime are these fellows guilty now?

PETER GIBBS (*almost bursting with importance*). A foul crime, indeed, sire! Only a day in the parish, and they have robbed a gentleman of a heavy purse of gold in the full light of day. I and my deputies captured them just as they were making their escape, your Majesty. 'Tis always the same tale when there's Gypsies in the parish! There's naught will change them!

> Do what you may, say what you can,
> No washing e'er whitens the black Zingan!

Search on, my fellows!

KING HAL (*thoughtfully stroking his beard*). A gentleman, ye say, was robbed?

PETER. Ay, sire! And on the King's highway in the full light of day! And none other but the gentleman Jester from thine own Court, sire! (*In the confusion the King has not seen the Jester, who now, upon hearing himself mentioned, is aware that he has finished his cakes. He weeps, and two venders rush to supply him with fresh ones. The King sees and bursts into such a spasm of bluff and hearty laughter that his gentlemen are in fear for his health. Finally he is able to speak.*)

KING HAL. By my kirk, bower, and hall! Is this the gentleman so cruelly robbed?

PETER. Ay, sire. And of the great purse of gold which thou didst give him! Ay! For this foul crime shall these fellows hang! (*King Hal again bursts into immoderate laughter. Towla steals across (R to L) and whispers to Sir Kent. Kent nods to him reassuringly. John Goodman makes his way to the front.*)

JOHN GOODMAN. Ay, sire, they did rob him of the great purse holding all the gold which thou in thy charity did give the gentleman that he might spend at the fair!

PETER GIBBS. Hush thy tongue, John Goodman! Think'st thou the King would hear thy foolish talk? (*John retires. The King, understanding the situation, mimes to his gentlemen that they will see the joke to an end.*)

KING HAL. Ye know the constable's duty, Peter Gibbs!

PETER GIBBS. Ay, sire! . . . Search the bags, now, my men! Soon we shall be hanging these fellows to the gallows!

SIR KENT. My lord, there is a Gypsy lad here would have a secret word with thee.

KING HAL. Speak out, my lad!

TOWLA. I would have a word in secret, please your Majesty.

PETER GIBBS. 'Tis but a Gypsy lad, sire!

KING HAL. Ay, but a subject of the Crown, Peter Gibbs! Stand ye, all! (*King Hal takes Towla by the hand and walks with him* (*LCF*).)

KING HAL. Now turn your backs, every man of ye! And every goodwife and maid! Turn your backs I say! And do every one stick his fingers in his ears, for not a word that is to be spoken shall be heard by any ear save the King's own! (*The people from the Court obey precisely. The country folk are slower.*)

KING HAL. Peter Gibbs! As constable of this parish, do ye see every ear stopped! And do not forget thine own, Peter Gibbs! (*Peter quickly stops his own ears. All stand stiffly, backs to King and Towla. Towla brings out the purse.*)

TOWLA. 'Tis the Jester's purse, sire, but not stolen as the constable says, and truly there was never any gold at all in it! The gentleman himself threw it after me, and ran away before I could overtake him!

KING HAL (*laughing so hard that Peter Gibbs turns around to see what the matter may be*). Turn ye about, Peter Gibbs! And durst no man look or listen again until I give him leave! (*Quietly, to Towla.*) I can well believe thy story, lad, for well I know that he had no gold! (*The King scratches his head, in deep thought.*) Ye would return it to the Jester?

TOWLA. Ay, sire. But Peter Gibbs will hang all my people, for he will not believe that we have not stolen the purse!

KING HAL (*with a mighty roar of laughter*). Then, lad, we will return it to the constable himself! If the man who has the purse is to be hanged — we shall see! . . . Which is the constable's horse? (*Together they find the constable's horse. They conceal the purse in Peter's bag which they again hang on the horse's neck. There is a great show of joking and plotting together. They return to their places.*)

KING HAL. Very well, ye may all turn about! Ha, Peter Gibbs! Have ye yet found the purse?

PETER. They have concealed it so well that our search has been in vain.

KING HAL. Hast searched the bags?

PETER. Yea, thoroughly. It is not to be found in a one of them!

KING HAL. Hast searched the bags of others here at the Fair?

PETER. Nay, there were none of the villagers on the highroad this morning, sire!

KING HAL. But the purse must be found; else we cannot go on with the sports of the Mayfair. Why dost thou not have a Gypsy wench tell thy palm, Peter Gibbs?

PETER. 'Tis all witch tales and lies that they tell, sire!

KING HAL. I have heard that a Gypsy's wife can divine where a lost thing is hid, Peter Gibbs.

SIR KENT and SIR GUY. And I! And I!

KING HAL. An ye wish the purse found, Peter Gibbs, 'twould do no harm to try.

SIR KENT. Mayhap he does not wish to find the purse, my lord.

KING HAL. 'Twill be a last chance, Peter Gibbs.

PETER (*very angry*). Let them try! (*He puts out his hand and makes a wry face.*)

KING HAL. Who will tell the constable's palm?

OLD KIT (*limping forward*). I, sire! (*To Peter.*) Ye must cross the palm with siller, first, sir. (*Peter makes a great show of reluctance, but at last brings out a coin. Old Kit accepts coin and takes Peter's hand; he squirms.*) Ay, and much and much I see!

PETER. No matter what ye see, but where is the purse to be found?

OLD KIT. Patience, Peter Gibbs! Ye shall meet with great good fortune, Peter Gibbs.

PETER (*shouting*). Woman! Where is the purse to be found!

OLD KIT. The purse will be found, Peter Gibbs, in a bag, at this very Fair. And no coin will be missed from it when it is found.

PETER GIBBS (*snatching his hand away, anxious to get the purse*). We will search all the bags at the Fair! Line up, my fellows, that every one may be searched! (*To the King.*) Though it be not a Gypsy, the man who has the purse shall hang! I will hang the man who steals the King's gold! I will hang the man in whose bag the purse is found!

(*During the fortune telling, the Jester has come up beside the King. He now plays some of his jester's tricks for the King's amusement.*)

KING HAL. Rogue that you are! Yet for thy foolish antics and thy love, thy king forgives ye all the tricks ye play!

(*Peter and his deputies fail to find the purse.*)

PETER GIBBS. 'Twas as I said, sire, her words were foolish lies! The purse is nowhere to be found!

JOHN GOODMAN (*coming up with Peter's bag*). Here is a bag, sir, as has not been searched!

PETER. Plague on thy foolishness, John Goodman! The bag's my own!

KING HAL. Ye swore that ye would search every bag at the Fair! (*Winks at Towla.*)

WILLIE SHARP. Ay, sire, he hath searched the others', now let his own be searched!

KING HAL. Searched it shall be! (*Two deputies search Peter's bag and find the purse. The Jester takes the purse and hugs it to his breast.*)

ALL (*awe-stricken*). The Jester's purse!

PETER (*stuttering*). Bbbbbbbbb ——

KING HAL (*very stern*). Ye swore the man who had the purse should hang!

PETER (*with bowed head*). Ay, sire!

KING HAL. Know ye any reason why ye should not pay the same penalty?

PETER (*very humbly*). Nay, sire!

KING HAL (*with a wink for Towla and the gentlemen*). Then tie him up, men! Take off his badge of office! (*This is the greatest humiliation to Peter. He falls on his knees, with bowed head. He is now well trussed with his own ropes.*)

JOHN GOODMAN. By the law, Peter Gibbs, there is but one thing 'twixt ye and the gallows! (*Peter makes no response. Repeating:*) There's but one thing 'twixt ye and the gallows, Peter Gibbs! 'Tis the mercy of the King!

WILLIE SHARP. Ay, Peter Gibbs! And it's one saying of John Goodman ye'll not be calling foolish! 'Tis only the mercy o' the King can save ye, Peter Gibbs!

KING HAL. Ay, Peter Gibbs, an ye ask it. (*Peter is silent.*)

JOHN GOODMAN. 'Tis a good constable he has been through the years, sire, though o'er hard and loud-tongued many a time. 'Tis humbled and ashamed he is now, and afraid to ask for mercy he would not have given! Would ye list to the askin' of a humble man like myself, sire, askin' mercy for a man he's always been friend to? For 'twould be sad to have a hangin' on a May Day, sire!

WILLIE SHARP. Is it foolishness John Goodman is saying now, Peter Gibbs? Standin' 'twixt ye and the gallows!

KING HAL. Thou art an honest friend, John Goodman! The King gives his mercy — that ye ask! Ye can loose his bonds, John Goodman, and let Peter Gibbs himself thank ye! (*John loosens the bonds, and Peter stands. John clasps his arms around Peter, and Peter puts his around John; and for a moment they show as much love for each other as their manly dignity will allow.*)

KING HAL (*his arm across Peter's shoulder*). Ay, cheer up, Peter, man! King Hal knows ye did not steal the purse! 'Twas all a joke, man, meant to teach ye mercy for men that's caught in wrong! 'Tis well not to hang a man for what ye can't prove he's done! Ye'll remember next time, Peter.

PETER (*humbly*). Ay, sire! (*The King pins Peter's badge on his coat again. The Jester has meantime been hugging his purse*

and playing with it. He now carefully opens it. He brings out the penny and exclaims over it.)

JESTER. Oh, pretty penny! My sweet penny! My treasure! (*Several venders whose wares the Jester has accepted are watching with interest. As he takes out the penny there is a groan of anger and disappointment.*)

RICHARD (*very loud*). Alas! All the gold is gone from the purse! (*There is a craning of necks, and the murmuring is louder.*)

POLLY. He has eaten all my sweets, and not a penny has he paid! (*She weeps.*)

OTHER SWEETMEAT VENDERS. Mine, too! Mine, too! (*They weep.*)

LUCY. He took all my posies, and not a penny did he pay! (*She weeps.*)

OTHER FLOWER GIRLS. Mine, too! Mine, too! (*They weep.*)

KING HAL (*to Jester*). A pretty muddle thou hast made with thy pranks, fool! (*The Jester in his antics now pushes up against the King with a simpering look, his finger on his lip. The King laughs — and forgives him!*)

KING HAL (*coming forward among the weeping villagers*). Peace, maids! 'Twas a joke the fool has played on me! Well he knows the King will always pay for his fun, and methinks he has kept us all well beguiled for this day! Hither, fellows! A purse! (*Two of the King's men come forward with a purse filled with gold pieces. The King opens it and gives a handful to the Jester.*)

KING HAL. Here, pay thy debts, fool! (*The weeping stops suddenly. The Jester pays his debts and is rewarded with much smiling and courtesying. When he has finished the King tosses coins to all those who have not received them from the Jester.*

Then the King with Lucy, and the Jester with Polly, leads off to the Maypole, the men and women, lads and maids in pairs. They dance merrily. Then the King calls his trayne and rides off gayly to the hunt, followed by all the Gypsies and villagers, who go with him "for a piece" up the road. . . . There is nothing left of the Mayfair save the empty stalls and the Maypole, whose ribbands and garlands float unheeded in the wind.)

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. If you were asked to arrange the stage setting for the Mayfair scene, what would you suggest?
2. Of the persons in the play, which part would you prefer to take? Can you give any reason for your preference?
3. Prepare one scene and produce it in class.
4. Have you ever met a person who resembles the pompous Peter Gibbs? Tell your classmates about him.

JULIUS CAESAR

By William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

The tragic story of Julius Caesar, the outstanding figure of Ancient Rome, has been the theme of many a work of prose and poetry. William Shakespeare, the greatest playwright of English literature, took the story of Julius Caesar from Plutarch's *Lives,* and with that as his basis wrote the play which is today ranked as one of his best.

To understand the play fully, one must have a knowledge of its historical background. The play opens with Caesar at the height of his power and glory. He returns victorious from foreign wars, and, according to custom, the citizens of Rome escort him in triumph to the Capitol. So overjoyed are they that Mark Antony deems the day propitious to offer him a kingly crown. But even in the hour of Caesar's greatest triumph forces are at work against him. Cassius has gathered together a band of conspirators, who finally persuade Brutus, a high-minded Roman, to join them, under the belief that the death of Caesar will be for the country's good.

Dramatis Personae [1]

Julius Caesar
Octavius Caesar } *triumvirs after the*
Marcus Antonius } *death of Julius Caesar*
M. Aemilius Lepidus }

Cicero
Publius } *senators*
Popilius Lena }

[1] Persons of the play. Pronounced drăm′-à-tĭs per-sō′-nē.

MARCUS BRUTUS
CASSIUS
CASCA
TREBONIUS
LIGARIUS
DECIUS BRUTUS
METELLUS CIMBER
CINNA
} *conspirators against Julius Caesar*

FLAVIUS AND MARULLUS, *tribunes*
ARTEMIDORUS OF CNIDOS, *a teacher of rhetoric*
A SOOTHSAYER
CINNA, A POET. *Another Poet*

LUCILIUS
TITINIUS
MESSALA
YOUNG CATO
VOLUMNIUS
} *friends to Brutus and Cassius*

VARRO
CLITUS
CLAUDIUS
STRATO
LUCIUS
DARDANIUS
} *servants to Brutus*

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius*
CALPURNIA, *wife to Caesar*
PORTIA, *wife to Brutus*
Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi.*

ACT I

Scene I. *Rome. A street*

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home!
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical,[2] you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign[3]
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesmen's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper[4] men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop today?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

[2] Mechanics, laborers. [3] Working clothes. [4] Handsome.

SEC. COM. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.[5]

MAR. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey?[6] Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication[7] of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAV. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. (*Exeunt all the Commoners.*)
See, whether their basest metal be not moved;

[5] Caesar's fifth and last triumph, to celebrate his victory over Pompey's sons at Munda, Spain.

[6] Pompey the Great (106–48 B.C.), Caesar's greatest rival, treacherously murdered in Egypt after his defeat.

[7] Echo.

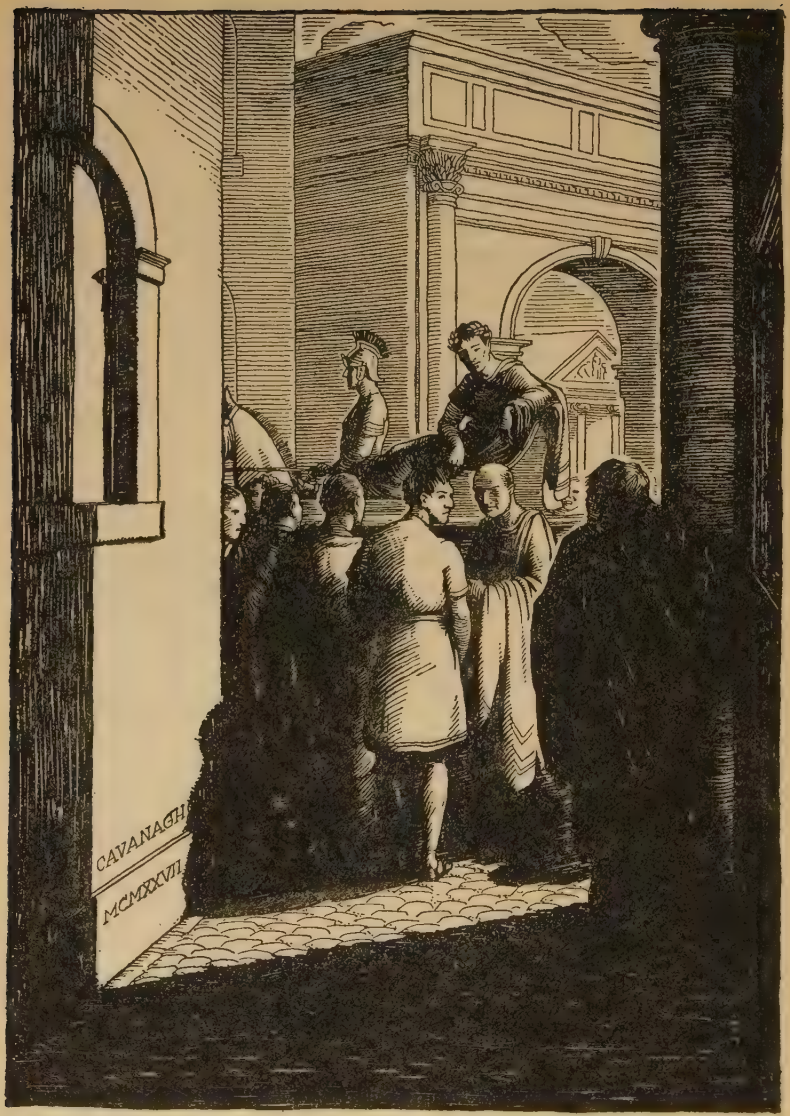
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,[8]
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.[9]
MAR. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.[10]
FLAV. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar[11] from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. *A public place*

Flourish.[12] *Enter Caesar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.*

CAES. Calpurnia!
CASCA. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.
CAES. Calpurnia!
CAL. Here, my lord.
CAES. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
ANT. Caesar, my lord?
CAES. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
ANT. I shall remember:
When Caesar says, " Do this," it is performed.

[8] Statues and busts of Caesar.
[9] Decorations.
[10] Festival in honor of *Lupercus Februus*, god of fertility, held Feb. 15; hence *February*.
[11] Common people.
[12] Stage direction, blare of music.



"BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH"

CAES. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. (*Flourish.*)
SOOTH. Caesar!
CAES. Ha! who calls?
CASCA. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again!
CAES. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Caesar!" Speak! Caesar is turned to hear.
SOOTH. Beware the ides of March.[13]
CAES. What man is that?
BRU. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
CAES. Set him before me; let me see his face.
CAS. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.
CAES. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
SOOTH. Beware the ides of March.
CAES. He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass. (*Sennet.*[14] *Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*)
CAS. Will you go see the order of the course?
BRU. Not I.
CAS. I pray you, do.
BRU. I am not gamesome;[15] I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
CAS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have.
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
BRU. Cassius,
Be not deceived. If I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;

[13] March 15.
[14] Trumpets sounding a march as persons of importance go on or off the stage.
[15] Fond of sports.

But let not therefore my good friends be grieved —
Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.[16]

CAS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRU. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

CAS. 'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Caesar,[17] speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRU. Into what dangers[18] would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

CAS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus;
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale[19] with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard

[16] In this speech Shakespeare clearly indicates the chief note in the character of Brutus, that of reflective thoughtfulness, turned at this point on Caesar's ambitions.

[17] A subtle hint by Cassius to find out how far he might go with Brutus.

[18] This answer encourages Cassius to go on.

[19] To make cheap.

And after scandal them,[20] or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. (*Flourish, and shout.*)
BRU. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Caesar for their king.
CAS. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
BRU. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.
CAS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.[21]
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, " Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? " Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plungéd in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink! "

[20] Slander them. [21] Appearance.

I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake.
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his luster; I did hear him groan.
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper [22] should
So get the start of the majestic world.
And bear the palm alone. (*Shout. Flourish.*)

BRU. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Caesar.

CAS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,[23]
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that " Caesar " ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
" Brutus " will start a spirit as soon as " Caesar."

[22] Temperament.
[23] Belief in astrology was common in Shakespeare's day.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room [24] enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once [25] that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

BRU. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim.
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CAS. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

BRU. The games are done and Caesar is returning.

CAS. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note today.

[24] In Shakespeare's day *Rome* and *room* were pronounced nearly alike.

[25] Lucius Junius Brutus, an ancient Roman patriot, who led the revolt which expelled the last of the Tarquin kings and established the republic. The Marcus Brutus of the play believed himself a descendant.

Reënter Caesar and his Train.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Caes. Antonius!

Ant. Caesar?

Caes. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Caes. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him. (*Sennet. Exeunt Caesar and all his Train, but Casca.*)

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

BRU. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced today,
That Caesar looks so sad.

CASCA. Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRU. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA. Why, there was a crown offered him; and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

BRU. What was the second noise for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

CAS. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

BRU. Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted.

CAS. Who offered him the crown?

CASCA. Why, Antony.

BRU. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it. It was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown — yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets — and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swounded and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CAS. But, soft, I pray you; what, did Caesar swound?

CASCA. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

BRU. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

CAS. No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Caesar fell down. If the ragtag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theater, I am no true man.

BRU. What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRU. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA. Ay.

CAS. Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA. Ay, he spoke Greek.

CAS. To what effect?

CASCA. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again; but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.[26] I could tell you more news too. Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CAS. Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA. No, I am promised forth.

CAS. Will you dine with me tomorrow?

CASCA. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

CAS. Good; I will expect you.

CASCA. Do so. Farewell, both. (*Exit.*)

BRU. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle[27] when he went to school.

CAS. So is he now in execution

[26] Unintelligible. [27] Lively spirit.

Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

BRU. And so it is. For this time I will leave you;
Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CAS. I will do so; till then, think of the world. (*Exit Brutus.*)
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal [28] may be wrought
From that it is disposed; therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard [29] but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now and he [30] were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at;
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.* *The same. A street*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

CIC. Good even, Casca; brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA. Are you not moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

[28] Spirit. *Metal* and *mettle* have the same meaning in Shakespeare.
[29] Does not like me. [30] Probably Brutus.
* This scene should be omitted in a first reading of the play.

Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till tonight, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CIC. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

CASCA. A common slave — you know him well by sight —
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches joined, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides — I ha' not since put up my sword —
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformèd with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons; they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate [31] that they point upon.

CIC. Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?

CASCA. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.

CIC. Good night then, Casca; this disturbèd sky
Is not to walk in.

CASCA. Farewell, Cicero. (*Exit Cicero.*)

Enter Cassius.

[31] Region.

CAS. Who's there?
CASCA. A Roman.
CAS. Casca, by your voice.
CASCA. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?
CAS. A very pleasing night to honest men.
CASCA. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
CAS. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbracéd, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
CASCA. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
CAS. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preforméd [32] faculties
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That Heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,

[32] Preordained.

A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

CAS. Let it be who it is; for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA. Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

CAS. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. (*Thunder still.*)

CASCA. So can I;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

CAS. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this

Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering telltale. Hold, my hand.
Be factious [33] for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CAS. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch; for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favor's [34] like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

CASCA. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CAS. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter Cinna.

Cinna, where haste you so?

CIN. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CAS. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

CIN. I am glad on 't.[35] What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CAS. Am I not stayed for? tell me.

CIN. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party —

CAS. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this

[33] Get up a faction or party. [34] In appearance.
[35] "I am glad that Casca is of our party."

In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you will find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CIN. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CAS. That done, repair to Pompey's theater. (*Exit Cinna.*)
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house. Three parts of him
Is ours already, and the main entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

CASCA. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CAS. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited.[36] Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT II

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus' orchard*[37]

Enter Brutus.

BRU. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

LUC. Called you, my lord?

BRU. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius.
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUC. I will, my lord. (*Exit.*)

[36] Conceived. [37] Garden.

BRU. It must be by his death; and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general.[38] He would be crowned:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — that; —
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the latter turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees[39]
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color[40] for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Reënter Lucius.

LUC. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus sealed up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed. (*Gives him the letter.*)

BRU. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not tomorrow, boy, the ides of March?

LUC. I know not, sir.

BRU. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

[38] Public. [39] Lower rungs of a ladder.
[40] Cannot be made plausible. Brutus admits that he has no reason to oppose Caesar for what he now is, but for what he is likely to become in the near future.

Luc. I will, sir. (*Exit.*)

Bru. The exhalations [41] whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them. (*Opens the letter and reads.*)

" Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake! "
Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
" Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
" Speak, strike, redress! " Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise;
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Reënter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. (*Knocking within.*)

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. (*Exit Lucius.*)

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Reënter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother [42] Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

[41] Meteors; here probably flashes of lightning.

[42] Brother-in-law.

LUC. No, sir, there are moe[43] with him.
BRU. Do you know them?
LUC. No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.[44]
BRU. Let 'em enter. (*Exit Lucius.*)
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For if thou path,[45] thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.[46]

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.

CAS. I think we are too bold upon your rest.
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
BRU. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
CAS. Yes, every man of them, and no man here
But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
BRU. He is welcome hither.
CAS. This, Decius Brutus.
BRU. He is welcome too.
CAS. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
BRU. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
CAS. Shall I entreat a word? (*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*)
DEC. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

[43] More. [44] Feature. [45] Walk. [46] From discovery.

CASCA. No.

CIN. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

BRU. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CAS. And let us swear our resolution.

BRU. No, not an oath! If not the face of men,
The sufferance [47] of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted [48] tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery.[49] But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? [50] and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,[51]
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think [52] that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood

[47] Sufferings. [48] With lofty arrogant looks. [49] By chance.
[50] Say one thing and mean another. [51] Tricky or deceitful.
[52] By thinking.

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from them.

CAS. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA. Let us not leave him out.

CIN. No, by no means.

MET. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

BRU. O, name him not; let us not break with [53] him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

CAS. Then leave him out.

CASCA. Indeed he is not fit.

DEC. Shall no man else be touched but only Caesar?

CAS. Decius, well urged. I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar. We shall find of him [54]
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRU. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy [55] afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

[53] Inform him. [54] In him. [55] Malice.

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

CAS. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar —

BRU. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought [56] and die for Caesar;
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

TREB. There is no fear [57] in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. (*Clock* [58] *strikes.*)

BRU. Peace! count the clock.

CAS. The clock hath stricken three.

TREB. 'Tis time to part.

CAS. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth today, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main [59] opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol today.

DEC. Never fear that. If he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,

[56] Grieve. [57] Nothing to fear.
[58] There were no striking clocks in ancient Rome. [59] Firm.

And bears with glasses [60] elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humor the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CAS. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

BRU. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

CIN. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

MET. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey.
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

BRU. Now, good Metellus, go along by him.
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

CAS. The morning comes upon 's. We'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

BRU. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy: [61]
And so good morrow to you every one. (*Exeunt all but Brutus.*)
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

POR. Brutus, my lord!

BRU. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

POR. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,

[60] Mirrors. [61] Dignified and self-possessed.

You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,[62]
Which sometimes hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRU. I am not well in health, and that is all.

POR. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRU. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

POR. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical [63]
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors [64]
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy [65] and unpurgéd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men tonight

[62] Caprice. [63] Healthful. [64] Moisture. [65] Damp, causing rheumatism.

Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRU. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

POR. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRU. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

POR. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

BRU. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! (*Knocking within.*)
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery[66] of my sad brows;
Leave me with haste. (*Exit Portia.*) Lucius, who's that knocks?

Reënter Lucius with Ligarius.

[66] Lines of thought.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified [67] spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me, then. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene II. *Caesar's house*

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caesar in his nightgown.

Caes. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Caesar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

[67] Dead.

SERV. My lord?

CAES. Go bid the priests do present [68] sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERV. I will, my lord. (*Exit.*)

Enter Calpurnia.

CAL. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house today.

CAES. Caesar shall forth. The things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

CAL. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,[69]
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpéd in the streets;
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CAES. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

CAL. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

CAES. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

[68] Immediate. [69] Took no stock in auguries.

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Reënter Servant.

What say the augurers?

SERV. They would not have you to stir forth today.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

CAES. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home today for fear.
No, Caesar shall not; Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Caesar shall go forth.

CAL. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth today; call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate house;
And he shall say you are not well today:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CAES. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DEC. Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar;
I come to fetch you to the senate house.

CAES. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come today.
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come today. Tell them so, Decius.

CAL. Say he is sick.

CAES. Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,

To be afeared to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.
DEC. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.
CAES. The cause is in my will; I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt tonight she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home today.
DEC. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.[70]
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.
CAES. And this way have you well expounded it.
DEC. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Caesar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love

[70] Badges of honor (from heraldry).

To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

CAES. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashaméd I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUB. Good morrow, Caesar.

CAES. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which has made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

BRU. Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.

CAES. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANT. So to most noble Caesar.

CAES. Bid them prepare within;
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me today.
Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREB. Caesar, I will; (*aside*) and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CAES. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRU. (*Aside.*) That every like is not the same, O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus yearns [71] to think upon! (*Exeunt.*)

[71] Grieves.

Scene III.* *A street near the Capitol*

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. "Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

"Artemidorus."

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.[72]
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. (*Exit.*)

Scene IV.* *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus*

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy,[73] be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

* This scene should be omitted in a first reading of the play.
[72] Jealous rivalry. [73] Self-possession.

LUC. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
POR. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth; and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
LUC. I hear none, madam.
POR. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumor,[74] like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
LUC. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

POR. Come hither, fellow; which way hast thou been?
SOOTH. At mine own house, good lady.
POR. What is 't o'clock?
SOOTH. About the ninth hour, lady.
POR. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?
SOOTH. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
POR. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?
SOOTH. That I have, lady; if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
POR. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
SOOTH. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of Senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. (*Exit.*)
POR. I must go in. Ay, me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint.

[74] Noise.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry. Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. (*Exeunt severally.*)

ACT III

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above*

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

CAES. (*To the Soothsayer*). The ides of March are come.
SOOTH. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.
ART. Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.
DEC. Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,
At your leisure, this his humble suit.
ART. O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.
CAES. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
ART. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.
CAES. What, is the fellow mad?
PUB. Sirrah, give place.
CAS. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Caesar goes up to the Senate House, the rest following.

POP. I wish your enterprise today may thrive.
CAS. What enterprise, Popilius?
POP. Fare you well. (*Advances to Caesar.*)
BRU. What said Popilius Lena?
CAS. He wished today our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
BRU. Look, how he makes to Caesar; mark him.
CAS. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

BRU. Cassius, be constant;
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

CAS. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way. (*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*)

DEC. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer [75] his suit to Caesar.

BRU. He is addressed; [76] press near and second him.

CIN. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAES. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

MET. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart — (*Kneeling.*)

CAES. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond [77]
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishéd;
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

MET. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing [78] of my banished brother?

BRU. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

[75] Offer at once. [76] Ready. [77] Foolish. [78] Recalling.

CAES. What, Brutus!
CAS. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon!
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
CAES. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion; and that I am he,[79]
Let me a little show it, even in this:
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
CIN. O Caesar —
CAES. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?
DEC. Great Caesar —
CAES. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
CASCA. Speak, hands, for me! (*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Caesar.*)
CAES. *Et tu, Brute!* Then fall, Caesar! (*Dies.*)
CIN. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
CAS. Some to the common pulpits,[80] and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"
BRU. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.
CASCA. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
DEC. And Cassius too.
BRU. Where's Publius?

[79] This arrogant speech is not in accordance with Caesar's real character.
[80] Elevated speaking-places in the forum.

CIN. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
MET. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance —
BRU. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.
CAS. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
BRU. Do so: and let no man abide [81] this deed,
But we the doers.

Reënter Trebonius.

CAS. Where is Antony?
TRE. Fled to his house amazed.
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
BRU. Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.[82]
CAS. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
BRU. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom and liberty!"
CAS. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
BRU. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
CAS. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

[81] Be responsible for. [82] Bother about.

DEC. What, shall we forth?

CAS. Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

BRU. Soft! who come here? A friend of Antony's.

SERV. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;
Say I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say I feared Caesar, honored him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved [83]
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRU. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

SERV. I'll fetch him presently. (*Exit.*)

BRU. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CAS. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving [84] still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

BRU. But here comes Antony.

Reënter Antony.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANT. O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?

[83] Informed. [84] My suspicions usually turn into certainties.

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank; [85]
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live [86] a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt [87] to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRU. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome —
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity —
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CAS. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRU. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANT. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:

[85] Too full of blood. [86] If I live. [87] Ready.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all — alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit [88] me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer [89] than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed,[90] brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.[91]
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

CAS. Mark Antony —

ANT. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

CAS. I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANT. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Caesar.

[88] Think of.
[89] More deeply.
[90] Brought to bay.
[91] Violent death.

Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.
BRU. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.
ANT. That's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order [92] of his funeral.
BRU. You shall,[93] Mark Antony.
CAS. Brutus, a word with you.
(*Aside to Bru.*) You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
BRU. By your pardon.
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
CAS. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
BRU. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

[92] Ceremony.
[93] Giving Antony permission to speak was Brutus' second mistake in policy. The first was when he opposed his death. Cassius was much the shrewder politician.

ANT. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

BRU. Prepare the body then, and follow us. (*Exeunt all but Antony.*)

ANT. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers! [94]
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy —
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate [95] by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," [96] and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

SERV. I do, Mark Antony.

ANT. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

SERV. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth —
O Caesar! — (*Seeing the body.*)

ANT. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

[94] Antony's soliloquy reveals his real state of mind and gives a clue to what is to follow.

[95] Goddess of revenge. [96] A command that no quarter was to be given.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

SERV. He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

ANT. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place. There shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. (*Exeunt with Caesar's body.*)

SCENE II.[97] *The Forum*

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

CITIZENS. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRU. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

FIRST CIT. I will hear Brutus speak.

SEC. CIT. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered. (*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*)

THIRD CIT. The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

BRU. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers![98] hear me for my cause, and

[97] This scene is the most dramatic in the play. Its effectiveness depends upon the acting of the mob as well as the rendering of the speeches.

[98] An intensive term for friends.

be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure [99] me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL. None, Brutus, none.

BRU. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question [100] of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

ALL. Live, Brutus! live, live!

FIRST CIT. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SEC. CIT. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD CIT. Let him be Caesar.

FOURTH CIT. Caesar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

[99] Judge. [100] Reason.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamors.
Bru. My countrymen —
Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
First Cit. Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. (*Exit.*)
First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. (*Goes into the pulpit.*)
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Caesar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans —
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!
I come to bury [101] Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —
For Brutus is an honorable man;

[101] The Romans burned their dead.

So are they all, all honorable men —
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

FIRST CIT. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

SEC. CIT. If thou consider rightly in the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

THIRD CIT. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH CIT. Marked ye his words? He would not take his crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST CIT. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

SEC. CIT. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD CIT. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH CIT. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANT. But yesterday the word of Caesar might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds
And dip their napkins [102] in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

FOURTH CIT. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

ALL. The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

ANT. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

FOURTH CIT. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANT. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.

FOURTH CIT. They were traitors; honorable men!

ALL. The will! the testament!

SEC. CIT. They were villains, murderers.

[102] Handkerchiefs.

The will! read the will.

ANT. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

SEVERAL CIT. Come down.

SEC. CIT. Descend.

THIRD CIT. You shall have leave. (*Antony comes down.*)

FOURTH CIT. A ring; stand round.

FIRST CIT. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

SEC. CIT. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

ANT. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

SEVERAL CIT. Stand back; room; bear back!

ANT. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on.
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii,[103]
Look, in this space ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish over us.

[103] A telling reference to Caesar's most famous victory.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint [104] of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

FIRST CIT. O piteous spectacle!

SEC. CIT. O noble Caesar!

THIRD CIT. O woeful day!

FOURTH CIT. O traitors, villains!

FIRST CIT. O most bloody sight!

SEC. CIT. We will be revenged.

ALL. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!
Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

ANT. Stay, countrymen.

FIRST CIT. Peace there, hear the noble Antony.

SEC. CIT. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

ANT. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him;
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, not utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

[104] Effect.

ALL. We'll mutiny.
FIRST CIT. We'll burn the house of Brutus.
THIRD CIT. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.
ANT. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
ALL. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!
ANT. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.
ALL. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.
ANT. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.[105]
SEC. CIT. Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.
THIRD CIT. O royal Caesar!
ANT. Hear me with patience.
ALL. Peace, ho!
ANT. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?
FIRST CIT. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
SEC. CIT. Go fetch fire.
THIRD CIT. Pluck down benches.
FOURTH CIT. Pluck down forms,[106] windows, any thing. (*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*)
ANT. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How, now, fellow!
SERV. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

[105] About fifteen dollars. [106] Benches.

ANT. Where is he?

SERV. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANT. And thither will I straight to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

SERV. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANT. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.* *A street*

Enter Cinna the poet.

CIN. I dreamt tonight [107] that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

FIRST CIT. What is your name?

SEC. CIT. Whither are you going?

THIRD CIT. Where do you dwell?

FOURTH CIT. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SEC. CIT. Answer every man directly.

FIRST CIT. Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH CIT. Ay, and wisely.

THIRD CIT. Ay, and truly, you were best.

CIN. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

SEC. CIT. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry. You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed: directly.

CIN. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST CIT. As a friend or an enemy?

CIN. As a friend.

* This scene should be omitted in a first reading of the play.

[107] He means last night.

SEC. CIT. That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH CIT. For your dwelling — briefly.

CIN. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD CIT. Your name, sir, truly.

CIN. Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST CIT. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

CIN. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

FOURTH CIT. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

CIN. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH CIT. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

THIRD CIT. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away, go! (*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A house in Rome*

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

ANT. These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

OCT. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

LEP. I do consent —

OCT. Prick him down, Antony.

LEP. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANT. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEP. What, shall I find you here?

OCT. Or here, or at the Capitol.

ANT. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,

The threefold world [108] divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCT. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be pricked to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

ANT. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

OCT. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANT. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and trained and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects,[109] orts and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property.[110] And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers; we must straight make head;
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretched;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

OCT. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,

[108] Europe, Asia, and Africa.
[109] Cast-off things, fragments, and imitations.
[110] Stage property.

And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus' tent*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change,[111] or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius:
How he received you, let me be resolved.
Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,[112]
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcéd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,[113]
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

[111] Change in disposition. [112] Proofs. [113] Hard to hold back.

LUCIL. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.
BRU. Hark! he is arrived. (*Low march within.*)
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

CAS. Stand, ho!
BRU. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
FIRST SOL. Stand!
SEC. SOL. Stand!
THIRD SOL. Stand!
CAS. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
BRU. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
CAS. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them —
BRU. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly; I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
CAS. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
BRU. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.[114] *Brutus' tent*

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

CAS. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella

[114] This is one of the most famous scenes in Shakespeare.

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRU. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CAS. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice[115] offence should bear his comment.

BRU. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CAS. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRU. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CAS. Chastisement!

BRU. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspéd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

CAS. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRU. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CAS. I am.

BRU. I say you are not.

CAS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health,[116] tempt me no farther.

[115] Trifling. [116] Safety.

BRU. Away, slight man!
CAS. Is 't possible!
BRU. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
CAS. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
BRU. All this! ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe [117] you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
CAS. Is it come to this?
BRU. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
CAS. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?
BRU. If you did, I care not.
CAS. When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
BRU. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
CAS. I durst not!
BRU. No.
CAS. What, durst not tempt him!
BRU. For your life you durst not.
CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
BRU. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,

[117] Must I be subservient to you?

Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.[118] I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters [119] from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!

CAS. I denied you not.

BRU. You did.

CAS. I did not. He was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRU. I do not, till you practice them on me.

CAS. You love me not.

BRU. I do not like your faults.

CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRU. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

CAS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold.

[118] Crookedness.

[119] Here *rascal counters* means worthless money.

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRU. Sheathe your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

CAS. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

BRU. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

CAS. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRU. And my heart too.

CAS. O Brutus!

BRU. What's the matter?

CAS. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor [120] which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

BRU. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

POET. (*Within*) Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

LUCIL. (*Within*) You shall not come to them.

POET. (*Within*) Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

CAS. How now! what's the matter?

POET. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

[120] Quick temper.

CAS. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
BRU. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
CAS. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
BRU. I'll know his humor, when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion,[121] hence!
CAS. Away, away, be gone! (*Exit Poet.*)
BRU. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.
CAS. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. (*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*)
BRU. Lucius, a bowl of wine! (*Exit Lucius.*)
CAS. I did not think you could have been so angry.
BRU. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
CAS. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
BRU. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.
CAS. Ha! Portia!
BRU. She is dead.
CAS. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?
BRU. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong, — for with her death
That tidings came, — with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.
CAS. And died so?
BRU. Even so.
CAS. O ye immortal gods!

Reënter Lucius, with wine and taper.

BRU. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
CAS. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[121] Fellow.

BRU. Come in, Titinius! (*Exit Lucius.*)

Reënter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
CAS. Portia, art thou gone?
BRU. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here receivéd letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us in a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
MES. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.
BRU. With what addition?
MES. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
BRU. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
CAS. Cicero one!
MES. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
BRU. No, Messala.
MES. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
BRU. Nothing, Messala.
MES. That, methinks, is strange.
BRU. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
MES. No, my lord.
BRU. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
MES. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
BRU. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
MES. Even so great men great losses should endure.
CAS. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRU. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
CAS. I do not think it good.
BRU. Your reason?
CAS. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us.
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.
BRU. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
CAS. Hear me, good brother.
BRU. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brimful, our cause is ripe.
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
CAS. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
BRU. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard [122] with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

[122] Indulge sparingly.

CAS. No more. Good night.
Early tomorrow will we rise, and hence.
BRU. Lucius! (*Enter Lucius.*) My gown.
(*Exit Lucius.*) Farewell, good Messala;
Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
CAS. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
BRU. Every thing is well.
CAS. Good night, my lord.
BRU. Good night, good brother.
TIT. MES. Good night, Lord Brutus.
BRU. Farewell, every one. (*Exeunt all but Brutus.*)

Reënter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
LUC. Here in the tent.
BRU. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave [123] I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
LUC. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

VAR. Calls my lord?
BRU. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
VAR. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
BRU. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. (*Var. and Clau. lie down.*)

[123] Boy.

LUC. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
BRU. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
LUC. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
BRU. It does, my boy.
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
LUC. It is my duty, sir.
BRU. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
LUC. I have slept, my lord, already.
BRU. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. (*Music, and a song.*)
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this taper [124] burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare? [125]
Speak to me what thou art,
GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
BRU. Why comest thou?
GHOST. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
BRU. Well; then I shall see thee again?

[124] In Shakespeare's day lights were supposed to grow dim with the approach of a ghost.
[125] Stand on end.

GHOST. Ay, at Philippi.

BRU. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. (*Exit Ghost.*)
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

LUC. The strings, my lord, are false.

BRU. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

LUC. My lord?

BRU. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou criedst out?

LUC. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRU. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

LUC. Nothing, my lord.

BRU. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! (*To Var.*)
Fellow thou, awake!

VAR. My lord?

CLAU. My lord?

BRU. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

VAR. CLAU. Did we, my lord?

BRU. Ay. Saw you any thing?

VAR. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAU. Nor I, my lord.

BRU. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

VAR. CLAU. It shall be done, my lord. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT V

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi*

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

OCT. Now, Antony, our hopes are answeréd.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;

It proves not so: their battles [126] are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

ANT. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it. They could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful [127] bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Prepare you, generals.
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

ANT. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCT. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

ANT. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

OCT. I do not cross you; but I will do so.[128] (*March.*)

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

BRU. They stand, and would have parley.

CAS. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.

OCT. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANT. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

OCT. Stir not until the signal.

BRU. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

OCT. Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRU. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANT. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying "Long live! hail, Caesar!"

CAS. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

[126] Battle lines. [127] Cowardly.
[128] Will do as I said. This gives an excellent touch of the character of Octavius.

But for your words, they rob the Hybla [129] bees,
And leave them honeyless.

ANT. Not stingless too.

BRU. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANT. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar.
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damnéd Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CAS. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so today,
If Cassius might have ruled.

OCT. Come, come, the cause! If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look!
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRU. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCT. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRU. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

CAS. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Joined with a masker and a reveler!

ANT. Old Cassius still!

OCT. Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight today, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.[130] (*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*)

[129] A town in Sicily noted for its bees. [130] Courage.

CAS. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!
The storm is up and all is on the hazard.
BRU. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
LUCIL. (*Standing forth*) My lord?
(*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*)
CAS. Messala!
MES. (*Standing forth*) What says my general?
CAS. Messala.
This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus [131] strong
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former [132] ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us.
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
MES. Believe not so.
CAS. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolve
To meet all perils very constantly.[133]
BRU. Even so, Lucilius.
CAS. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods today stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,

[131] A Greek philosopher who held that pleasure was the chief end in life. Brutus was a Stoic and believed that self-denial was the supreme virtue.
[132] Foremost. [133] Firmly.

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do?

BRU. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might befall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

CAS. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?

BRU. No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

CAS. Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRU. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle. Alarum*

Enter Brutus and Messala.

BRU. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills [134]
Unto the legions on the other side. (*Loud alarum.*)

[134] Dispatches.

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene III. *Another part of the field*

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy: [135]
This ensign [136] here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly. His soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord;
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. (*Exit.*)
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field. (*Pindarus ascends the hill.*)
This day I breathéd first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;

[135] The flag-bearer referred to in the following line.
[136] Flag-bearer and flag.

My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

PIN. (*Above*) O my lord!

CAS. What news?

PIN. (*Above*) Titinius is encloséd round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. (*Shout.*) And hark! they shout for joy.

CAS. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. (*Pindarus stabs him.*) Caesar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. (*Dies.*)

PIN. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. (*Exit.*)

Reënter Titinius with Messala.

MES. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by the noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TIT. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MES. Where did you leave him?

TIT. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
MES. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
TIT. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
MES. Is not that he?
TIT. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
MES. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!
TIT. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
MES. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
TIT. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. (*Exit Messala.*)
Why dost thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods! — this is a Roman's part.
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. (*Kills himself.*)

Alarum. Reënter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

BRU. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
MES. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
BRU. Titinius' face is upward.
CATO. He is slain.
BRU. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. (*Low alarums.*)
CATO. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crowned dead Cassius!
BRU. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.[137] (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field*

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

BRU. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
CATO. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[137] The second fight actually took place twenty days later, but for dramatic purposes Shakespeare combined them.

BRU. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! (*Exit.*)
LUCIL. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.
FIRST SOL. Yield, or thou diest.
LUCIL. Only[138] I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight; (*Offering money.*)
Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.
FIRST SOL. We must not. A noble prisoner!
SEC. SOL. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
FIRST SOL. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
ANT. Where is he?
LUCIL. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
ANT. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness; I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced.[139]

SCENE V. *Another part of the field*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

BRU. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
CLI. Statilius showed the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.

[138] I yield only to die.

[139] Has turned out.

BRU. Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. (*Whispers.*)
CLI. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
BRU. Peace then! No words.
CLI. I'll rather kill myself.
BRU. Hark thee, Dardanius. (*Whispers.*)
DAR. Shall I do such a deed?
CLI. O Dardanius!
DAR. O Clitus!
CLI. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
DAR. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
CLI. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
BRU. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
VOL. What says my lord?
BRU. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.
VOL. Not so, my lord.
BRU. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit. (*Low alarums.*)
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
VOL. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. (*Alarum still.*)
CLI. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
BRU. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended its life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labored to attain this hour. (*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!")

CLI. Fly, my lord, fly.

BRU. Hence! I will follow. (*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*)
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect; [140]
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRA. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

BRU. Farewell, good Strato. (*Runs on his sword.*)
Caesar, now be still;
I killed not thee with half so good a will. (*Dies.*)

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

OCT. What man is that?

MES. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

STRA. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

LUCIL. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

OCT. All that served Brutus, I will entertain [141] them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRA. Ay, if Messala will prefer [142] me to you.

OCT. Do so, good Messala.

MES. How died my master, Strato?

STRA. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

MES. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

[140] Reputation. [141] Receive. [142] Recommend.

ANT. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

OCT. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part [143] the glories of this happy day. (*Exeunt.*)

MASTERY TEST

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
   a. The real hero of the play is (Julius Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Antony).
   b. Cassius was (envious, patriotic, noble).
   c. The wiser and more practical of the two was (Brutus, Cassius).
   d. Antony (was led on by selfish motives, really loved Caesar, hated Brutus).
   e. Brutus was (patriotic, selfish, cowardly).
   f. Caesar was Brutus' (enemy, opponent, friend).

2. Write on a piece of paper the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences. Do not write in the book.
   a. Caesar was assassinated on the —— —— ——.
   b. The leaders of the conspiracy were —— and ——.
   c. Caesar's fatal ambition was —— —— ——.
   d. I come to bury Caesar, not —— —— ——.
   e. Portia was the wife of —— and the daughter of ——.
   f. The second triumvirate was composed of ——, ——, and ——.
   g. "Oh what a fall was there, —— ——!"

3. Name the speaker of each quotation.
   a. "*Et tu, Brute!* Then fall Caesar."
   b. "Oh mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?"
   c. "O pardon me thou bleeding piece of earth,
      That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!"

[143] Divide.

d. "Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more."
e. "For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men."
f. "This was the noblest Roman of them all."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

ACT I

1. What is the purpose of the first scene?
2. In what light do we first see Caesar?
3. What sides of Cassius' and Brutus' characters are brought forth in their dialogue?
4. Does Cassius seem sincere? Give reasons.
5. What impression do you get of Casca from his description of what occurred at the games?
6. Why does Cassius desire Brutus to join his conspiracy?
7. How far has the plot of the play been advanced by Act I? Who are the important characters and what is your impression of each?

ACT II

1. What feelings does Brutus have for Caesar?
2. Why does Cassius give way to Brutus on so many important points? Which is the more practical man? Why do you think so?
3. How is Portia's character brought out in Scene I?
4. What indication of weakness do we see in Caesar?

ACT III

1. What impression do we get of Caesar from Caesar's speech to Artemidorus? From his later speeches?
2. What effect is produced on the city by Caesar's death?
3. What great error does Brutus make? Does his act further bring out his character?
4. What estimate do we get of Antony? What shows his cleverness? How are we shown his true love for his dead master?
5. Discuss the scene in the Forum. What can you say of Brutus' speech?
6. How does Antony's speech show his character? In what light do we see the Roman people? What effect does his speech have on you? Is this the climax of the play? Why?

ACT IV

1. What side of Antony's character is brought out in the first scene? What can you say of Octavius?
2. What does Brutus' quarrel with Cassius show?

3. What noble side of Cassius' character is brought out here?
4. Is the tragedy foreshadowed?
5. What is the purpose of the ghost scene?

ACT V

1. What mistake does Cassius make?
2. Describe the last moments of Brutus. What eulogy does Antony deliver over Brutus?

THE WHOLE PLAY

1. Who is the real hero of the play? Why is the play named "Julius Caesar"? Is it well named? What title would you suggest?
2. Contrast Brutus' character with that of Cassius and of Antony.
3. What defect is found in the character of Brutus? In what respect was Cassius superior?
4. What was Brutus' chief quality as a man? In what instance does he exhibit it?
5. Does the spirit of Caesar remain after Act III? In what way?
6. Do the women of this play exercise any influence?
7. "Of all Shakespeare's works, none has greater purity of verse." Memorize one speech at least.
8. Why is Brutus' speech given in the Forum in prose and Antony's in poetry? The dramatist had good reason for this contrast.
9. Brutus acted on the belief that the death of Caesar would be for the country's good. Is that a justifiable reason for murder? Did the murder of Caesar insure the continuance of the Republic?

HOME READING

Barrie, James M.	*The Old Lady Shows her Medals*
Bryce, C. T.	*Charm*
Butler, Mildred A.	*Literature Dramatized*
Carlton, Mabel M.	*Spirit of Independence (A Patriotic Pageant)*
Cohen, Helen Louise	*Junior Play Book*
	One Act Plays by Modern Authors
Cuddy, Lucy	*Thanksgiving in Plymouth*
Dix, Beulah M.	*Allison's Lad and Other Martial Interludes*
Dunsany, Lord	*Golden Doom and the Evil Kettle*
Golden, John	*Three John Golden Plays*
Jagendorf, M. A.	*Fairyland and Footlights*
Krohn, Josephine Elliott	*Old King Cole and Other Mediaeval Plays*

Lord, Katherine	*Plays for School and Camp*
Mackay, Constance D'Arcy	*America Triumphant*
	Silver Thread and Other Folk Plays
	Patriotic Plays and Pageants
Meigs, Cornelia	*Steadfast Princess*
Merrill's English Texts	*Short Plays of Various Types*
Moses, Montrose J.	*Treasury of Plays for Children*
Noyes, Alfred	*Robin Hood and the Three Kings*
Schafer, Barbara L.	*A Book of One Act Plays*
Smith, Evelyn	*Form-Room Plays* (*Senior Book*)
Stevenson, Augusta	*Plays of the Home*
	Puppett Princess
Thomas, Charles S.	*Atlantic Book of Junior Plays*
Walker, Stuart	*Nevertheless and Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil*
Webber and Webster	*Short Plays for Junior and Senior High School*
Wright, Harriet S.	*New Plays from Old Tales*
Yeats, William Butler	*A Pot of Broth and Other Plays*

BIBLIOGRAPHY *

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO SEVENTH AND EIGHTH YEAR PUPILS

TALES OF PIRATES

Kempton, Kenneth Payson	*Phantom Gold*
Lesterman, John	*Adventures of a Trafalgar Lad*
Paine, Ralph D.	*Blackbeard, Buccaneer*
Pease, Howard	*Tattooed Man*
Sabatini, Rafael	*Captain Blood*
Smith, Arthur H.	*Porto-Bello Gold*
Stevenson, Robert Louis	*Kidnapped*
Stockton, Frank R.	*Buccaneers of Our Coast*

BY-GONE DAYS

Bennett, John	*Master Skylark*
Buchan, John	*Path of the King*
Chambers, Robert W.	*Cardigan*
Dix, Beulah Marie	*Little Captive Lad*
	Merrylips
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan	*White Company*
Haggard, H. Rider	*Allan Quartermain*
Knapp, Adeline E.	*Boy and the Baron*
Knipe, E. A. and A. A.	*Diantha's Quest*
Marshall, Bernard	*Cedric, the Forester*
Masefield, John	*Jim Davis*
	Martin Hdye, the Duke's Messenger
Pulsiford, Henry A.	*Old Brig's Cargo*
Pyle, Howard	*Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*
Skinner, Constance	*White Leader*
Stevenson, Robert Louis	*Black Arrow*
Sublette, C. M.	*Scarlet Cockerel*
Tomlinson, E. T.	*Princeton Boy Under the King*
Twain, Mark	*Prince and the Pauper*
White, Edward Lucas	*Andivius Hedulio*
Whitehead, A. C.	*Standard Bearer*

GIRL LIFE

Adams, Katherine	*Toto and the Gift*
Alcott, Louisa M.	*Old-Fashioned Girl*
Brown, Alice	*Secret of the Clan*
Brown, Helen	*College Girls*

* Briefer lists for home reading will be found throughout the book.

Clarke, Rebecca	*Doctor's Daughter*
Forbes, Helen Cady	*Mary and Marcia, Partners*
Garland, Hamlin	*Daughter of the Middle Border*
Gates, Eleanor	*Biography of a Prairie Girl*
Jewett, Sara Orne	*Betty Leicester*
Lee, M. C.	*Quaker Girl of Nantucket*
Nash, Harriet A.	*Polly's secret*
Price, Edith B.	*John and Susanne*
Seaman, Augusta H.	*Boarded-Up House*
Skinner, Constance Lindsay	*Becky Landers, Frontier Scout*
Webster, Jean	*Daddy-Long-Legs*
	Dear Enemy
Wiggin, Kate Douglas	*Polly Oliver's Problem*
	Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

PIONEER LIFE

Austin, Mrs. J. G.	*Standish of Standish*
Baillie, W. A.	*Camps in the Rockies*
Connor, Ralph (C. W. Gordon)	*Man from Glengarry*
Cooper, James Fenimore	*Last of the Mohicans*
Custer, Elizabeth B.	*Boots and Saddles*
Garland, Hamlin	*Son of the Middle Border*
Grey, Zane	*Riders of the Purple Sage*
Hough, Emerson	*Covered Wagon*
	54–40 or Fight
Roosevelt, Theodore	*Ranch Life and Hunting Trail*
Schultz, James W.	*Bird Woman*
Stewart, Elinore P.	*Letters of a Woman Homesteader*
Train, Mark	*Roughing It*
White, Stewart Edward	*Blazed Trail*
	Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout

BOY LIFE

Boyesen, Hjalmar	*Against Heavy Odds*
Buchan, John	*Hunting Tower*
Crump, Irving	*Og, Boy of Battle*
Davis, Richard Harding	*Stories for Boys*
Hughes, Thomas	*Tom Brown's School Days*
Kipling, Rudyard	*Kim*
Mukerji, Dhan Gopal	*Hari, the Jungle Lad*
Page, Thomas Nelson	*Two Little Confederates*
Stockton, Frank R.	*A Jolly Fellowship*
White, Stewart Edward	*Simba*

HISTORICAL NOVELS

Bennett, John	*Master Skylark*
Blackmore, R. D.	*Lorna Doone*
Boyd, Joseph	*Drums*
Chambers, Robert W.	*Little Red Foot*

Dickens, Charles	*Barnaby Rudge*
	Tale of Two Cities
Doyle, Arthur Conan	*Exploits of Brigadier Gerard*
Dumas, Alexandre	*Three Musketeers*
	Twenty Years After
Ford, Paul Leicester	*Janice Meredith*
Gras, Felix	*Reds of the Midi*
Hugo, Victor	*Notre Dame de Paris*
Johnston, Mary	*To Have and to Hold*
Kingsley, Charles	*Westward Ho!*
Mitchell, S. Weir	*Adventures of François*
	Hugh Wynne
Quick, Herbert	*Vandemark's Folly*
Runkle, Bertha	*Helmet of Navarre*
Sienkiewicz, Hendryk	*With Fire and Sword*
Singmaster, Elsie	*Emmeline*
Smith, F. Hopkinson	*Kennedy Square*
Snedeker, C. D.	*Spartan*
Stevenson, Robert Louis	*Black Arrow*
	David Balfour
Thompson, Maurice	*Alice of Old Vincennes*
Weymann, Stanley	*Gentleman of France*

BOOKS OF SENTIMENT

Abbott, Eleanor Hallowell	*Molly Make-Believe*
Allen, James Lane	*Kentucky Cardinal*
Bacheller, Irving	*Man for the Ages*
	Dri and I
Bailey, Temple	*Trumpeter Swan*
Barr, Amelia E.	*Bow of Orange Ribbon*
	Trinity Bells
Barrie, James M.	*Little Minister*
Brontë, Charlotte	*Jane Eyre*
Brush, C. P.	*Colonel's Opera Cloak*
Byrne, Donn.	*Messer Marco Polo*
Catherwood, Mary	*Romance of Dollard*
Davis, Richard Harding	*Princess Aline*
Deland, Margaret	*Iron Woman*
	Old Chester Tales
Eliot, George	*Mill on the Floss*
Farnol, Jeffery	*Amateur Gentleman*
	Broad Highway
Fisher, Dorothy Canfield	*Bent Twig*
Ford, Paul Leicester	*Janice Meredith*
Forman, H. J.	*Man Who Lived in a Shoe*
Fox, John Jr.	*Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*
Frederic, Harold	*In the Valley*
Gale, Zona	*Neighbors*
Gaskell, Mrs.	*Cranford*

Harrison, Henry Sydnor	*Queed*
Hope, Anthony	*Prisoner of Zenda*
Jackson, Helen Hunt	*Ramona*
Johnston, Mary	*Prisoners of Hope*
	1492
Kyne, Peter B.	*Cappy Ricks*
Lincoln, Joseph C.	*Galusha the Magnificent*
Martin, Helen R.	*Tillie, a Mennonite Maid*
Mason, A. W.	*Four Feathers*
Montgomery, L. M.	*Anne of Green Gables*
Morley, Christopher	*Kathleen*
Norris, Kathleen	*Mother*
Orczy, E. (Baroness)	*Scarlet Pimpernel*
Page, Thomas Nelson	*Red Rock*
Reade, Charles	*Cloister and the Hearth*
Rice, Alice Hegan	*Lovey Mary*
Richmond, Grace	*Strawberry Acres*
Sabatini, Rafael	*Scaramouche*
Tarkington, Booth	*Monsieur Beaucaire*
Wilson, Harry Leon	*Merton of the Movies*
Wister, Owen	*Virginian*

TRAVEL BOOKS — "THE WANDERLUST SHELF"

Beebe, William	*Jungle Peace*
Bishop, Farnham	*Panama, Past and Present*
Boni and Liveright (publishers)	*These United States*
Branch, Douglas	*Cowboy and His Interpreters*
Buchan, John	*Last Secrets*
Dana, Richard Henry	*Two Years Before the Mast*
Dodge, Mary Mapes	*Land of Pluck*
Du Chaillu, Paul	*Country of the Dwarfs*
	In African Forest and Jungle
	Land of the Long Night
	Lost in the Jungle
Franck, Harry A.	*Working My Way Around the World*
Hall, Jennie	*Buried Cities*
Hartley, George Inness	*Boy Hunters of Demerara*
Grey, Zane	*Roping Lions in the Grand Canyon*
Lavarre, William	*Up the Mazaruni for Diamonds*
Loring, J. A.	*African Adventure Stories*
Lummis, Charles F.	*Some Strange Corners of our Country*
Marr, J. W. S.	*Into the Frozen South*
Mitton, G. E.	*Book of London for Young People*
Parkman, Francis	*Oregon Trail*
Putnam, David Binney	*David Goes Voyaging*
	David Goes to Greenland
Rawson, Kenneth Langley	*Boy's-Eye View of the Arctic*
Roosevelt, Kermit	*Happy Hunting Grounds*
Roosevelt, Theodore	*Ranch Life and Hunting Trail*
Sedgwick, Anne D.	*Childhood in Brittany*

Shackleton, Sir Ernest	*South*
Slocum, Capt. Joshua	*Sailing Alone Around the World*
	Around the World in the Good Sloop Spray
Stanley, Henry M.	*How I Found Livingstone*
	My Black Companions; Their Strange Stories
Starr, Frederick	*Strange Peoples*
Stuck, Hudson	*Ten Thousand Miles in a Dog Sled*
Tomlinson, E. T.	*Places Young Americans Want to Know*
Tomlinson, H.	*Sea and the Jungle*
Turley, Charles	*Voyages of Captain Scott*
Twain, Mark	*Roughing It*
	Tramp Abroad
Wallace, Dillon	*Lure of the Labrador Wild*
White, Stewart Edward	*Forest*
Williams, Archibald	*Romance of Early Exploration*
	Romance of Modern Exploration

HALF A HUNDRED SEA YARNS

Borup, George	*Tenderfoot with Peary*
Bullen, Frank T.	*Cruise of the Cachalot*
Connelly, James B.	*Out of Gloucester*
Cooper, James Fenimore	*Pilot*
	Wing and Wing
Dana, Richard Henry	*Two Years Before the Mast*
Defoe, Daniel	*Robinson Crusoe*
Drysdale, W.	*Beach Patrol*
Duncan, Norman	*Adventures of Billy Topsail*
	Billy Topsail, M.D.
French, Joseph Lewis	*Great Sea Stories*
Frothingham, J. P.	*Sea-wolves of Seven Shores*
Grenfell, Dr. Wilfred T.	*Adrift on an Ice Pan*
Hawes, Charles Boardman	*Mutineers*
Hopkins, John	*She Blows! and Sparm at That!*
Hugo, Victor	*Toilers of the Sea*
Janvier, Thomas A.	*In the Sargasso Sea*
Kipling, Rudyard	*Captains Courageous*
	Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Scoutmasters
	Seven Seas
London, Jack	*Cruise of the Snark*
	Sea Wolf
	Tales of the Fish Patrol
Marryat, Capt. Frederick	*Masterman Ready*
	Mr. Midshipman Easy
Masefield, John	*Jim Davis*
Melville, Herman	*Moby Dick*
	Typee

Monroe, Kirk	*Dorymates*
Paine, Ralph D.	*Call of the Offshore Wind*
	Lost Ships and Lonely Seas
	Privateers of Our Coast
Pearson, E. L.	*Voyage of the Hoppergrass*
Pyle, Howard	*Jack Ballister's Fortunes*
Riesenberg, Felix	*Under Sail*
Robertson, Morgan	*Spun Yarn Sea Stories*
Russell, W. Clark	*Wreck of the Grosvenor*
Sabatini, Rafael	*Sea Hawk*
Scott, Michael	*Tom Cringle's Log*
Seawell, M. E.	*Little Jarvis*
	Paul Jones
	Rock of the Lion

Sea Stories Retold from "St. Nicholas"

Slocum, Joshua	*Sailing Alone Around the World*
Stevenson, Robert Louis	*Treasure Island*
Stockton, Frank R.	*Buccaneers and Pirates of our Coast*
Tomlinson, P. G.	*To the Land of the Caribou*
Turley, C.	*Voyages of Captain Scott*
Verne, Jules	*Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*
Wyss, J. D.	*Swiss Family Robinson*

GATEWAYS TO THE WONDERLAND OF SCIENCE

Bolton, Sarah K.	*Famous Men of Science*
Bond, A. Russell	*On the Battle Front of Engineering*
	Pick, Shovel and Pluck
Bostock, F. C.	*Training of Wild Animals*
Burroughs, John	*Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers*
	Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt
Clark, C. C.	*Astronomy from a Dipper*
Darrow, Floyd L.	*Boy's Book of Great Inventions*
Dixon, Royal	*Human Side of Animals*
Fabre, Jean Henri	*Insect Adventures*
	Life of the Spider
	Our Humble Helpers
	Secrets of Everyday Things
	Wonder Book of Chemistry
Hammond, John Winthrop	*Magician of Sciences* (Steinmetz)
Hawkes, Clarence	*Shaggy Coat*
Hawksworth, Hallam	*Strange Adventures of a Pebble*
Holland, Rupert S.	*Historic Inventions*
Hornaday, William T.	*Two Years in the Jungle*
Hudson, William H.	*Adventures Among Birds*
Long, W. S.	*Wood Folk at School*
Maeterlinck, Maurice	*Children's Life of the Bee*
Mayer, Charles	*Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles*

Miller, O. T.	*Little Brothers of the Air*
Mills, John	*Letters of a Radio Engineer to his Son*
Morgan, Alfred P.	*Home Book of Science and Construction*
Mowry, William A. and Arthur M.	*American Inventions and Inventors*
Serviss, Garrett F.	*Astronomy with the Naked Eye*
Seton, Ernest Thompson	*Animal Heroes*
	Biography of a Grizzly
	Lives of the Hunted
	Trail of the Sandhill Stag
	Wild Animal Ways
	Wild Animals I Have Known
Sharp, Dallas Lore	*Watcher in the Woods*
Slosson, Edwin E.	*Keeping Up with Science*
Smith, J. R.	*Story of Iron and Steel*
Thomson, J. Arthur	*New Natural History*
Towers, Walter Kellogg	*From Beacon Fire to Radio*
Turner, Charles	*Aircraft To-day*
Warner, Charles Dudley	*In the Wilderness*
Waterloo, Stanley	*Story of Ab*
Williams, Archibald	*Conquering the Air*
Wright, H. C.	*Children's Stories of the Great Scientists*

DOG STORIES

Baynes, Ernest Harold	*Polaris*
Caldwell, Frank	*Wolf, the Stern Leader*
Curwood, James Oliver	*Kazan*
Darling, E. B.	*Baldy of Nome*
Davis, Richard Harding	*Bar Sinister*
Dodge, Louis	*Nancy*
Dyer, Walter A.	*Many Dogs There Be*
	Gulliver, The Great
	Dogs of Boyhood
Hawkes, Clarence	*Pep*
Hooker, Forrestine C.	*Prince Jan*
Ives, Sarah N.	*Dog Heroes of Many Lands*
London, Jack	*Jerry of the Isles*
	White Fang
	Call of the Wild
McSpadden, J. Walker	*Famous Dogs in Fiction*
Massingham, H.	*Dogs, Birds and Others*
Muir, John	*Stickeen*
Ollivant, Alfred	*Bob, Son of Battle*
Ouida (Louise de la Ramée)	*Dog of Flanders*
Saunders, Marshall	*Beautiful Joe*
Stories of Brave Dogs Retold from "St. Nicholas"	
Terhune, Albert Payson	*Lad*
	Bruce

HUMOROUS STORIES

Boyer, Wilbur S. . . . . *Johnny Kelly*
Butler, Ellis Parker . . . . *Swatty*
Pigs is Pigs
Carroll, Lewis . . . . . *Alice in Wonderland*
Through the Looking Glass
Daudet, Alphonse . . . . *Tartarin of Tarascon*
Habberton, John . . . . *Helen's Babies*
Johnson, Owen . . . . . *Prodigious Hickey*
Stover at Yale
Tennessee Shad
Varmint
Lincoln, Joseph C. . . . . *Mr. Pratt*
Lofting, Hugh . . . . . *Dr. Doolittle*
Dr. Doolittle's Circus
Rice, Alice Hegan . . . . *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*
Richards, Laura E. . . . . *Mrs. Tree*
Stockton, Frank R. . . . *Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*
Tarkington, Booth . . . . *Penrod*
Penrod and Sam
Seventeen
Train, Arthur . . . . . *Tutt and Mr. Tutt*
Twain, Mark . . . . . *Innocents Abroad*
Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court
Wiggin, Kate Douglas and Smith, Nora A. . . . . *Tales of Laughter*
Wilson, Harry Leon . . . . *Ruggles of Red Gap*
Wrong Twin

MYTHOLOGY, LEGENDARY HISTORY, FOLK-LORE

Arabian Nights' Entertainments
Baker, Rannie . . . . . *In the Light of Myth*
Baldwin, James . . . . . *Old Stories of the East*
Story of Roland
Story of Siegfried
Barrie, Sir James M. . . . . *Little White Bird*
Benét, William Rose . . . . *Flying King of Kurio*
Bulfinch, Thomas . . . . *Age of Chivalry*
Age of Fable
Legends of Charlemagne
Church, Alfred J. . . . . *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance*
Colum, Padraic . . . . . *At the Gateways of the Dawn*
Bright Islands
Island of the Mighty
Converse and Parker . . . . *Myths and Legends of the Iroquois*
Dale, Edward Everett . . . *Tales of the Typee*
Darton, F. J. Harvey . . . *Wonder Book of Old Romance*

Eastman, C. A. and E. G.	*Wigwam Evenings*
Gayley, Charles M.	*Classic Myths in English Literature*
Guerber, H. A.	*Myths of Greece and Rome*
Harris, Joel Chandler	*Nights with Uncle Remus*
Hawthorne, Nathaniel	*Wonder Book*
Hearn, Lafcadio	*Japanese Fairy Tales*
	Some Chinese Ghosts
Houghton, Louise Seymour	*Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales*
Housman, Laurence	*Doorway in Fairyland*
	Moonshine and Clover
Jacobs, Joseph	*Book of Wonder Voyages*
	English Fairy Tales
Kipling, Rudyard	*Puck of Pook's Hill*
Lang, Andrew	*Red Book of Romance*
	Tales of Troy and Greece
Lanier, Sidney	*Boy's King Arthur*
	Knightly Legends of Wales
Linderman, Frank	*Indian Lodge-Fire Stories*
Mabie, Hamilton Wright	*Legends Every Child Should Know*
	Norse Stories
McManus, Seumas	*Donegal Fairy Tales*
Olcott, Frances J.	*Bible Stories to Read and Tell*
Ozaki, Yei Theodora	*Japanese Fairy Book*
Peabody, Josephine Preston	*Old Greek Folk Tales*
Pitman, Norman	*Chinese Wonder Book*
Pyle, Howard	*Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*
	Story of King Arthur and His Knights
	Story of the Grail
Reed, E. A.	*Persian Literature, Ancient and Modern*
Ryder, Arthur W.	*Gold's Gloom*
Skinner, C. M.	*Myths and Legends of the Flowers, Trees, Fruit and Plants*
Steel, F. A.	*Tales of the Punjab*
Stephens, James	*Irish Fairy Tales*
	Paul Bunyan
Tappan, Eva March.	*Old World Hero Stories*
Wilmot-Buxton, E. M.	*Stories of Norse Heroes*

MAGAZINES

Bird Lore	Audubon Societies National Association, 1974 Broadway, New York
Boys' Life	200 Fifth Avenue, New York
Child Life	Rand McNally, Chicago
Current Events	New York Times, New York
Current History	460 Fourth Avenue, New York
Field and Stream	45 West Forty-fifth Street, New York
Literary Digest	Funk and Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York
Little Folks	T. E. Cassino Company, Salem, Mass.

National Geographic Magazine	National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.
Nature Magazine	American Nature Association, Washington, D. C.
Our Dumb Animals	Published for the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by the American Humane Education Society, Boston
Popular Mechanics	Popular Mechanics Magazine, 1 Madison Avenue, New York
Popular Science Monthly	Popular Science Publishing Company, Inc., 242 Fourth Avenue, New York
Radio Broadcast	Doubleday, Page and Company, New York
Scientific American	24 West Fortieth Street, New York
Something to Do	Bennett Publishing Company, Boston
St. Nicholas	Century Company, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York
The American Boy	Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit
The American Girl	670 Lexington Avenue, New York
The Mentor	250 Park Avenue, New York
The Scholastic	Pittsburgh, Pa.
World's Work	285 Madison Avenue, New York
Youth's Companion	Perry Mason, Boston

REFERENCE BOOKS FOR TEACHERS

NOTE. In the following list, *S* indicates stories and prose; *P*, poetry; *D*, drama, and * general books of most value.

*P	Barnes, Walter (World Book)	*The Children's Poets*
*	Barnes, Walter (World Book)	*Types of Children's Literature*
D	Barrett, H. Clark (Little)	*How to Produce Amateur Plays*
*	Bates, Arlo (Houghton)	*Talks on the Teaching of Literature* (Chapters I–IV)
D	Bates and Orr (Ginn)	*Pageants and Pageantry*
	Bennett, Arnold (Doran)	*Literary Taste and How to Form It*
	Bobbitt, Franklin (Houghton)	*The Curriculum* (Chapter XVIII)
*	Bolenius, Emma (Houghton)	*Teaching Literature in the Grammar Grades*
D	Chubb, Percival (Harper)	*Festivals and Plays*
*	Chubb, Percival (Macmillan)	*The Teaching of English*
	Colby, J. Rose (Houghton)	*Literature and Life in the School*
*	Corson, Hiram (Macmillan)	*The Voice and Spiritual Education*
S	Cross and Statler (Row)	*Story Telling for the Upper Grades*
P	Eastman, Max (Scribner)	*The Enjoyment of Poetry*
P	Fairchild, Arthur H. H. (Houghton)	*The Teaching of Poetry*
	Hayward, F. H. (Macmillan)	*The Lesson in Appreciation*
D	Hazeltine, A. I. (American Library)	*Plays for Children* (an annotated index)

	Hudson, W. H. (Heath) . .	*An Introduction to the Study of Literature* (revised edition)
D	Johnson, H. F. (Ginn) . .	*Dramatic Method of Teaching*
	Klapper, Paul (Appleton) . .	*Teaching Children to Read* (Chapter XIII)
*	Leonard, S. A. (Lippincott) . .	*Essential Principles of Teaching Reading and Literature*
D	Mackay, Constance (Holt) . .	*How to Produce Children's Plays*
D	Matthews, J. Brander (Houghton)	*A Study of the Drama*
P	Mearns, Hughes (Doubleday) .	*Creative Youth*
	Moore, Anne Carroll (Doran) .	*New Roads to Childhood*
	Moses, Montrose (Mitchell Kennerley)	*Children's Books and Reading*
	National Society for the Study of Education (Public School Publishing Co.)	*Twenty-fourth Year Book* (1925. Part I)
D	Ogleboy, Kate (Wilson) . .	*Plays for Children* (a selected list)
	Parker, S. C. (Ginn) . . .	*Types of Elementary Teaching and Learning* (Chapter XIV)
	Perry, Bliss (Houghton) . .	*A Study of Prose Fiction*
		A Study of Poetry
	Pritchard, F. H. (Crowell) . .	*Training in Literary Appreciation*
	Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur T. (Putnam)	Lecture III, "Children's Reading" in *On the Art of Reading*
	Repplier, Agnes (Houghton) .	"What Children Read," in *Books and Men*
	School and Society (April 7, 1923)	"When Children Read for Fun"
	Scudder, H. E. (Houghton) . .	*Literature in the Schools*
S	Shedlock, M. L. (Appleton) . .	*The Art of the Story Teller*
	Smith, C. Alphonso (Doubleday)	*What Can Literature Do for Me?*
S	Stewart, Mary (Revell) . .	*Tell Me a True Story*
	Strayer and Norsworthy (Macmillan)	*How to Teach* (Chapters V and VIII)
*	Terman and Lima (Appleton) .	*Children's Reading: A Guide for Parents and Teachers*
*	Uhl, W. L. (Silver) . . .	*The Materials of Reading*
	Washburne and Vogel (American Library Association) . . .	*Winnetka Graded Book List*
	Woodberry, George E. (Harcourt, Brace)	*The Appreciation of Literature*
D	Woodbury, Sarah (Baumgardt) .	*Dramatization in Grammar Grades*

BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

ALCOTT, LOUISA MAY (1832–1888) was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania. Her book *Little Women* gives the most accurate picture of her life as a girl in Concord, Massachusetts. She herself was "Jo" with hair that never stayed properly in place and skirts that were always too short because she grew so fast. When, years later, her nephews came to live with her in the "Orchard House," as she called her home, they found a gay and rollicking aunt who in her younger days had climbed as many trees and had torn as many pairs of stockings as they themselves. She immortalized this hilarious period of her life in *Little Men.* Her books today may seem out of touch with the life led by modern boys and girls but they are still eagerly read and their fresh humorous style would endear them to any generation. The home at Concord where Miss Alcott supported her family for many years by her writing has been preserved and often people who love her work make pilgrimages to its door.

ARNOLD, MATTHEW (1822–1888) was born at Laleham, England. His father was a famous teacher in Rugby, one of the great public schools of England. (An English public school resembles what in America would be called a private boarding school. The course of study is equivalent to the course in an American preparatory school.) It is reasonable to suppose that a boy brought up in the scholarly atmosphere in which Matthew Arnold lived should turn to literature and that is what happened. He became a leading critic of books and society and, always an original thinker, expressed his ideas through essays and poetry.

BATES, KATHARINE LEE (1859–) was born in Falmouth, Massachusetts. She was educated at Wellesley College and later became professor of literature there. She has edited many of the classics for children and has written both prose and poetry. Her most popular poems are "America the Beautiful" and "The College Beautiful."

BEER, MORRIS ABEL (1887–) was born in New York City. He went through the public schools, was graduated from the College of the City of New York, and received his master's degree from Columbia University. In 1914 he became instructor of English and director of dramatics in the High School of Commerce and has the distinction of having introduced dramatics as a major elective subject in the curriculum of the New York high schools. He has contributed many poems and articles of dramatic criticism to newspapers and magazines.

BELLOC, HILAIRE (1870–) was born in France but became a naturalized British subject when he moved to England as a young man. He

was graduated from Oxford University and entered the House of Commons when he was thirty-six years old. Mr. Belloc has written nearly every sort of book — travel, novels, biographies, essays, and poetry. While his work can be religious, political, or seriously beautiful, it is in the realm of nonsense that he achieves most popularity with young people.

Braley, Berton (1882–) was born in Madison, Wisconsin. He was graduated from the University of Wisconsin and then went to London. He has lived in all sorts of interesting places and met many kinds of people. During the World War he was a war correspondent in Europe and then went to the Far East as a reporter in 1923. Two of his books are *Songs of a Workaday World* and *A Banjo in Armageddon.* He has contributed to magazines 8,000 poems and 400 short stories as well as many articles.

Brooke, Rupert (1887–1915) was born at Rugby, England. During his school days he was keenly interested in sports and was as proficient in many of them as a professional. He enlisted at the very beginning of the World War, shared in the fighting in Belgium, and later sailed to take part in the Dardanelles Campaign. But he never had the opportunity to serve in that venture, for he died of blood poisoning on the way and England lost a poet of great promise. No one knows what heights he might have reached had he lived. As it is he has left a slender volume — *The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke* — which contains some of the most beautiful poems of our time, some full of the bitterness of the War period, others sounding the high note of youthful idealism. His personal beauty and ardent love of life suggest a comparison with one of the greatest of England's poets — who also died young — Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Browning, Robert (1812–1889) was born in Camberwell, England. His father, a clerk in the Bank of England, was a man of scholarly tastes and provided a good education for his son. He attended the University of London and published his first book at the age of twenty-one. When he was about thirty-four he married Elizabeth Barrett, also a poet, and they devoted their lives to poetry. He died in Italy, a country which he dearly loved, but was brought back to his native land and is buried in that tomb of England's greatest men, Westminster Abbey. His work is divided into three groups — dramas, dramatic monologues, and lyrics — the second group being his most distinctive contribution to literature. Such poems as "My Last Duchess" and "Andrea del Sarto" are excellent examples of this form of poetry. Much of Browning's work is difficult, but there are scores of beautiful lyrics which are easily understood by anyone. As a whole his poetry is classified as the most profound of the great literature written in the nineteenth century.

Burnet, Dana (1888–) was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was graduated from Cornell University and then took up newspaper work. For seven years he worked on the *New York Evening Sun.* Besides being

a popular contributor of short stories to magazines he has written several volumes of poetry.

Burns, Robert (1759–1796) was born in Ayr, Scotland. His family was extremely poor and he could not even go to school when he was a small boy. He worked in the fields and the strain of it made him weak and nervous. When he was older he attended school for a short time and became a great reader — passing his meal-times with a spoon in one hand and a book in the other. In the fields he would ponder over what he had read, especially the poetry and ballads. Soon he was composing his own lyrics as he strode behind the horses ploughing his father's fields. His poems and songs touched the hearts of his people as no other poet had ever done. They were made up of the memories and the dreams of life in Scotland, lightened by his delicate wit. Among the best of his shorter poems are "The Banks o' Doon," "Highland Mary," and "To a Mountain Daisy."

Byron, George Noel Gordon, Lord (1788–1824) was born in London. He was an aristocrat but became an ardent advocate of democracy in a day when the ideals of liberty, fraternity and equality were looked upon by many as strange and dangerous doctrines. Strikingly handsome, with wealth, noble birth, and charm of manner, he was assured of social success, and he added to these a very real poetic genius which enabled him to produce in the course of a short and crowded life a great volume of poetry, much of which is still recognized as of high quality. In 1823 he threw himself wholeheartedly into the struggle the Greeks were making for freedom from Turkish rule. He died of a fever contracted at Missolonghi, Greece.

Campbell, Thomas (1774–1844) was born in Glasgow, Scotland. He attended Glasgow University and was at various times newspaper reporter, magazine editor, professor, and Rector of Glasgow University. Much of his poetry seems to have been inspired by definite events; a trip to the western Highlands resulted in his well-known poem, "Lord Ullin's Daughter"; his travels in Germany during Napoleon's campaign of 1800 resulted in famous pieces such as "Ye Mariners of England" and "A Soldier's Dream"; and "The Battle of the Baltic" was inspired by England's war with Denmark. He was a personal friend of Sir Walter Scott and a contemporary of such great figures as Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Lamb. Although Campbell wrote comparatively little, fame came to him through a few of his shorter poems. He was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Carlyle, Thomas (1795–1881) was born in Ecclefechan, Scotland. As a boy he fought and studied with equal fervor. At the age of fourteen he entered the University of Edinburgh and on graduating taught school, but because of the shortness of his temper he was not a great success in this profession. He suffered all his life from dyspepsia and the main

cause of his irritability may be laid to the constant intense pain. Although he had very little money he never once gave up his indomitable determination to make no concessions to immediate profit. He labored desperately over *Sartor Resartus* but it did not bring in any material wealth. There followed *The French Revolution,* a book which reveals the very soul of the time. His *Heroes and Hero Worship* is a collection of lectures which fire the imagination with the deeds of great men. His writing is uneven, often faulty in construction and difficult to read, but there is a power, — a sincerity and savage humor — which make it great literature. Toward the end of a stormy life Carlyle's illness necessitated a quiet existence but he had constant visitors, among them John Ruskin. He died believing that the world was going from bad to worse with little heed to his thunderous warnings.

Carnegie, Andrew (1837–1919) was born in Dunfermline, Scotland. He moved with his family to America when he was eleven years old and settled in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania. He started work in a cotton factory while still a boy, then, in succession, became a telegraph clerk and operator, secretary to Mr. T. A. Scott of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and western division superintendent of the road. He went to the front with Mr. Scott who was Assistant Secretary of War during the Civil War. Mr. Carnegie's great wealth started with his introduction of sleeping cars for trains and from oil-wells on property he owned. It was further increased by his venture into the steel business, and when he retired in 1901 his share was bought for about $500,000,000. He turned his vast fortune toward public benefaction, his chief interest being the building and equipping of public libraries throughout the United States and the United Kingdom. He stood for democracy, peace, and education for all peoples.

Chittenden, William L. (1862–) was born in Montclair, New Jersey. He went to school there and in New York and then went to work as a reporter. His paper sent him to Texas and there when he was twenty-five he borrowed fifty dollars and started a ranch at Anson. This ranch now has ten thousand acres. Two of his books are *Ranch Verses* and *Bermuda Verses,* written under the name of Larry Chittenden.

Daly, Thomas Augustine (1871–) was born in Philadelphia. He spent two years at Fordham University, New York, but left college to become a newspaper man. This profession so pleased him that he has remained a journalist since that time. Young people delight especially in his verse written in the Irish and Italian dialects, a representative collection of which can be found in his book called *McAroni Ballads.* Like many other humorists, Mr. Daly possesses a fine understanding of and sympathy for human nature.

Darrow, Floyd L. (1880–) was born in Niobe, New York. He attended the village school in Lakewood, New York, where he and his

family moved when he was thirteen, and later the Jamestown High School. For four years after his graduation he taught in country schools and then entered Allegheny College. He took his B.A. in this college and then taught science first in Jamestown, New York and next in Pueblo, Colorado. Two years later be returned to the East to become head of the science department of the Polytechnic Preparatory Country Day School in Brooklyn where he undertook the planning and equipping of some of the finest science laboratories of any school in the East. At present Mr. Darrow devotes all his time to writing and lecturing. In his books he makes science a living, human study most interesting to read. Young people particularly enjoy his *Masters of Science and Invention, Boy's Own Book of Great Inventions,* and *Boy's Own Book of Science.*

Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan (1859–) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. He went to school there and got his degree in medicine from the University of Edinburgh. He practiced off and on, but his interest was mostly in the writing of detective stories which he found an excellent way to earn a living. He was at once successful with the publication of his first book, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,* and people all over the world were soon eagerly reading about the great detective. Few characters in literature have became more famous than Sherlock Holmes; his name has almost become part of the English language. During the Boer War Conan Doyle served as a doctor. He wrote two books defending the position of his country against the criticism that was launched and received a knighthood for his work. He helped England again during the World War by his propaganda efforts. At present his interest is in the unknown world of spirits but this work is incomprehensible to most people and he is identified chiefly with the super detective of his creation.

Drake, Joseph Rodman (1795–1820) was born in New York City. He completed his studies in medicine and had just begun to practise when he suddenly contracted a fatal disease and died at the age of twenty-five. His poetry was just becoming known at the time of his death. "The American Flag," printed in this book, is perhaps his best known poem.

Dunbar, Paul Laurence (1872–1906) was born in Dayton, Ohio. His parents were negro slaves but he became one of the leading spokesmen of his race. His first position was that of elevator-boy and while he was thus employed he started writing. He next tried journalism, but was not successful. When he was twenty-seven he secured a small position in the Library of Congress at Washington. Although he wrote short stories and two novels, his fame came through his dialect poetry, which many people consider the most real interpretation of negro life that has been done.

Frost, Robert (1875–), although born in San Francisco, is known through his poetry as the chief spokesman of New England. He came East when he was ten years old and after finishing high school at Law-

rence, Massachusetts, twice attempted a college education, first at Dartmouth and later at Harvard. The routine, however, did not appeal to him and he tried to earn a living in various ways. There followed lean years when his poetry was received with indifference and the farming he had undertaken provided scant means of existence. He moved to England and a few months later his first book, *A Boy's Will,* was published. With that came recognition and a definite place among the distinguished modern American poets. Mr. Frost is now living in Vermont again and continuing to write the simple, rugged, and vital poetry of the countryside.

Grenfell, Wilfred Thomason (1865–) was born in Parkgate, England. He was educated at Marlborough College and Queen's College, Oxford, and has received honorary degrees from Williams, Toronto, Harvard, and Oxford. He began his career as a medical missionary in England and is now superintendent of the International Grenfell Association. He is especially noted for his work in Labrador where he maintains a large station for the health and education of these isolated people. Dr. Grenfell is immensely popular with everyone who knows him; he is a Christian who lives up to Christian ideals. He was decorated with the Order of St. Michael and St. George by King Edward VII in recognition of his great service to humanity. His books, such as *Vikings of Today, Adrift on an Ice Pan, Labrador Days,* and *Northern Neighbors*, are fascinating accounts of the adventures that have befallen him in his work.

Guiterman, Arthur (1871–) was born in Vienna, Austria. His parents were Americans, however, and he came to this country as a child. He has done editorial work on the *Woman's Home Companion* and *The Literary Digest* and has lectured on newspaper and magazine verse. Guiterman's poetry is light and possesses a gay lilting quality.

Hale, Edward Everett (1822–1909) was born in Boston, Massachusetts. His father was a nephew of Nathan Hale, the martyr spy. After his graduation from Harvard University he became a minister. He was immensely interested in the slavery question and worked vigorously against human bondage. During his life he wrote more than sixty books and his story, "The Man Without a Country," has become a classic in our literature. He was a man of wide culture and philanthropic interests.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (1804–1864) was born in Salem, Massachusetts. As a boy he roamed the woods with a gun and rod. If he found himself away from home with night coming on he took refuge in a log cabin where half a tree would be burning on the hearth all night. He early acquired a taste for writing that showed itself in a little blank-book in which he jotted down his woodland adventures and impressions.

His home life was happy, but in his work he led a lonely and solitary existence. His stalwart figure could be seen at any time of day or night walking rapidly along the cliffs or on the sands, quite alone. This solitude, however, did not prevent him from knowing human beings. His

stories for children, *Grandfather's Chair, The Wonder Book,* and *Tanglewood Tales,* have held the thrilled attention of childhood as well as older people for many generations. His four most widely read novels are, *The Scarlet Letter, The House of the Seven Gables, Blithedale Romance* and *The Marble Faun.* His perfection of language gives a grace and charm to his style which places him among the great masters of English prose.

O. Henry (1862–1910), whose real name was William Sidney Porter, was born in Greensboro, North Carolina. His first position was in a local drug store but three years of so sedentary a life affected an already delicate constitution and he was obliged to go west. In Texas he lived on a ranch supporting himself by being a clerk, an editor, a cartoonist, and a bank teller. He married when he was twenty-five, did some writing, and then, some money having gone astray in the bank, he was accused of embezzlement. It was while fleeing from justice to Central America that he adopted the name of O. Henry under which he published his stories. However, he was caught and sentenced to five years in prison, although it was later proven that he had been careless rather than criminal in his work at the bank. In prison he worked as a druggist and as doctor's assistant and spent all his spare time writing to support a small daughter, having lost his wife before he was convicted. His work began to attract attention while he was still in jail and when he came out he met with great success during the remainder of his life. He has an easy flowing style and a flair for unusual and unexpected climaxes. In less skillful hands much of his material might have turned into trash but his sense of humor and his deft phrasing give most of his stories some literary value though there are a few that bear clear evidence of having been written as pot boilers. *The Four Million,* and *Options* are the most widely enjoyed of his volumes of short stories.

Holland, Josiah Gilbert (1819–1881) was born in Belchertown, Massachusetts. After he was graduated from the Berkshire Medical College in Pittsfield, he practiced medicine for three years, and tried to start a hospital for women but failed in the attempt. He turned to teaching and became Superintendent of Schools in Vicksburg, Mississippi. After a year in this office he was made assistant editor of the *Springfield Republican* and within three years was one of the owners. He spent eighteen years on this paper and then went abroad. When he returned in 1870 he settled in New York where he became editor of *Scribner's Monthly.* He was always interested in government and school reform, and for a short time in 1873 was president of the New York Board of Education. He wrote history, biography, fiction, poetry, and essays. Some of his best known books are *The Life of Lincoln, Arthur Bonnicastle, The Story of Seven Oaks,* and *Garnered Sheaves.*

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (1809–1894) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He first undertook to become a lawyer but gave that up to

become a doctor. During the time he was at medical school he was writing poetry and published his first book of poems the same year he took his doctor's degree. He taught medicine at Harvard for many years during which he became famous in the fields of poetry, the essay, and criticism. He was one of the wittiest men of the notable New England group. Holmes's humorous verse has always been popular, especially such amusing nonsense as "The Ballad of the Oyster Man." *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* is a particularly enjoyable book of serious sketches done in a light vein.

Hubbard, Elbert (1879–1915) was born in Bloomington, Illinois. His father was a country doctor and Hubbard spent his boyhood on a farm. However, when he grew up sowing and plowing did not appeal to him and he left for Chicago where he went into the soap business. So great were his energy and ability that at twenty-four years of age he was manager of the soap factory and twelve years later he retired. His most ambitious work was the founding of a village at East Aurora, New York, called Roycroft where people lived under conditions he considered ideal. He made an attractive little town and ran a hand press there which is still in operation. He was drowned in the sinking of the *Lusitania* in 1915. A man of immense activity, Hubbard wrote an enormous number of articles. The essay included in this volume was done in an hour and is typical of his ideals of efficiency and service.

Irving, Washington (1783–1859) was born in New York. He studied to become a lawyer but ill health necessitated his abandoning his studies and going to Europe. On his return he was called to the bar but he preferred to devote most of his time to writing and he was soon recognized as a man of humour and talent. He went again to England when he was thirty-two but soon after the importing firm which his brothers had founded in New York became bankrupt, so that his literary efforts, in addition to amusing him, now had to earn his living. Luckily, his work was popular in America and Europe so that he was able to live comfortably and travel about. He was also popular personally and was welcomed into literary circles on both sides of the Atlantic. Indeed, when he returned to America in 1832 he found his name to be a household word. He went back to Europe ten years later, this time as Ambassador to Spain. He died at his home on the Hudson of heart disease in his seventy-sixth year. With the exception of *Knickerbocker's History of New York* Irving's work is not typically American but rather of the English tradition. His *Sketch Book* is the best known and best liked work of all the many volumes he wrote during his life.

Irwin, Wallace (1875–) was born in Oneida, New York. He went to school in Denver and was graduated from Leland Stanford University. In 1902 he became editor of the *Overland Monthly Magazine*. A year later he was a burlesque writer for the Republic Theatre in San

Francisco and then came to New York where he wrote topical verse for the *New York Globe* and was a member of the staff of *Collier's Weekly*. His *Letters of a Japanese School Boy* was so popular that Mr. Irwin was obliged to do another set later on called *More Letters of a Japanese School Boy*. *Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor* and *Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum*, two later books, are as funny as their titles.

JEFFERSON, THOMAS (1743–1826) was born in Shadwell, Virginia. He went through William and Mary College, studied law and was admitted to the bar five years later. He was a brilliant success in this profession, specializing in constitutional law since his weak voice prevented his being an orator. On the death of his father he received a great deal of property and an independent income and gave up law to enter into public service, starting as justice of the peace and parish vestryman. He worked in the Virginia legislature, an inspired and radical aid to his state, and in 1779 became governor. He went to France in 1784, finally becoming minister to that country. Time and time again he wished to retire from public service but it seemed impossible for him to do so and in 1801 he was elected president of the United States. It was not until he had completed his second term in this service that he finally did retire after forty years of political life. His last years were devoted to the establishing of the University of Virginia. Jefferson was a powerful man, with tact, amiability, and shrewdness. He was one of the greatest political managers this country has known.

KEATS, JOHN (1795–1821) was born in London. His parents were poor and the family large, so even as a child Keats was obliged to work. Among other things he was a stable boy and a drug store clerk. At the age of fifteen he began the study of medicine but gave it up to devote his life to literature. One of the many tragedies of his life was that he knew enough about medicine at an early age to recognize that he was afflicted with an incurable case of tuberculosis. Few men have lived so tortured a life as John Keats; everything balked him and yet he produced some of the most beautiful poetry the world has ever known. He died at the age of twenty-five in Rome, where he is buried in the Protestant Cemetery next to Shelley. Had he written only the great "Ode to Autumn," printed in this book, he would have become immortal; as it is he left such masterpieces as "Endymion," "Hyperion," "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and the "Ode to Melancholy," among others. A rare genius, Keats is destined to be loved as long as people are capable of appreciating poetry.

KEELER, LUCY ELLIOT (1854–) was born in Fremont, Ohio. She received a careful training at home and then went to Wells College, from which she was graduated with honors. She was a second cousin of Rutherford B. Hayes, a former president of the United States, and was a frequent visitor at the White House where she was a great favorite. She was one of the editors of *The Youth's Companion* to which she con-

tributed the articles which make up *If I Were a Girl Again* and *If I Were a Boy*, two books which gained great popularity for her. Her work is delightfully written, observant of the niceties of life and full of practical sense.

KELLER, HELEN (1880–) was born in Tuscumbia, Alabama. When she was two years old she was stricken with scarlet fever, which deprived her of her senses of sight, smell, and hearing. Her parents secured the services of Miss Ann Sullivan, a graduate of the Perkins Institute in Boston, and this remarkable woman succeeded in teaching Miss Keller to read, write, and talk. She was able to go to school in New York and later to Radcliffe College, where she did better than average work in her studies. Besides this accomplishment, an overwhelming task in itself, Miss Keller has acquired a wide general culture and a knowledge of several languages. Her book *The Story of My Life* is a fascinating account of the education of a blind deaf-mute, and *The World I Live In* gives a vivid picture of what life means to her in spite of her afflictions.

KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT (1779–1843) was born in Frederick County, Maryland and educated at St. John's College, Annapolis. He became a lawyer and was District Attorney of the District of Columbia for many years. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was suggested and partly written while he was held a prisoner by the British fleet during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, during the War of 1812.

KIPLING, RUDYARD (1865–) was born in Bombay, India. He was educated at the United Services College in England and returned to India where he became a journalist. He went again to England when he was twenty-five and returned there to make his home, after several years spent in the United States. Kipling is one of the most versatile of writers — poetry, novels, short stories, and essays he does with great skill. His popularity began with his tales of the life of the English in India. Later his *Jungle Books* placed him definitely among the immortals. His great novel *Kim* is not only a fine piece of literature but a remarkable interpretation of the Indian mind, so difficult for westerners to understand. Kipling's poetry is both real and romantic and his outlook on life is that of the strong man who goes out to conquer new worlds in spite of colossal opposition. Among the great mass of material that Kipling has written anyone can find something to grasp his or her interest, for his work is as varied as human taste.

LAMB, CHARLES (1775–1834) was born in London. His family was poor and he went to the London Charity School until he was fourteen. At that age he had to earn his living and he became a junior clerk in a merchant's office. Three years later he went into the accountant's office of the famous East India House, that vast organization of governors and traders of India, where he served for thirty-three years. From the age of twenty-one his whole life was sacrificed to his sister who had killed their mother in

an attack of insanity. These attacks came at intervals throughout Mary's life and to save her from being permanently committed to an asylum, Lamb promised to look after her as long as she should live. In spite of his poverty and the dull work he had to do to earn his living and the constant anxiety for his sister, he was always the merriest of men and a tireless writer. His real life was lived with books. Besides his many essays, he wrote, with the help of his sister, the famous *Tales from Shakespeare*. Under the pen name of Elia he did the charming *Essays* of Elia which everyone enjoys at some time of his life.

Lanier, Sidney (1842–1881) was born in Macon, Georgia. In early childhood he showed a great love for music and learned almost without instruction, to play on every instrument which came within his reach. He was graduated from Oglethorpe University when he was eighteen with the highest honors of his class. When the Civil War broke out, the next year, he enlisted in the Confederate army. He was captured during the war and kept for five months in Point Lookout prison. This experience so impaired his health, which had never been strong, that he developed tuberculosis from which he eventually died. After the war he took up law and studied for five years but it became apparent to him that he was not to have a long life and he decided to devote what he was to have of it to poetry and music. He became first flute of the Peabody Symphony Orchestra in Baltimore and later a member of the teaching staff in English at Johns Hopkins University. Throughout his poetry one can see the strong influence of his love of music. His work is beautiful in sound and rhythm but this admirable quality sometimes caused him to sacrifice his meaning.

Lear, Edward (1812–1888) was born outside of London. His major occupation was landscape painting and he spent most of his life in Italy doing rather dull pictures of the countryside. But his memory has come down to us through his nonsense verse. It is as mad and delightful as anything that has ever been written and children and grown-ups alike chuckle over such pieces as " The Owl and the Pussycat " and " The Pobble Who Has No Toes."

Lee, Robert E. (1807–1870) was born in Stratford, Virginia. He was graduated from West Point second in his class and received a commission in the United States Engineer Corps. He was a captain in the Mexican War where he won great distinction for bravery. He came out of this war with the rank of colonel and did engineer work in Washington and Baltimore. When he was forty-five he was made superintendent of West Point in which capacity he served for three years. On the secession of Virginia from the Union he was made a major-general of the Virginian forces and a few weeks later became a brigadier-general, the highest rank in the Confederate service. During the Civil War he was repeatedly successful in local battles and was a brilliant military leader, but the pressure of the

enemy wore out his strength and he had to surrender at Appomattox Court House. After the war he was made president of Washington College at Lexington. He died in this service and was buried on the grounds of the college, now Washington and Lee University.

LETTS, WINIFRED M. (1887–) was born in Ireland. She sings for the most part about the lives of the Irish peasants — brief insights, both gay and sad, into their hearts. She has also written novels, plays, and children's stories. During the World War she served as a Red Cross nurse at the front and it was during this period of constant contact with horror that she wrote "The Spires of Oxford," a poem which made her famous.

LIEBERMAN, ELIAS (1883–) was born in St. Petersburg, Russia. At a very early age he was brought to this country. He was graduated from the College of the City of New York and took his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from New York University. He began his career teaching in metropolitan schools and wrote for magazines in his spare time. At present he is principal of the Thomas Jefferson High School in Brooklyn. He has written poetry, plays, and short stories. His "A Thing of Beauty" was included in the 1919 O'Brien collection of *Best Short Stories,* and his "I Am an American" was read in the House of Representatives early in 1917 before we entered the war. He has published two books — *The American Short Story* and *Paved Streets,* a collection of his newspaper and magazine verse.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM (1809–1865) was born on a farm three miles from Hodgenville, Kentucky. When he was four years old he and his family moved to Indiana where they lived a life of many hardships under the most primitive conditions. During his whole life Lincoln had altogether only a year's schooling, but while he was very young he learned to love reading and borrowed every book he could find, Burns and Shakespeare becoming his favorite authors. He tried writing himself and produced some crude satires, verse, and articles on government. By the time he was seventeen he was known throughout his section of the country for his great strength and physical prowess. His first actual job was on a flatboat on the Mississippi; the second, that of clerk in a country store. In the latter position he devoted his leisure to self-education and started reading law. He enlisted in the Black Hawk Indian War but saw no actual fighting. After the war he returned to store keeping. In 1834 his political career began with his appointment to the Illinois House of Representatives. One position led to another; he was immensely popular personally, worked tirelessly for what he considered right, chiefly the abolition of slavery, and was an eloquent speaker. In 1861 he was elected President of the United States. Throughout the Civil War he was a powerful figure, guiding his country with a firm hand, ever just and clear visioned. In April of 1865, while at the theater, Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth, an actor. Countless books have been written about Abraham

Lincoln, on his life, on his work, on the man himself, a gigantic, simple figure of solitary grandeur.

LINDSAY, VACHEL (1879–) was born in Springfield, Illinois. He went to Hiram College and then to the Art Institute of Chicago to study painting. He has tramped all over the United States, writing as he went and singing his poetry for bread. There is a great love for America in Vachel Lindsay and he puts the very spirit and expression of his country into his poetry, touched as it is throughout by native jazz, religion, and politics. As in the case of Carl Sandburg, it is of great value to the appreciation of his work to hear him recite his own poems. He uses a peculiar sing-song tone which breaks every now and then into an abandoned shouting; it is by turns softly monotonous and loudly defiant. No one who has heard him thus interpret his "The Congo" could ever forget the poem. His volume, *Collected Poems,* published in 1925, is illustrated by himself.

LOMAX, JOHN A. (1870–) was born in Goodman, Mississippi. He is a graduate of the University of Texas and holds an M.A. degree from Harvard. He was a teacher of English at the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College for several years and since 1910 has been Secretary of the University of Texas.

LONDON, JACK (1876–1916) was born in San Francisco. He was a "born" adventurer in the most literal sense of the word. While he was in college the Klondike gold rush began. Classrooms and books were dull in comparison to this excitement, so one day he walked off the campus and set out for the North.

His novels and short stories reflect the reckless dangerous life he chose to live. They are written in a vigorous style which carries the reader along as swiftly as though he were watching the action itself. Two of his best known books are, *The Call of the Wild* which has the Klondike as a background and *The Sea Wolf* which has all the terror and beauty of the sea.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH (1807–1882) was born at Portland, Maine. His father was anxious to have him become a lawyer but Longfellow preferred poetry and teaching. After his graduation from Bowdoin College he went abroad to study modern languages. This study exercised a noticeable influence on his writing and he introduced into this country the poetry of Europe. But he became the most popular American poet through his interpretations of life in America. His "Hiawatha" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish" are known to every one and his "Evangeline" studied in every school. There is a simplicity and rhythmic repetition in his poetry that causes it to be remembered. Easily memorized, it is hard to forget, and Longfellow has become perhaps the most widely read of our poets.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (1819–1891) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He studied law at Harvard University, later became Professor

of Modern Languages there, and served his country as a statesman. His work covers a wide range — poetry, essays, criticism, and political satire, some simple, some scholarly, some witty, some deeply religious. One of the outstanding figures in American literary history, he is remembered by most people through his allegorical poem " The Vision of Sir Launfal."

Lucas, Edward Verrall (1868–) was born in Hove, England. He worked first in a bookstore in Brighton and then went to London and did newspaper work both as a free-lance writer and as a member of the staff of the *Globe*. Later he became adviser to an English publisher and at present he is head of the well-known publishing house, Methuen and Company. His whole life has been closely associated with literature and it is not surprising, although it is remarkable, that he has written, compiled, and edited about fifty-three books. Probably the most unique phase of his writing is his travel books, which, although accurate guides, are also absorbingly interesting and finely written. His *A Wanderer in London* is an invaluable book for people who want to know about the real life and atmosphere of that beautiful city instead of a list of monuments and hotels. *The Life of Charles Lamb* is considered his finest work.

Mackaye, Percy (1875–) was born in New York City. The son of Steele Mackaye, dramatist and theatrical manager, he naturally turned his interests to the theatre. He was graduated from Harvard University and has lectured on the drama in most of the important universities in the East. Although he has written a little poetry, he is chiefly known for his plays and more especially for his civic masques, which have been performed throughout the United States.

Markham, Edwin (1852–) was born in Oregon into the hardy life of the pioneers. He moved to California when he was five and spent a lusty youth on a primitive valley farm. The schools of the district were poor but he built up his education by reading all the books he could find. Coming in contact as he did with all kinds of heavy labor he began to think about the problems of working people and in his forty-seventh year he published in a San Francisco paper his great poem, " The Man with the Hoe," a startling accusation of the bestiality forced upon the laborer by the world, an unforgettable attack upon civilization. In all Mr. Markham's work may be found this same championship of the downtrodden.

Masefield, John (1878–) was born in Ledbury, Hertfordshire, England. While he was very young he went to sea and wandered about the world for several years. As a young man of twenty-four he read the poetry of Chaucer for the first time and was so enthralled that it became his ambition then and there to become a poet. His early works, both prose and poetry, were devoted to the sea and the lives of sailormen. It was not until he published *The Everlasting Mercy*, in 1911, that he was recognized as a writer of importance. His reputation developed quickly through the publication of other long narrative poems, such as *The Widow*

in the Bye Street, and he tried his hand at novels, dramas, and criticism. However, his poetry is more popular than his prose, for its vitality and intense feeling make a deep impression on the reader. Mr. Masefield served with the Red Cross in France and Gallipoli during the World War and now lives quietly in the country near Oxford University.

McCarthy, Denis A. (1870–) was born in Carrick, Ireland. He was educated in the Christian Brothers' School and came to America when he was fifteen. He knew no one in this country but by his own hard work succeeded in becoming associate editor of a Catholic paper. He worked in this position for fifteen years and is now an editorial writer on the Boston Herald and a Lecturer on Americanization for the Massachusetts Department of Education. He is an ardent admirer of America and has written many poems in its praise.

Miller, Joaquin (1841–1913) was born in a covered wagon headed for California. His outlook on life was excessively romantic and his life as well as his work was inclined to be theatrical. He was at one time or another a miner, an express messenger, a newspaper editor, an Indian fighter, and a lawyer. When his poetry was refused publication in this country he went to England, but there, too, failure followed him. Finally he published his *Pacific Poems* himself and became famous at once. When he died his body was cremated and the ashes flung to the winds from a peak of his beloved Sierra Mountains.

Minchin, Nydia E. (1883–) was born in Evart, Michigan. She was graduated from the University School of Music at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and has taken courses at Harvard Summer School, Boston University, and Emerson College. She has taught in the Michigan public schools, and at the Sleighton Farm Reformatory in Pennsylvania and Long Lane Farm, the Connecticut State Reformatory for Girls. At present she is head-worker at Dorchester House, the well-known Settlement in Boston. Miss Minchin found in her work young people who needed to act and yet for whom she could not find suitable parts in the plays they were studying. Her book, *The Jester's Purse,* grew out of her efforts to help these children.

Morley, Christopher (1890–) was born in Haverford, Pennsylvania. He was graduated from Haverford College, where he won a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford University. He remained at Oxford three years, then returned to this country and became a journalist. Many people used to look forward to his daily column " The Bowling Green " in the *New York Evening Post.* Although he has done novels, short stories, plays, and poetry, the essay seems to be the happiest medium for his whimsical turn of mind and he has written numerous volumes of them. *Where the Blue Begins* is a delightful half-humorous, half-serious tale of a more-than-half-human dog and is perhaps his finest book. Mr. Morley has now given up all editorial work to devote his entire time to writing.

NOYES, ALFRED (1880–) was born in Staffordshire, England. He was educated at Oxford University and published his first book of poems while he was a student there. Some years ago he came to America and taught modern English literature at Princeton University. His most popular medium is the ballad and his most widely known poem in this field is "The Highwayman." Noyes has written an enormous amount and his collected poems are now available in three volumes.

PAGE, WILLIAM TYLER (1868–) was born in Frederick, Maryland. He is a lineal descendant of Carter Braxton, signer of the Declaration of Independence. In 1881 he became a page in the clerk's office of the United States House of Representatives and has been continuously in the service of the House since that time. He was elected Clerk of the House in 1919 and has been reëlected by each succeeding congress. He is the author of *Page's Congressional Hand Book* as well as "The American's Creed" which was written or compiled during the World War.

POE, EDGAR ALLAN (1809–1849) was born in Boston, Massachusetts. His parents, who were actors, died when he was two years old and he was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Allan of Richmond, Virginia. He attended the University of Virginia and, after graduation, settled in Baltimore, Maryland, where he lived most of his life. Poe's name is chiefly associated with his thrilling tales of horror and his poetry, but he wrote many notable essays also. Today he is accounted one of the greatest geniuses of America and his work has had considerable influence on the literature of our time.

PROCTOR, ADELAIDE ANNE (1825–1864) was born in England. When she was twenty-eight years old she started contributing poems to *Household Words*. The editor of this magazine at the time was Charles Dickens and, becoming interested in her work, he did much to introduce it to the public. The best collection of Miss Proctor's poems is *Legends and Lyrics*. Her simple unaffected poetry is the expression of a cultured earnest life and many of her songs and hymns are popular today.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB (1849–1916) was born in Greenfield, Indiana. After finishing his schooling he studied to enter his father's profession, the law. But Riley's was not a nature to endure a humdrum life, and when he was eighteen he went off with a company of traveling players. He later turned to newspaper work and started writing his dialect poems under another name. These poems were supposedly the work of a farmer known as "the Hoosier poet" (Hoosier being the name given to natives of the state of Indiana). His volume, *Rhymes of Childhood*, which contains the well-known poems "Little Orphant Annie" and "The Raggedy Man," is a favorite with children everywhere.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE (1858–1919) was born in New York. Because of delicate health he was unable to go to school and was educated at home. He had the temperament of a person who will not be held down by cir-

cumstances and he began early in life to exert all his will to conquer his ill health. He trained daily and got himself in proper condition to go to college. After graduating from Harvard University he went mountain climbing in Europe, then to North Dakota on a ranch, and when he was twenty-eight he was as strong as any man could wish. From that time on he embarked upon a political career, first as Police Commissioner of New York, then as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The Spanish-American War broke out after he had served a year in this capacity and he organized the famous Roosevelt Rough Riders. After he and this valiant band had helped in the capture of San Juan Hill he became a popular idol in this country and was made Vice-President of the United States when he was forty-three. In the same year McKinley was shot and Roosevelt became President. After serving two terms he went on a hunting expedition to Africa. In 1913 he tried for the Presidency again but, failing, went on another expedition, this time to explore South America. When the World War broke out he did his best to organize troops and go over to fight, but was not permitted. After a life of adventure, glory, and service to his country this strenuous American died in his sleep in his sixty-first year. He wrote many books, edited the Outlook magazine for two years, and received the Nobel Prize for Peace for his settlement of the Russo-Japanese War.

Sandburg, Carl (1878–), the most American of American poets, was born in Galesburg, Illinois. His schooling was spasmodic and after he was thirteen years old he supported himself for seven years by doing odd jobs such as driving a milk wagon, washing dishes in hotels, shifting scenery in theaters, and working as a harvest-hand in Kansas wheat fields. However, after the Spanish-American War, in which he served as a private, he went to Lombard College, and after graduation became a member of the staff of *The Chicago Daily News*. Mr. Sandburg's book, *Chicago Poems,* received many harsh reviews because critics at the time of its publication (1916) did not think steel-mills, slaughter-houses, and burly laborers suitable subjects for poetry. But the honesty and sheer beauty of his work could not fail to win over those who had at first objected. Not all of Mr. Sandburg's poetry is devoted to the brutal side of modern life; there are many exquisite lyrics that sing themselves into the reader's heart. Besides his volumes of poetry — *Cornhuskers, Smoke and Steel,* and *Slabs of the Sunburnt West* — he has written two delightful books of children's stories — *Rootabaga Stories* and *Rootabaga Pigeons* — and perhaps the most vivid life of Abraham Lincoln. No one should miss an opportunity to hear Mr. Sandburg read his poems and sing the many folk-songs he has collected over the country.

Scott, Sir Walter (1771–1832) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. He was descended on both sides from Border lords and his pride in his family first led him to study the Border history and poetry which later served as

material for his books. Even as a child he spent much of his time reading history or listening to the tales of his elders, and during his vacations from the University of Edinburgh he scoured the countryside for ballads and legends. After leaving college he was called to the bar and received various political appointments. His literary reputation was established with the appearance of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel,* the first poem of its kind in simplicity, vigor, and historical interest. The near failure of the publishing house with which he was associated caused him to redouble his efforts on an unfinished novel — *Waverley* — which met with instantaneous success on publication. This book he wrote under an assumed name and for the next ten years he wrote two novels a year under this secrecy, mystifying even his closest friends. At the same time he was publishing poetry, articles, and memoirs under his own name. When he was fifty-seven his publishing house failed and he made himself personally responsible for some $650,000. The remainder of his life he spent trying to clear himself of this debt, allowing no one to help him, and the strain broke down his health and hastened his death. Scott surpassed all other authors in his rapid production and his ability to make readers understand the life of the time he pictured. *Ivanhoe, The Talisman,* and *Quentin Durward* are among the books which will always be read.

Service, Robert William (1874–) was born in Preston, England. He was educated at the Hillhead Public School, Glasgow, and after having served an apprenticeship with the Commercial Bank of Scotland in that city, came to Canada. He settled in Vancouver, B. C., but led a roving life traveling up and down the Pacific coast and encountering many adventures. Finally he was sent to a bank in White Horse, Yukon Territory, and afterward transferred to Dawson. Altogether he spent eight years in the sub-arctic regions and traveled extensively, acquiring the knowledge which makes his poems about those regions so vivid. During the World War he was a worker for the Red Cross. Among the collections of his verse are *Songs of a Sourdough, Rhymes of a Rolling Stone,* and *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.*

Shakespeare, William (1564–1616) was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, England. His father was a power in the town — bailiff — but the family fortunes took a turn for the worse when Shakespeare was thirteen and it is probable he had little schooling. He was a carefree and romantic youth who never tired of lingering about and talking with the strolling players that came through Stratford. He married Anne Hathaway when he was eighteen but two years later, in bad repute he left his birthplace, and drifted to London alone. He sought work at a theater and took the only position that was open — that of holder of horses outside the theatre. He finally got into the company as an actor and when he was twenty-eight emerged as a playwright. For fifteen years he was the mainstay of the company, rewriting old plays and creating new ones of his own at the rate of about two a year. He left London after living there twenty-six years

and returned to Stratford where he died six years later. Shakespeare's early plays were gay and comic like "Love's Labour's Lost" and "The Comedy of Errors," then more lyrical like "Romeo and Juliet," then magnificently tragic like "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Julius Caesar," and last philosophical like "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale." His deep understanding of human nature and his beauty of expression have made him certainly the greatest figure in English literature — "Not of an age, but for all time will Shakespeare live." Personally, he may be described in the words he has Mark Antony say of Brutus at the end of "Julius Caesar":

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Shaw, Anna Howard (1847–1919) was born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England. Her family came to America when she was very young, first settling in Massachusetts and then moving to Michigan where they lived on a farm forty miles from the nearest post-office and one hundred miles from a railroad. Miss Shaw went to the Theological College of Boston University and, after becoming a minister, studied medicine and received her doctor's degree from Boston University. Her energies did not stop here. She became interested in woman suffrage and lectured all over the United States trying to arouse interest in this, at the time, unpopular idea. Nothing ever daunted this daughter of a pioneer. To the end of her long career she said that her knees knocked together during the first five minutes of every speech she made and yet she never once shirked making them. Her book, *The Story of a Pioneer,* is an exciting tale of her youth, the struggles and the terrible hardships which she and her family went through. In this book we see the beginnings of her valiant life, spent in fighting against prejudices and customs which made women's lives narrow and dull.

Sill, Edward Rowland (1841–1887) was born in Connecticut. He was graduated from Yale University. Most of his life was spent in California where he became professor of English in the University of California. He wrote poetry and essays, though not in any great numbers. His work is careful and sounds a high note of optimism throughout. His poem "Opportunity" is widely quoted.

Smith, Samuel Francis (1808–1895) was born in Boston, and was graduated from Harvard and from Andover Theological Seminary. He was ordained a Baptist minister in 1834 and spent his life for the next twenty years as pastor in various places in New England, acting at the same time as professor of English and as editor of a religious publication. "America" was written in 1832 when he was only twenty-four. He wrote

also the well-known hymn " The morning light is breaking " and several books on religious subjects.

Southey, Robert (1774–1843) was born in Bristol, England, but spent most of his childhood at the fashionable watering town of Bath. He went to Westminster School but was expelled for an essay against flogging. He later attended Balliol College, Oxford, and it was here that he met Samuel T. Coleridge, who was to be his most important friend throughout his life. After his marriage he lived at Kenwick near Wordsworth's home and so became one of the group known as the " Lake Poets." In 1813 he was made Poet Laureate of England. His poetry, although it reflected the true spirit of his generation, was disappointing and he and Byron, although friends, engaged in a bitter literary controversy over it. Although Southey lacked the power and poetic sympathy to make him a great poet, many of his ballads and metrical tales, such as " Inchcape Rock," " Lord William," and " The Battle of Blenheim " have found a welcome with generation after generation. He was a master of prose which Byron called perfect, and he had a real genius for biography. But the truest Southey — loyal, gallant, and tender-hearted — is to be found in his letters.

Stefansson, Vilhjalmur (1879–) was born in Arnes, Manitoba, Canada, but spent his boyhood in North Dakota and attended that University. His first trip to the North was in 1904 on an archaeological expedition to Iceland, and since then he has gone nearly every year. By his exploring expeditions he had added many features to the map of Canada and the lands farther north. Once he lived for a year with a tribe of Eskimos who had never seen or heard of white men, and who showed certain European characteristics which are still puzzling scientists. He has discovered new rivers, new bays, new islands, and is regarded as one of the greatest Arctic explorers of the world. He has written many articles and books about his adventures, such as *My Life with the Eskimo, The Friendly Arctic, Hunters of the Great North,* and has received medals for his services as explorer, author, and scientist from the United States, France, and England. He sees the Arctic, not as a bleak uninteresting waste, but as a high and daring challenge to the adventurous spirit in man, and he makes us see it with him.

Stevenson, Robert Louis (1850–1894) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. His delicate health caused his education to be irregular but he did succeed in getting into Edinburgh University, where he studied engineering. It became apparent, however, that this was a profession for which he was entirely unsuited, so he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar. But from his childhood literature always occupied first place in his life, and after his marriage in 1880 he devoted all his time to writing. The English climate finally became impossible for his tubercular condition and seven years later he came to America, where for a year he was well enough to go on with his writing. Then the South Sea lured him as prob-

ably the most ideal place for his health. On one of the Samoan Islands he lived and wrote steadily for six years; but at the end of this time the disease could no longer be fought off, and he died, mourned by the whole island, and was buried high up on a mountain. Stevenson had a charming personality; there was a grace and delicate humor in the man that was irresistible. Most people today have read and reread his *Treasure Island, Kidnaped,* and *Travels with a Donkey,* as well as his short stories. Children never tire of having *A Child's Garden of Verse* read to them, and his essays are enjoyed by all. The thrilling adventures he delighted in writing must have been for him a substitute for the exciting life that illness prevented his leading.

Stockton, Frank R. (1843–1902) was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He went through high school and took up engraving, in which profession he became a skilled workman. Later on he was made editor of *St. Nicholas* magazine. When he was thirty-seven he gave up the daily routine of business and devoted all his time to writing. His first book, *Rudder Grange,* established his reputation with older people, for previously his stories had been done for children. His *The Lady or the Tiger,* with its insoluble ending, delights every one and is used in every short-story course as a model for the suspense type of fiction.

Teasdale, Sara (1884–) was born in St. Louis, Missouri. She went to school in St. Louis and then traveled in Europe and the Near East. She married Ernst B. Filsinger and now lives in New York City. Her poetry is beautifully simple and extremely musical to read.

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809–1892) was born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, England. He began to write when he was barely six years old and his first book was published while he was still in Trinity College, Cambridge. At thirty-two, on the publication of his third book, he was definitely acknowledged as the leading poet of his time; and eight years later Queen Victoria appointed him successor to Wordsworth as Poet Laureate of England. Tennyson was a splendid looking man, tall, with rough dark hair and laughing eyes. In spite of delicate health he enjoyed a full social life and listed among his friends Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, and Browning. His poetry was rather a summing up and finishing off of the great period begun by Wordsworth than the beginning of a new school. It is remarkable for breadth, richness, beauty of atmosphere and technical perfection. All his work is influenced by the quiet loveliness of the countryside where he spent his youth. There is music and power in Tennyson's poetry and his " Idylls of the King " along with many of his shorter poems and the great elegy " in Memoriam " will live forever.

Thomas, Edith Matilda (1854–) was born in Chatham, Ohio. Her education was received at the Normal School in Geneva, Ohio. She has written many volumes of poetry, among them *The Round Year, Lyrics*

and Sonnets, The Dancers, and *The White Messenger and Other War Poems.*

Trowbridge, John Townsend (1827–1916) was born in New York City. He lived most of his life in that city and in Boston. Most of his writings are stories for boys, of which he produced a great number, interspersed with humorous verse. He is chiefly remembered for "Darius Green and His Flying Machine" printed in this volume.

Twain, Mark (1835–1910), whose real name was Samuel L. Clemens, was born in Florida, Missouri. His childhood was spent in Hannibal, on the banks of the Mississippi, but on the death of his father he was forced to go out into the world to earn a living at the age of twelve. His first work took him over a large part of the country, doing printing jobs from town to town. When he was seventeen he became pilot of a river boat, and for the next nine years he led the happy existence which he has set down in *Life on the Mississippi.* He then embarked on a life of uncertainty and variety, going to Nevada for gold, which he did not find, contributing stories to papers, working on a newspaper, touring the Mediterranean, editing a paper in Buffalo, and finally marrying and settling in Hartford, Connecticut. His writing was cordially received and he found himself acclaimed not only in this country but all over Europe. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* are read again and again by people from ten to eighty; people shout with laughter over *Innocents Abroad* and *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court;* and thrill to the beauty of *Joan of Arc.* Mark Twain is considered by many the greatest writer America has produced; he is certainly the best exponent of native Yankee humor and simplicity.

Untermeyer, Louis (1885–) was born in New York City. He attended the De Witt Clinton High School but failed to graduate through deficiency in mathematics. He went into the jewelry business and worked for twenty years as designer and factory manager. In 1923 he retired and went abroad, returning to America after two years to devote his time to writing. Mr. Untermeyer is immensely interested in education, especially the awakening of poetic appreciation in children. With this purpose in view he has compiled two popular anthologies for young people, called *This Singing World* and *Yesterday and Today.* Among the volumes of his own poetry are *Challenge* and *Roast Leviathan* as well as two deftly amusing books of parodies — *Including Horace* and *Heavens.* He is a witty conversationalist, a fine lecturer, and a brilliant critic, particularly sympathetic to new and experimental poets.

Van Dyke, Henry (1852–) was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania. He was graduated from Princeton Theological School and after serving as pastor in three churches became professor of English at Princeton University. Three years later he was made Minister to the Nether-

lands. Besides poetry he has written many essays and short stories. All his work is marked by a kindly and optimistic outlook on life.

VAN LOON, HENDRIK (1882–) was born in Rotterdam, Holland. He came to this country when he was young, was graduated from Cornell University, studied at Harvard, and then went to Germany where he got his Ph.D. degree from Munich. During the Russian Revolution he was war correspondent for the Associated Press. He returned to this country in 1910 and lectured in various universities on history and art. When the World War broke out he was again a war correspondent for the Associated Press, this time in Belgium. In 1922 he was professor of history at Antioch College, and the following year associate editor of the *Baltimore Sun*. His most popular book has been *The Story of Mankind*, an absorbing history of civilization, for children, with charming pictures of his own. Others of his works are *The Story of the Bible*, *A Short History of Discovery*, and *Ancient Man*.

WEBSTER, DANIEL (1782–1852) was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, of a Scotch frontier family. He attended Phillips Exeter Academy and Dartmouth College and was admitted to the bar in Boston. His political career began with the War of 1812, when he entered the House of Representatives; and he became one of the greatest lawyers, orators, and statesmen in the country, not only of his time but of all time. Once he ran unsuccessfully for President. He served as Secretary of State under Harrison, Tyler, and Fillmore. With Clay and Calhoun he formed the great triumvirate of American statesmen who guided the nation for some thirty years. He pleaded many of the most famous cases before the Supreme Courts and their decisions greatly fortified the powers of the Court, Congress, and the Constitution. As few other men have done, Webster upheld and strengthened the Constitution, standing always for principles essential to the integrity and permanence of the American Union. Thomas Carlyle in speaking of Webster mentioned "the tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face, the dull black eyes under the precipice of brows — the mastiff mouth." It seems a fitting description of a man who was ever fearless in defending what he believed to be right.

WHITMAN, WALT (1819–1892) was born in West Hills, Long Island. His family moved to Brooklyn when he was four years old. After attending the public schools there he learned his profession of printing. His great book, *Leaves of Grass*, appeared when he was thirty-six, although it was greatly expanded later on. During the Civil War he served for three years as a nurse. In the meanwhile his *Leaves of Grass* was making a name for him abroad, and his popularity reached a high point in England. Whitman's work is free from convention in both substance and style, and his love of humanity sounds a deep and thrilling note throughout. His imitators are legion today but none of them so far has been able to catch the rich elemental quality of his poetry. Whitman died in Camden, New Jersey, at the age of seventy-three.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF (1807–1892) was born in East Haverhill, Massachusetts. He was brought up in the country, the son of Quaker farmers, and his education came from small rural schools. When he was fifteen years old his teacher lent him a copy of the poems of Robert Burns and the reading of this volume wakened in him the desire to become a poet. He sent a poem to the editor of a local paper and they became friends. Soon Whittier started doing editorial work and continued in this profession for thirty-seven years. He was a firm supporter of the Antislavery movement and a loyal Quaker all his life. He is chiefly remembered for his poems of the countryside where he lived, of which " Snow-Bound " is the finest example.

WILSON, WOODROW (1856–1924) was born in Staunton, Virginia. He was graduated from Princeton University, studied and practised law, taught history and political science for seventeen years, served as President of Princeton University for eight years, and was then made Governor of New Jersey. Three years later he was elected President of the United States and served two terms. Wilson was a scholar and an idealist, two qualities which people do not usually associate with the head of the government, yet during his presidency he guided this country through some of the most dangerous crises in its history with a brilliance and understanding that cannot be denied. He had ever the highest motives for his actions and was entirely apart from the mean and petty compromises of politics. His books, such as *Division and Reunion* and *A Narrative History of the People of the United States,* are valuable social studies, and his speeches are among the best examples of English literature. He received the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1920. In the same year he suffered a paralytic stroke and three years later died of heart disease.

WRIGHT, JACK MORRIS (1898–1918) was a student at Andover when the World War began. He did volunteer service in France and later enlisted in the United States air service. In December of 1917 he was commissioned first lieutenant and was killed a year later in a training accident. He first attracted attention through a series of letters called *A Poet in the Air,* published in *Harper's Magazine.*

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER (1865–) was born in Sandymount, Dublin, Ireland. He spent most of his childhood on the northwestern coast of Ireland and at an early age became interested in the rich folklore of his country. The Irish fairy tales and legends made a deep impression on him and much of his work has the same mystical and fanciful quality that distinguishes these old tales. He has been an ardent worker for the cause of a national literature for Ireland, a literature which, although written in the English language, should be distinctively Irish. Yeats has written many plays as well as poetry. One of the best known is *The Land of Heart's Desire.* Perhaps the loveliest of his poems are contained in the volume *The Wind Among the Reeds.*

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Alcott, Louisa May, 229, 230, 231
Arnold, Matthew, 313

Bates, Katharine Lee, 477
Beer, Morris Abel, 457
Belloc, Hilaire, 504
Braley, Berton, 452
Brooke, Rupert, 484
Browning, Robert, 328, 329, 438
Burnet, Dana, 455
Burns, Robert, 308, 432
Byron, Lord, 435

Campbell, Thomas, 311
Carlyle, Thomas, 242
Carnegie, Andrew, 149
Chittenden, William Lawrence, 463

Daly, Thomas Augustine, 510
Darrow, Floyd L., 189
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan, 88
Drake, Joseph Rodman, 485
Dunbar, Paul Laurence, 457

Frost, Robert, 449

Grenfell, Wilfred Thomason, 197
Guiterman, Arthur, 352, 506, 507, 508

Hale, Edward Everett, 237
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 48
Henry, O., 70, 76
Holland, Josiah Gilbert, 462
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 490
Hubbard, Elbert, 248

Irving, Washington, 4, 239
Irwin, Wallace, 511

Jefferson, Thomas, 239

Keats, John, 434
Keeler, Lucy Elliot, 270
Keller, Helen, 210, 241
Key, Francis Scott, 475
Kipling, Rudyard, 81, 332, 442, 443

Lamb, Charles, 35, 262
Lamb, Mary, 35
Lanier, Sidney, 440
Lear, Edward, 502
Lee, Robert E., 235
Letts, Winifred M., 472
Lieberman, Elias, 459
Lincoln, Abraham, 284, 286, 290
Lindsay, Vachel, 469
Lomax, John A., 343
London, Jack, 121
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 355, 356, 361, 365, 372
Lowell, James Russell, 437
Lucas, E. V., 266

Mackaye, Percy, 445
Markham, Edwin, 465
Masefield, John, 448
McCarthy, Denis A., 481
Miller, Joaquin, 454
Minchin, Nydia, 522
Morley, Christopher, 253, 258 447

Noyes, Alfred, 339, 345

Page, William Tyler, 293
Procter, Adelaide A., 322

Riley, James Whitcomb, 483
Roosevelt, Theodore, 221, 222, 276

Sandburg, Carl, 450, 451
Scott, Sir Walter, 309
Service, Robert W. 488
Shakespeare, William, 429, 430, 431
Shaw, Anna Howard, 171
Sill, Edward Rowland, 461

Smith, Samuel Francis, 476
Southey, Robert, 325
Stefansson, Vilhjalmur, 131
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 232, 234, 439
Stockton, Frank R., 112

Teasdale, Sara, 464
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 318, 436
Thomas, Edith M., 470
Trowbridge, John Townsend, 494
Twain, Mark, 63, 157

Untermeyer, Louis, 474

van Dyke, Henry, 245, 347
Van Loon, Hendrik, 225

Webster, Daniel, 287, 289
Whitman, Walt, 467, 473
Whittier, John Greenleaf, 478
Wilson, Woodrow, 291
Wright, Jack Morris, 243

Yeats, William Butler, 337

INDEX OF TITLES

Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight	*Vachel Lindsay*	469
After Twenty Years	*O. Henry*	76
America	*Samuel Francis Smith*	476
America the Beautiful	*Katharine Lee Bates*	477
American Boy, The	*Theodore Roosevelt*	276
American Flag, The	*Joseph Rodman Drake*	485
American's Creed, The	*William Tyler Page*	293
Apostrophe to the Ocean	*Lord Byron*	435
Apple That No One Ate, The	*Christopher Morley*	258
Asking for a Raise		274
Athenian Boys' Oath, The		294
Ballad of East and West, The	*Rudyard Kipling*	332
Ballad of Father Gilligan, The	*William Butler Yeats*	337
Banner of America	*Denis A. McCarthy*	481
Barbara Frietchie	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	478
Barter	*Sara Teasdale*	464
Bell of Atri, The	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	361
Bill Peters	*John A. Lomax*	343
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind	*William Shakespeare*	431
Boyhood on a Missouri Farm	*Mark Twain*	157
Boy's Manner, A	*Lucy Elliot Keeler*	270
Buffalo Dusk	*Carl Sandburg*	449
Cargoes	*John Masefield*	448
Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, The	*Mark Twain*	63
Columbus	*Joaquin Miller*	454
Crossing the Bar	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	436
Daniel Boone	*Arthur Guiterman*	352
Darius Green and His Flying Machine	*John Townsend Trowbridge*	494
Day in June, A	*James Russell Lowell*	437
Deacon's Masterpiece, The	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	490
Dissertation on Roast Pig, A	*Charles Lamb*	262
Eulogy of Adams and Jefferson (Extract)	*Daniel Webster*	287
Eulogy of Henry Clay (Extract)	*Abraham Lincoln*	284
Evangeline	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	372
Fir Tree, The	*E. V. Lucas*	266
Flounder, The	*Arthur Guiterman*	506
For the Love of a Man	*Jack London*	121
Forsaken Merman, The	*Matthew Arnold*	313
Forty Singing Seamen	*Alfred Noyes*	339
Gettysburg Address	*Abraham Lincoln*	286
Gift of the Magi, The	*O. Henry*	70
Goethals: the Prophet Engineer	*Percy Mackaye*	445

Gradatim . . . . . *Josiah Gilbert Holland* 462
Great Carbuncle, The . . . . . *Nathaniel Hawthorne* 48
Home Thoughts from Abroad . . . . . *Robert Browning* 438
How I Learned to Hunt Seals . . . . . *Vilhjalmur Stefansson* 131
How They Brought the Good News From Ghent to Aix . . . . . *Robert Browning* 329
Hudson's Last Voyage . . . . . *Henry van Dyke* 347
I Am an American . . . . . *Elias Lieberman* 459
I Hear America Singing . . . . . *Walt Whitman* 473
If . . . . . *Rudyard Kipling* 443
Inchcape Rock, The . . . . . *Robert Southey* 325
In the Telegraph Office . . . . . *Andrew Carnegie* 149
In the Wilderness . . . . . *Anna Howard Shaw* 171
Ingo . . . . . *Christopher Morley* 253
Jester's Purse, The . . . . . *Nydia Minchin* 522
Jim . . . . . *Hilaire Belloc* 504
John Anderson, My Jo . . . . . *Robert Burns* 308
Julius Caesar . . . . . *William Shakespeare* 547
Kilmeny . . . . . *Alfred Noyes* 345
King Robert of Sicily . . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 365
Lady or the Tiger, The . . . . . *Frank R. Stockton* 112
Legend of Bregenz, The . . . . . *Adelaide A. Procter* 322
Legend of Sleepy Hollow, The . . . . . *Washington Irving* 4
Letter of Edward Everett Hale to His Sons 237
Letter of Helen Keller to John Greenleaf Whittier 241
Letter of Hendrik Van Loon to Hansje and Willem 225
Letter of Henry van Dyke to a Schoolboy 245
Letter of Jack Morris Wright to His Mother 243
Letter of Louisa May Alcott to Her Father 230
Letter of Louisa May Alcott to F. P. True 229
Letter of Louisa May Alcott to Her Sister 231
Letter of Robert E. Lee to His Sons 235
Letter of Robert Louis Stevenson to His Mother 232
Letter of Robert Louis Stevenson to Alison Cunningham 234
Letter of Theodore Roosevelt to the American Defense Society . . 221
Letter of Theodore Roosevelt to the Leader of the Boy Scout Movement 222
Letter of Thomas Carlyle to His Mother 242
Letter of Thomas Jefferson to Thomas Jefferson Smith 239
Letter of Washington Irving to His Brother Peter 239
Limericks (from *This Singing World*) . . . . *Louis Untermeyer* 515
Lincoln, the Man of the People . . . . . *Edwin Markham* 465
Lochinvar . . . . . *Sir Walter Scott* 309
Lord Ullin's Daughter . . . . . *Thomas Campbell* 311
Louis Pasteur . . . . . *Floyd L. Darrow* 189
Lure of the Labrador, The . . . . *Wilfred Thomason Grenfell* 197
Manhattan . . . . . *Morris Abel Beer* 457
Manual System . . . . . *Carl Sandburg* 451
Meaning of the Flag (Extract) . . . . . *Woodrow Wilson* 291
Message to Garcia, A . . . . . *Elbert Hubbard* 248

Midsummer Night's Dream, A (A tale from Shakespeare) . . . . . *Charles and Mary Lamb* 35
Moti Guj — Mutineer . . . . . *Rudyard Kipling* 81
Name of Old Glory, The . . . . . *James Whitcomb Riley* 483
Nautical Extravaganza, A . . . . . *Wallace Irwin* 511
O Captain! My Captain! . . . . . *Walt Whitman* 467
Ode to Autumn . . . . . *John Keats* 434
Ode to the Norther . . . . . *William Lawrence Chittenden* 463
Opportunity . . . . . *Edwin Rowland Sill* 461
Ould Apple Woman, The . . . . . *Thomas Augustine Daly* 510
Patriot, The — An Old Story . . . . . *Robert Browning* 328
Paul Revere's Ride . . . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 356
Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag 293
Pobble Who has No Toes, The . . . . . *Edward Lear* 502
Preamble to the Constitution 293
Proverbs and Sayings 296
Psalms, I, XIX, XXIV . . . . . *From the Bible,* 428, 429
Quality of Mercy, The . . . . . *William Shakespeare* 429
Rattle-Watch of New Amsterdam, The . . . . *Arthur Guiterman* 508
Recessional . . . . . *Rudyard Kipling* 442
Red Cross Nurse, The . . . . . *Edith M. Thomas* 470
Red-Headed League, The . . . . . *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle* 88
Reply to Hayne (Extract) . . . . . *Daniel Webster* 289
Requiem . . . . . *Robert Louis Stevenson* 439
Robin Hood's Death and Burial 305
Sayings of the Wise 295
Second Inaugural Address (Abridged) . . . *Abraham Lincoln* 290
Sir Galahad . . . . . *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* 318
Sir Patrick Spens 303
Soldier, The . . . . . *Rupert Brooke* 484
Some Limericks . . . . . *Louis Untermeyer* 515
Song of the Chattahoochee . . . . . *Sidney Lanier* 440
Song of Summer . . . . . *Paul Laurence Dunbar* 457
Spires of Oxford, The . . . . . *Winifred M. Letts* 472
Star-Spangled Banner, The . . . . . *Francis Scott Key* 475
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening . . . *Robert Frost* 449
Story of My Life, The . . . . . *Helen Keller* 210
Strictly Germ-Proof . . . . . *Arthur Guiterman* 507
Tales of a Wayside Inn . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 355
  Paul Revere's Ride 356
  The Bell of Atri 361
  King Robert of Sicily 365
Thinker, The . . . . . *Berton Braley* 452
To a Mouse . . . . . *Robert Burns* 432
To a Post-Office Inkwell . . . . . *Christopher Morley* 447
Under the Greenwood Tree . . . . . *William Shakespeare* 430
Woolworth Building, The . . . . . *Dana Burnet* 455
Work Gangs . . . . . *Carl Sandburg* 451
Young Fellow My Lad . . . . . *Robert W. Service* 488
Young Mystic, The . . . . . *Louis Untermeyer* 474